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VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
MEYER BLOOMFIELD
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PREFACE

THE object of this book is to give to young girls, and those responsible for the guidance of girls, some definite information as to conditions of work in the more common vocations. The facts were secured, with the coöperation of the Vocation Bureau of Boston, from many sources: the superintendents of large department stores, the director of a school of salesmanship, the managers of several manufacturing establishments, the head nurses of city hospitals, the principals of technical, trade, textile, and commercial schools, the manager of a telephone school, the head of a department of household economics, several librarians, state, city, and town school superintendents, have all furnished information in regard to work in the several vocations; teachers, nurses, cooks, milliners, dressmakers, and employees in stores, factories, and telephone exchanges have also given many facts as to conditions of work. The book has been written by two teachers who have worked with many young people, and their hope is that it may help girls, who must make their way in the world, to find the work for which they are best fitted by natural ability and by training.

The authors desire especially to express their thanks for information, criticism, and advice to Professor Henry W. Holmes, Harvard University; Professor Carl H. Grabo, Chicago University; Professor James Q. Dealey, Brown University; Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools, Newton, Massachusetts; Mr. Walter A. Hawkins, Manager, Jordan Marsh Co.; Mrs. Lucinda W. Prince, Director, School of Salesmanship, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston; Mr. Frederick J. Allen, Vocation Bureau of Boston; Mr. Irving O. Palmer, Principal, Newton Technical High School; Mr. Otto Fleischner and Miss Alice M. Jordan, Boston Public Library.

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INTRODUCTION

THAT two teachers, busy with the professional demands of a large high school, should, on their own initiative, have undertaken the labor of the present volume is significant.

Long detached from the influences which have been changing industrial processes, business management, working conditions, and the demands upon the resources of the individual worker, the public schools have within the past decade found themselves hard-pressed for a truer adjustment to contemporary life.

The fact is unquestioned that the traditional schooling of the average boy and girl has not enabled them to fit satisfactorily into modern working-life. The entrance into the common employments by a large number of our school-children has caused serious misgivings concerning their futures, both as citizens and as bread-winners. Our schools have been without that necessary contact with their economic environment which would make them fully responsive to the fundamental demand for efficient livelihood. The average employer, also, has been ill-prepared to coöperate most effectively with the

public school in meeting this demand, or even to grasp in a large measure the deeper social purposes underlying the vocational movement in education.

In the main it has been wholesome, doubtless, for the school to receive criticism from men of affairs; and a proof of our educational vitality is the response which has been experienced by the vocational education and the vocational guidance movements, both of which give promise of a more socially profitable coöperation between school-life and working-life. Now that the aims of vocational training are better understood, and perhaps more wisely advocated, there is seen the need of individualizing our educational programs in order to meet the basic differentiations in child capacity, — the varying purposes, needs, and probable life-pursuits of the children. That preparation for life to which education of whatever kind presumably dedicates itself can satisfy the restlessness of youth, in its reaching out for a share in the activities surrounding it, only by genuinely reflecting the concrete interests of life.

The movement for training youth for efficient self-support is materially sustained by a growing effort to safeguard that training for the child's continuous welfare. What if we do prepare our children for working-life? Are we sure

that we have then served the child, the employer, and society each to its best advantage? To answer this question, as far as possible, educators, through the methods and viewpoint of the vocational guidance movement, have been scrutinizing the forces which have challenged them to be more practical. There is deep concern that the child, trained and fitted for life, shall find fulfillment of his best in the work he undertakes. The schools can be more practical only on condition that the occupations shall be more ideal. In the interest of both school efficiency and work efficiency, therefore, the vocational guidance service has come into being.

The authors of this book have rendered service of a kind which we shall find more common as teachers grow increasingly discontented with mere classroom contact, unillumined by knowledge of what the world outside is doing with the children who have passed through their hands.

The problem of helping the girl to prepare herself for a successful career, while at the same time enabling her to shape her life for her traditional home functions, is at once a delicate and difficult one. The considerations in a girl's choice of a vocation are necessarily more complicated than in the case of the boy. These essentials have not been lost sight of in this book.

For the elementary school the book will provide fascinating material for classroom work; as a reference book, it will supply advisory material for those who can be persuaded to go on with their training in order to become eligible for employments far more profitable than those open to the untrained fourteen-year-old girl. The high school, because of the vocational motive which the present volume will stimulate and the vocational information which it provides, will be aided to render that service, which has been described as "the primary social function of all education." "Since an individual's greatest capacity for service and for happiness," Professor Hanus reminds us, "depends on the discovery and cultivation of his permanent interest and real abilities, the pupil's gradual self-revelation is one of the most important functions in secondary education."

To the social worker and that increasing number of vocationally alert officials connected with Young Women's Christian Associations, child-welfare agencies, public libraries, and other institutions, this book will be a valuable addition to the all too few instruments now at hand for helping our young people to find both a life and a livelihood in the work of the world.

MEYER BLOOMFIELD.

THE VOCATION BUREAU
BOSTON

VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS

I

FOREWORD

One has only to stand during the early morning hours in the waiting-room of a station in a large city and observe the thousands of young working-women who arrive on every incoming train, to be impressed with the fact that much of the work of that great city is in the hands of these competent-looking young girls.

In appearance the most of them are alert, energetic, well-dressed, and prepossessing. The exceptions to those described above constitute a very small percentage of the entire number. They are exceptions which only prove the rule.

The vocations in which these girls are engaged are many and diverse. Probably the greatest number of these women are clerks and saleswomen in department stores; stenographers, typewriters, and bookkeepers make up a large percentage of the total; teachers, dressmakers, milliners, seamstresses, factory girls, nurses, and many others are found in this working-women's army; an army whose equipment

is character, native ability, training, and experience.

The size of these crowds of working-girls leads one to think of the great competition in the world of work and of the large number of applicants for each desirable position; and this thought leads to that of the training of the worker.

The look of efficiency, of consciousness of mastery, of self-satisfaction, and even of joyousness on the face of many of the girls in the hurrying throngs makes one think hopefully of the training that the most of these young persons have received for their vocations, — a training which enables them to take constant delight in their daily occupation.

And then one's thought turns regretfully to the girls who are not found among these efficient-looking young women, either because they were "misfits" in their chosen vocation, or were unfit for it because of insufficient training.

One thinks, too, of the better adjustment possible between the work and the worker, if the employer as well as the young employee analyzed more carefully the requirements and opportunities of each position.

It is only in very recent times that much thought has been given to the vocational training of girls. Many an energetic and ambitious

young woman has failed to achieve success in her work because her choice of a vocation was an unwise one. To choose her lifework wisely a girl should know a good deal about her own nature; her innate powers, talents, and disposition; her strong and weak points. She should also know many facts in regard to the work upon which she wishes to enter, in order that she may decide upon her fitness for that vocation and the desirability of the vocation.

Now it is a well-known fact that oftentimes a girl does not understand herself as well as do other persons who are greatly interested in her; and it is another well-known truth that it is quite common for a girl to drift into an occupation of which she knows little. The need of helping young people to get into the right work in life is now so fully recognized that vocational guidance is made an important part of the work of many public schools, and great good is being accomplished in that way.

A glove or a shoe that does not fit well pinches and irritates the wearer, and this condition may be taken to illustrate in a small degree the chafing and irritation of a person who has entered upon a vocation for which she is not fitted: the stenographer who should have been a nurse, or the teacher who should have been a dressmaker.

It is a singular fact that many girls enter upon their lifework without having given it more thought than they would bestow upon the purchase of a hat or the plans for a summer holiday. To test this matter six young women were recently asked why they entered upon their respective vocations. Miss A, a typewriter, replied, "All my chums were in this work." Miss B, a teacher, "It was respectable work and sure pay." Miss C, a dressmaker, "My mother thought it was the best work for me." Miss D, a nurse, "I became a nurse because I love the work." Miss E, a salesgirl, "It seemed to be all that I could find to do, as I had no special training." Miss F, a factory girl, "I needed money right away and could not spend the time to prepare myself for better work."

It is hoped by the writers of this little book that it may help to give to each girl reader a good start towards the lifework in which she will be most contented and efficient.

II

SALESMANSHIP

WHILE the work of a salesgirl often appeals to the young girl of no particular talent, — the girl who must earn money but who has not shown any especial aptitude for housework, sewing, cooking, care of children, skill in manipulating textiles or machinery, — store managers are searching more and more for the alert, intelligent girl who can be trained to become a high-class saleswoman. For this type of girl the store offers a fairly good position. She must be neat, not uncouth in appearance, and should have good health. For such a girl, if she is trustworthy, ambitious, and persevering, the department store offers a position that will lead to better ones.

At the present time the better class of department stores have schools of salesmanship in which natural talent and thorough work are noticed and rewarded. Salesmanship is becoming a profession in which character, skill, tact, and energy bring as great financial and other rewards as they do in other lines of effort.

It is difficult to make general statements in

regard to the question of the salary of a salesgirl, as department stores differ as to the minimum and maximum wage paid their employees; although the larger stores do not differ greatly in this respect.

The amounts given here are approximately the average salaries paid by the largest department stores in an eastern city. As will be explained, some stores, in addition to the fixed salary, offer a commission on sales that exceed a certain amount, and many stores offer a small commission on all sales during the holiday season.

In the city mentioned above, one large store has very successfully developed a system of cooperation which gives to the employees the power of making rules under which they work. The result of this system has been great prosperity for the management and exceptionally satisfactory conditions of work for the employees. Few stores have developed this method of management, but the conditions in department stores are becoming more and more favorable for the employees, because of an awakened public conscience and the influence of certain high-class stores.

A girl may enter a store in the lowest of the minor positions, a marker. Accuracy and speed are the qualities most in demand here, and the

pay is small, — four dollars to eight dollars per week.

The next step would be to take care of stock. This is a better position, and the girl is now in line for a salesgirl's position. The pay is about the same as that of a marker.

The cashiers and bundle girls examine goods to be sent out, remove tags, and examine sales-checks. They must not become confused when a great number of parcels and sales-slips are before them, and they must handle these very rapidly.

Next comes the salesgirl's position. She represents the store, and should feel her responsibility. Her manner of approaching the customer oftentimes robs the store of large sales. Possibly a customer enters a store intending to buy some neckwear and a valuable coat and some furs. As the neckwear is usually on the street floor, she naturally stops at that counter. If the salesgirl there is indifferent or rude, the customer becomes indignant and leaves the store without purchasing the coat and the furs.

An intelligent salesgirl must know her stock thoroughly, and she should know human nature. She must be tactful and helpful. Some customers need much help in making a decision, while others resent such assistance. The salesgirl should study her customer and say just enough

in regard to the goods to arouse a desire for them. If she forces the wrong article upon a buyer, the goods will be returned, and this is an expense to the store. If many goods are returned, the fact counts seriously against the standing of the clerk. The salesgirl should be eager to meet the wishes of the customer. If the article desired is not in stock, she should quietly suggest something to take its place. We will suppose a lady wishes to purchase a black silk apron, and there is none in stock. The salesgirl could suggest a mohair apron and show its points of superiority over the silk one. The clerk must get from the customer (1) attention, (2) interest, (3) desire, (4) decision. If the girl is inattentive or indifferent between the third step, desire, and the fourth, decision, the sale will be lost. Then, too, the saleswoman must not show new goods only. The older goods must be brought forward and made desirable. She should not say to the customer, "Shall we send this?" as that means an expenditure to the store. She should say, "Will you take this?"

The salary of a competent saleswoman ranges from six to twenty dollars per week. She should sell one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of goods each week to receive six dollars. Many stores offer a commission on sales in excess of this amount. Then, if a girl sells two hundred

and fifty dollars' worth of goods she receives eight dollars.

The next step is to be made Head of Stock. This work consists in taking care of the stock of the department and keeping it moving, arranging for bargain sales, etc. The salary for this work is from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

Then comes the Assistant Buyer. This person attends to special orders and receives from twenty-five to thirty dollars.

The highest position is that of the Buyer. This person must have the nerve and judgment required to take great risks. Each department is run as a separate store, and great responsibility rests, therefore, upon the buyer of goods for the department. In these days there are many women buyers, and the salaries are good, ranging from one thousand to ten thousand dollars per year. In New York, a number of women are receiving five thousand dollars a year for doing this work.

Among the supposed disadvantages of a girl's life in a store are the long hours, the constant standing, the strain of handling vexatious customers with constant tact and courtesy, the knowledge that one may be dismissed without warning, and the fear that in the large number of clerks one's work will be overlooked.

We might say in regard to these disadvan-

tages that the hours are no longer than those which the teacher or other professional worker gives to her work, and as the law in several states now requires seats for employees, the amount of work done in a standing position is not greater where the law is enforced than that of the ordinary domestic worker, and the energetic, ambitious girl is not likely to be overlooked. If she is, she has only to call upon the manager with her sales-slips in order to convince him that her sales are out of proportion to her salary.

The opportunity afforded in a large store for the study of human nature is one that is of great value to any person. The sharp-eyed saleswoman soon learns to distinguish between the real and the false, the genuine and the shoddy. All sorts and conditions of humanity pass before her eyes each day, and she learns something from each specimen. Her most important lesson is the one of values. To be sure, the young girl often makes mistakes and is prone to base a judgment upon surface conditions. The writer notices, for instance, that when she wears, upon a shopping expedition, a street suit that is of excellent material and cut, she is treated with more consideration than when attired in a rainy-day suit. It must be said, however, that salesgirls are not the only persons whose estimate of a stranger is based largely upon clothing.

The better-class stores are realizing more and more the importance of more efficient clerks. The personality and the efficiency of the individual clerk is the greatest factor in the prosperity of the store. As has been said, the larger stores now send their new employees to a salesmanship-school during a part of the day. In one large city there is such a school, and the larger department stores send their clerks to it for three hours a day four days in the week. The clerks receive six dollars a week while in the school. They are taught how to sell goods by means of actual demonstration sales in the school, and they receive instruction in textiles, fabrics, and design. They are taken to different mills to study the manufacture of fabrics, and to the Art Museum to study design.

A summary of the work of a salesgirl would seem to indicate that for a girl of energy, ambition, good physical health and character, the work promises fair rewards. There are few professional people — almost no women — who receive so large a salary as do a considerable number of women buyers in the large city stores, though these positions are relatively few. Then, too, many of the employees of the higher grades in the better class of stores are socially on a par with professional people everywhere.

A very modest little gentleman has stood for

many years at a certain counter in a high-class city store. One Sunday the writer noticed this man collecting the offertory in one of the largest churches in the city. It was found that he was a warden of that church, and that he and his family were persons of importance in the social life of the suburb in which they lived. He possessed a large library and was a recognized authority upon local history.

A salesgirl needs to have an avocation which will broaden and deepen her intellectual life. She should mingle with people of wide interests, and by reading, social intercourse, lectures, and other agencies prevent herself from falling into the rut of mere clerkship. She will be a better clerk as she becomes more of a woman of influence in the community in which she lives.

The day of the silly, indifferent, freakishly attired salesgirl seems to be passing, and the era of the intelligent, skillful, energetic, ambitious saleswoman is just opening. The advent of this better time is welcomed by scores of shoppers, and still more eagerly by the owners and managers of our large stores. Here, as everywhere, "there is always room at the top."

Public-spirited men and women, individually or through organization, are coöperating with the best types of stores to make department-store work represent good conditions, fair treat-

ment, adequate pay, and high standards of service to the customer.

There are good stores and poor stores; stores in which the moral tone of the management and employees is high, and others in which it is not. No girl should remain as an employee in a store in which the physical conditions endanger her health or the general atmosphere contaminates her soul. There are high-class stores in which the managers are seeking for girls "whose armor is their honest thought," and in such a store the faithful, energetic saleswoman can find satisfactory and lucrative work.

III

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING

THE occupation of a stenographer is in many respects one of the pleasantest of occupations open to girls, and for that reason many girls seek to become stenographers who are not adapted to the work. Let the prospective stenographer ask herself in all seriousness whether or not she has the necessary qualifications for a successful stenographer; and if the answer is in the negative, let her resolutely seek some other field of usefulness, for why should she attempt the impossible, why should she try to "fit a square peg into a round hole"? If her spelling of *believe*, *principal*, *principle*, *judgment*, *oblige*, and other words in common use often does not accord with that of Webster, let her — at least until the reformed spelling has been more generally adopted — refuse to spend her time in learning shorthand. If she is weak in English, and *through* and *thorough* seem to her to be synonymous, and she is capable of transcribing from her notes, "the *epidemic* studies of my high-school course," let her confine her attention for a still longer time to the *aca-*

demic studies, for the study of shorthand will avail her little. Ability to spell and a working knowledge of the English language, — these are the fundamental requisites for a successful stenographer, — requisites so obvious that it seems hardly worth while to mention them ; and yet many a girl enters a commercial school and pays the head of the school for a year's tuition who will never make a successful stenographer because she is and always will be a poor speller, or because she has but a meager command of the English language. Beyond these obvious requirements it may be said that a stenographer, more than persons in most other occupations, needs to start with a good education. No one should attempt to become a stenographer until she has completed at least a high-school course or its equivalent.

There is a commercial course in most high schools now, and shorthand can be taken up there at the same time that the student is obtaining a general education. If, however, shorthand is not taught in the high school, or if it seems advisable to postpone the study of stenography until after graduating from the high school, care should be taken in the selection of a commercial school. Beware of the school which promises a practical knowledge of the subject in a short time, — six weeks or three months.

The number of profitable occupations which can be learned in six weeks is certainly very limited, and the kind of stenography which can be put to practical use in a business office cannot be learned in that time. Probably a school year of ten months is the average amount of time required when no other subject except shorthand and typewriting is taken. Beware, too, of the school which promises positions to all graduates. Usually this promise is a delusion and a snare. The schools which advertise to do this and which carry out their promise place their standard for graduation so high that it is only the girl of exceptional ability who graduates, and such a girl would have no difficulty in obtaining a position in any case; for, notwithstanding the cry that the business is overcrowded, the demand for competent stenographers exceeds the supply. The graduates of a school are the school's best advertisement. If they find places, and, better still, keep them, it is reasonable to assume that they have been well taught and that the school is a good one. The well-established business schools give a thorough and practical training, and the graduate from such a school is sure of employment, for she is able to perform the work for which she is hired.

There are numerous systems of shorthand

in use. The greater number of these are Pitmanic systems, so called because they are modifications of the system invented by Sir Isaac Pitman. There are also a number of light-line systems (so called because none of the characters are shaded). These are of more recent adoption, but have been tested by the business world and are not found wanting. On the whole, one cannot go far wrong in selecting any system which has stood the test of practical work; therefore, let the selection of a system be secondary to the selection of a school—for a good school will not be encumbered with a poor system of stenography.

One of the advantages of the study of shorthand is the number of possibilities open to the good stenographer on the completion of her course. Of all these possibilities, perhaps work for the Government is the most attractive to the beginner, for that is a field in which she is on the same plane as the experienced worker. To enter the Government employ, both she and her experienced sister must pass the same examination. This examination usually requires: "(1) Copying on the typewriter of (*a*) a plain copy; (*b*) correction of rough draft; (*c*) tabulation; and (2) transcription from dictation at the rates of one hundred words per minute, one hundred and twenty words per minute, and one

hundred and fifty words per minute (optional). In some examinations a test for low speed of eighty words per minute may be given. Transcription from dictation will be marked on accuracy, speed, technique, spacing, punctuation, capitalization, and spelling."[1] The examination given by the United States Civil Service Commission is similar to that given above. The dictated matter is given at the rates of eighty, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and forty words per minute. At the conclusion of the dictation, the competitors are required to transcribe the notes of the eighty-word test and of any one of the exercises dictated at a higher rate of speed.

A position in a business office is the position which most stenographic students expect to attain. These positions are many and varied. There is the position paying but little, say six or eight dollars per week. In such a position usually all the employer requires is to have some one to answer the telephone, to take charge of the office during his absence, and to write a few letters. This is easy and pleasant work for the girl who wishes to earn a little spending-money, but there is little chance for advancement, and the young stenographer who

[1] Quotation from a pamphlet issued by a State Civil Service Commission.

enters this type of office is seldom able to fill a more lucrative position later on, even if an opportunity offers. If it becomes necessary for her to make a change, she finds she has not increased her ability as a stenographer, but, indeed, has rather lessened it, and is not as well fitted to fill a more difficult position as she was on the day she left school.

Sometimes, however, a girl enters an office for six or eight dollars a week with the distinct understanding that the regular pay for the position she is to fill is ten or twelve dollars, and that she will receive that amount as soon as she becomes sufficiently familiar with her duties to be able to earn it. This is a most excellent arrangement, for no one is able to fill a fairly difficult office position successfully during the first few weeks. In such a position as this there is generally plenty of work for the stenographer, — not only shorthand and typewriting, but all sorts of routine office work is likely to come her way, and a knowledge of bookkeeping and the ability to write a good business hand will not come amiss. Such positions as these, paying from ten to fifteen dollars per week, call for good stenographers and quick and accurate operators of the typewriter. They are desirable positions, and there is a chance for growth in them, and an increase of skill is apt to be re-

cognized by an increase of salary, — for employers realize that capable stenographers are hard to get.

The office positions paying more than fifteen dollars a week often require no more skill as a stenographer than those paying ten or twelve dollars, but the stenographer in such a position must be a woman of exceptional character. She must be willing to assume responsibility and be willing and able to take the initiative if circumstances require it. Indeed, the stenographer who would make a success of her work should never shun responsibility; rather she should welcome it.

We hear a good deal nowadays about the position of private secretary. The position of private secretary to one of the head men in a large corporation is a well-paid one, and it is generally filled by the advancement of some stenographer in the office who has shown marked executive ability, who has proved herself quick and accurate as a stenographer and typist, and — above all — who can be trusted not to talk about her employer's affairs, for the position of private secretary is essentially a confidential one. Not only must she be an expert stenographer, but — given the subject-matter — she must be able to write letters without dictation. She should possess tact, a good memory, and busi-

ness ability; for she will need all of these qualities in order to fulfill her chief duty, that of relieving her employer of minor details.

Still another field open to the capable shorthand writer is that of public stenographer. This work requires exceptional ability in shorthand, speed on the typewriter, and a wide fund of general information, for the public stenographer is called upon to take dictation on a great variety of subjects. Her success financially depends both upon her ability and upon the location of her office, which should be where there is a demand for the services of a public stenographer, —a building in which there are many lawyers' offices is usually a desirable location. Sometimes an arrangement is made, whereby a lawyer, who has but occasional need for the services of a stenographer, gives desk-room in his office in exchange for the writing of his letters. The position of public stenographer in a hotel is a profitable one, but it requires a stenographer of unusual ability to fill it. A stenographer in a large summer hotel is able to live during the summer in a beautiful location and earn a substantial salary at the same time.

Within a few years the needs of the times have given us the work of the social secretary. She is employed to assist the busy woman of affairs, sometimes a woman of society, some-

times a woman who is interested largely in public matters. Her duties are, to keep track of her employer's engagements, to write her letters, — often without dictation, — to gather data for matter on which her employer is to make a report, to see to the issuing of invitations for any social function which her employer gives, — in short, to look after details in order that her employer may be free to give her mind to larger matters. The position requires the exercise of much tact and judgment, and to hold such a position one must be of pleasing personality as well as an expert stenographer.

The positions mentioned thus far have been for the girls who can take notes in shorthand with rapidity. But there are many girls who possess exceptional speed on the typewriter who fail as stenographers, and for such girls there are other opportunities open. These have come with the multigraphs, comptometers, adding-machines, billing-machines, and the adding and subtracting typewriter. There is a call from the banks for girls who can operate the adding-machine, and from all lines of business for girls who can operate the billing-machine. This work, while not especially remunerative, yet offers a living wage to the skillful operator.

In business offices where the phonograph is in use, there is no need of a stenographer, for

the dictator dictates his letters into the phonograph, and the typist transcribes the letters from the phonograph.

For the expert typist who is not a stenographer, there is the work of transcribing the notes of a court reporter or the notes taken for the press at a large convention. Here the pay is high, but the work must be exceptionally rapid and accurate. One typist told the writer that she earned seven dollars a day during a certain trial. This woman does unusually rapid work on the typewriter and seldom makes an error.

On the whole, an impartial survey of the field of stenography must lead one to the conclusion that an efficient stenographer will have no difficulty in securing well-paid work; but that there are many inefficient stenographers seeking positions, and that for such the pay is small and the future unpromising. The following table is based on information furnished by the girls who have completed the commercial course in a high school,[1] during the last four years and who are now working as stenographers: —

	Highest	Lowest	Average
Salary during first year after graduating	$12.50	$6.00	$8.48
Salary at end of first year after graduating	15.00	7.00	9.94

[1] The Newton, Massachusetts, High School.

	Highest	Lowest	Average
Salary at end of second year after graduating	$15.00	$8.00	$11.59
Salary at end of third year after graduating	16.00	10.25	12.78
Salary at end of fourth year after graduating	18.00	12.00	13.89

If, therefore, the work of a stenographer appeals to a girl, then let her see to it that she is a good speller and that she has a command of the English language. If she is weak in spelling, let her either call that will of hers into use and resolve to *learn* to spell, or else let her take up some other occupation than stenography. To become able to spell, study spelling; study it in the old-fashioned way. Get a speller and study twenty words at a time; go through the speller in that way, — review, pick out difficult words, pick out catchy words, *study spelling*.

If English is the would-be stenographer's weak point, that, too, should be worked on systematically. The student should read both widely and thoughtfully. Let her make a serious, systematic, and continuous effort to enlarge her vocabulary. As she reads, she should notice words that are new to her, words that are not in her vocabulary, that she never uses, that do not belong to her. She should get their exact meaning, — be familiar with their derivation, — consult a good book of synonyms, — finally,

make the words her own by using them. George Herbert Palmer says in *Self-Cultivation in English*,[1] "Let any one who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words a week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech and in his mind as well. A word used three times slips off the tongue with entire naturalness. Then it is ours forever, and with it some phase of life which had been lacking hitherto. For each word presents its own point of view, discloses a special aspect of things, reports some little importance not otherwise conveyed, and so contributes its small emancipation to our tied-up minds and tongues."

[1] One of the series of *Riverside Educational Monographs*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

IV

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR

To the girl who has no especial talent, and who has not the means or the time to fit herself for some particular business, the telephone office offers an opportunity for work, for a girl is paid here even while she is learning the work.

In the large cities the telephone companies have schools where a girl is taught to become an operator at the switchboard. The pupil spends from a month to six weeks in the school, and while there she is paid four dollars a week. She learns the use of the different parts of the switchboard, all phases of operating, local geography, such as the location of the hospitals, police stations, engine-houses, fire-alarm stations, and the various telephone exchanges of the city. She is also taught to modulate her voice (for a harsh voice is not tolerated in a telephone operator) and to enunciate distinctly. The instructor takes the place of the public, and gives the pupil typical calls, thereby putting to a thorough test the operator's knowledge of the switchboard and of the proper replies which should be made to the subscriber's calls. In small towns there

is no school for operators, and the novice gets her training by substituting for the regular operators.

The necessary qualifications for a successful telephone operator are good hearing, good eyesight, and a height of at least five feet, which insures a good reach at the keyboard. She should be accurate, as well as quick in thought and action. She must speak distinctly. Most offices require that the operators should have completed a grammar-school course, and they prefer at least one or two years of the high-school course. Good health is necessary, for there is severe nerve-strain about the work. About forty-five per cent of the applicants for admission to the telephone school in one large city are rejected, and of those admitted, about twenty-five per cent are afterwards dropped or resign.

After a girl has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the instructor that she can become a successful operator, she is transferred to an exchange, where she is at first put on duty during the hours of the least work, usually at night. Her pay is six dollars a week, and from this it is advanced to ten dollars, the maximum wage for general operators. If she shows marked ability, she is promoted to the position of senior operator at a salary of ten or eleven dollars per

week. She is then in line for promotion to the post of supervisor, whose duty is, as the name indicates, to supervise the work of the operators. The salary in this position varies from eleven to thirteen dollars per week. One more advance is possible, namely, to the position of chief operator, whose salary is anywhere from twelve to twenty-five dollars. The chief operator is responsible for the service given subscribers, and has charge of the entire working force.

Besides the work for the telephone companies, there is a call for operators in private exchanges, and the pay here for a skilled operator is good, — from fifteen dollars a week up; although, unfortunately, there are many unskilled operators in these private exchanges who will accept work at almost any price. The opportunity for advancement in such a position is excellent, quite as good as in the work of a stenographer, for the girl at the switchboard frequently has occasion to display marked executive ability and resourcefulness, and these qualities are almost certain to be noted and rewarded by her employer.

The girl who is not strong physically should never undertake to become a telephone operator. One has but to visit a telephone exchange during a rush period to realize this. The opera-

tor's effort is to answer the calls in the order in which they are given; but in a rush period several calls come at once. Her board becomes covered with the little lights which indicate several calls yet to be answered. The supervisor is behind her to note any carelessness or inefficiency on her part. Then, indeed, does she need the steady nerve which comes from perfect health in order to do the best that can be done under those circumstances. Even when the number of calls is normal or below the average, there is still the necessity for constant attention so that calls may receive prompt replies.

Some telephone companies are justly famed for their care of their operators. The room in which they work is of necessity light, and is usually well-ventilated. Pleasant rest-rooms are provided where the operators may spend their recesses, or may eat their lunches at noon. These rooms are furnished with a large reading-table, couch, and easy-chairs. There is a gas stove for the use of girls who bring their lunches. The girls work eight or nine hours per day, with two rest periods of fifteen minutes each; and there is a growing conviction that the working hours of the telephone operator must be still further reduced in order to safeguard her health and proper growth.

V

WORK IN A MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT

OUT of the many hundreds of different kinds of manufacturing establishments, three factories, in which employees work under very favorable conditions, have been chosen for description here. It must be remembered, however, by any girl who thinks of entering a large manufacturing establishment, that in many manufactories the pleasant features described here are not found, and that the work is often a dreary, monotonous grind in which the soul of the worker seems to be dwarfed by the environment in which she is obliged to spend many long hours of each day. It requires a strong physique and a strong character to battle with the adverse conditions which prevail in many manufactories.

To work day after day through a long period of years with a great number of persons who are forced to live upon a much lower plane than that demanded by the average self-respecting American citizen is both difficult and unpleasant. A girl should inquire very carefully into the conditions prevailing in any factory before taking up permanent work there.

It should be observed that there are certain manufactories that have attracted a very high grade of young women because of the excellent treatment and conditions provided. As will be shown here, factory work may be made attractive to the best type of working-girl, and where so made, the workers will compare favorably with any other group.

But while it is not thought necessary to give here a detailed description of the wrong conditions that exist in some factories, the fact must be emphasized that they do exist. Some of them are unsanitary buildings; harsh, brutal foremen; one-piece work; excessive and cruel "speeding-up," low types of operatives and low wages.

It is very difficult to generalize upon this subject, as the conditions vary so greatly, according to the policy of the management of different factories. For instance, in some shoe manufactories the conditions under which the girls work are unhealthful and degrading; but, on the contrary, one of the largest and finest manufactories in the world, famed for its interest in the welfare of its employees, is a shoe factory.

Again, work in a paper-box factory is not rated in the government reports as very satisfactory, and yet in the factory of that kind which will be described here the most favorable conditions prevail.

There are cotton manufactories in different parts of the country that are harmful to the physical, mental, and moral health of the employee, and there are others in which a woman could work without injurious results.

A girl should beware of unsanitary surroundings, deadening work, and low companionship. If she finds these in any factory that she enters as an employee she should promptly seek other employment.

Of the great variety of manufacturing establishments which the unskilled girl may enter at a salary ranging from three to seven dollars per week, only three will be described; and in these, as has been said, the most favorble conditions prevail. The first is a plant for making window and other draperies. It is situated in a beautiful suburb of a large city, and has been chosen for description because of the arrangement with a high school by which pupils are allowed to work half-time in the factory. The workrooms are light and well ventilated, and in winter are comfortably heated. The work is clean and not heavy and appeals to girls of artistic instincts who have not been able to develop their talents to any great extent in the public schools. The hours are from eight to twelve o'clock and from one to six. A girl may enter this manufactory as an errand girl. Her

work is largely carrying messages from one department to another, laying out supplies, counting draperies, and performing other miscellaneous duties. If she shows herself to be alert and capable, she is soon promoted to a position as a handsewer upon some parts of the draperies, or she may manage a power sewing-machine. If she shows that she has ideas that are of value from an artistic standpoint, she is given a place in the designers' department, and here she can find an outlet for any beautiful fancies in the line of draperies that she may possess.

The management believe that the happiness of the employees is a financial asset; so there is a play given every winter by the young men and women employed in the factory, and there is an annual picnic at the company's expense, and many pleasures are planned for the employees during the year.

An arrangement is made with a near-by public school by which pupils from that school can work in the factory from twelve o'clock until six at a wage of three dollars per week.

No boy or girl of known low moral standing is retained in this place as a worker, and the conditions are, as a whole, more favorable to a healthy, sane moral development than are conditions in the average department store.

To summarize: In this factory the young girl

finds a healthful physical and moral environment, pleasant work that is not too monotonous, considerate treatment from her employers, and a connection with the public schools that makes it possible for her to continue her education while employed a part of the day as a wage-earner. This last feature is a very important one to consider.

The second manufacturing place that will be described is a paper-box factory. This factory is situated in the heart of a great city, but the lofts are light and airy and well heated in winter. This plant has been chosen for mention because of the long term of service of the thirty or more employees in it. The foreman has worked for this firm over forty years, and several of the other helpers have been in this place for terms varying from ten to thirty years.

The work is not difficult, and consists largely, for the girls, in the putting together of pasteboard boxes which have been cut out by machinery. Their work might seem to be very monotonous, but the boxes vary so in size and shape, many of them being exquisitely dainty, that there is a zest and pleasure in the task of each day. Then, too, it is the boast of the establishment that their boxes are the best that can be made, and the spirit, "I will make this piece of work my best," which seems to govern

the actions of each employee, and to pervade the entire manufactory, lifts the work far above the level of drudgery, and causes it to be satisfactory and enjoyable.

A beginner starts at four dollars per week, but usually receives six or seven dollars before the close of the year. When working by the piece a salary of twelve dollars per week is often secured.

As may readily be inferred, there is a strong bond of union between the employer and the employed in this factory. A cordial, friendly atmosphere, and an assured feeling of fair play throughout the entire establishment make men and woman willingly render service here for long terms of years at a rather low average wage.

In the small factories just described it is apparent that the employers take a genuine interest in the welfare of the girls and women working for them. This will be found to be the case, too, in some of the large manufactories. A large watch factory, for example, employing between fifteen hundred and two thousand girls, makes a strong effort to make the conditions of life of their employees pleasant.

The company has provided a recreation-room in the factory, with easy-chairs, couches, reading-matter, a piano and pianola attachment.

Here the girls congregate after lunch to rest and listen to the music before returning to their afternoon's work. In the factory, too, is a small lunch-room, where an appetizing, well-cooked, hot lunch can be obtained at a low price, the intention being to give the lunch to the girls at cost.

A hundred or more girls are accommodated in a very pleasant boarding-house, which is run by the company. The price of room and board here is only three dollars per week. Some of the girls bring their living expenses to an even lower figure than this by waiting on table, for which service they obtain their own board. Thus the average wage of nine dollars per week, when the cost of living is considered, is a fairly good one.

There is a Relief Association to which most of the girls belong. The assessment is twenty-five cents a month. In case of sickness, the members receive four dollars a week; and on the death of a member, fifty dollars is paid to the relatives. The company interests itself also in this and contributes a little to it, so that it usually happens that the balance in the treasury is sufficient to render it unnecessary to make any assessment for a few weeks each year.

The wages paid to the girls when they first enter upon the work are, of course, low, — about

seventy-five cents a day. But if they prove their adaptability to the work, their pay is soon increased until they are put on piece-work, and after that the amount they earn depends largely on themselves, it sometimes reaching as high a sum as two or three dollars a day.

To be successful in this work, a girl must have natural mechanical ability, good eyesight, a steady hand, and be quick with her fingers.

The hours are long, but there is a great deal of sociability among the girls, and as much freedom is allowed in the workrooms as is consistent with good workmanship. On the whole, the life of a girl in this factory is a pleasant one. The work is clean, the rooms are light, the foremen are uniformly courteous to their help, and among the girls themselves good-fellowship prevails. Here, also, as well as in the smaller factories, we find operatives who have been employed in the factory for twenty, thirty, or even forty years.

The number of things really worth while which some of these girls manage to do on a small wage is surprising. A few years ago there was a young Greek girl working in the factory. She was entirely dependent on what she earned, — for she had no relatives in this country, — and she never earned more than eight dollars a week. With this meager amount, she not only

paid her living expenses and dressed suitably and tastefully, but she took music lessons and French lessons, bought books, and took trips to the White Mountains, to the Maine coast, to Niagara Falls, and to Washington; so that, when she at length returned to her home in Athens, she had seen a considerable portion of this country, and had been able to cultivate her taste in books and music during her stay here.

Another young woman went to Europe one summer bringing back a choice collection of pictures and mementos of her trip, as well as materials for dresses, which she worked into effective costumes later on. This same young lady is one of a large number who prove that intellectual life and factory life are not incompatible. Her bookcases are filled with a fine collection of books, such a collection as would be surpassed in few homes even where there is genuine culture.

A large number of the girls are not only self-supporting, but they help others. One young Swedish girl, after she had been in the factory for about ten years, became eager to bring her brother to this country. She found work for him in her city and sent for him. He and his family came from far-away Sweden. The sister met them at the dock, gave them their first auto

ride from the station, and welcomed them to the cozy flat which she had hired and furnished for them with her own money.

These cases have been cited to show that, notwithstanding the long hours and the somewhat monotonous routine, a well-rounded life can be lived by a girl who works in a factory managed in a humane and intelligent spirit.

VI

COOKING

A GIRL who can cook appetizing and healthful food contributes largely to the health, happiness, and moral tone of the community. Good, nourishing food brings good health; good health usually means happiness and prosperity. Every girl has in her own home an unsolicited field for effort in this direction. The opportunities are at hand to secure abundant practice and the experience that will be necessary before attempting larger enterprises. Father's words, "Those were fine rolls, Mary," or Mother's gentle smile of praise are worth more than the applause awarded the latest theatrical star.

Then, too, the ability to prepare dainty broths and other dishes for the sick members of the family is of great importance in contributing to the restoration of the invalid to health.

After a thorough course in cooking in a department of household economics such as is now to be found in many high schools, a young girl should be able to turn her knowledge of cooking to account in many ways. She may make a specialty of certain muffins, cakes, pies, pud-

dings, etc., which she prepares in her own home and sends out upon special orders. This is often done in small villages, and the work yields a good profit. She may establish a tea-room, starting at first in a small way, and branching out as her fame as a server of delicious tea and dainty food is spread abroad. A friend of the writer recently cleared fifteen hundred dollars in a year's experiment in a small tea-room in a college town. This work calls for careful buying, good management, and a considerable amount of hard work; but the manager of such a room is brought in contact with a very pleasant class of people, and feels that her establishment contributes distinctly to the pleasure and good cheer of the village, and the financial reward is better than that of the average professional woman.

A wise choice of location would cause one to rent one or two attractive rooms in the vicinity of a college or a large boarding-school for girls. College girls may be relied upon to patronize liberally a tea-room where sweets and tea are served by a neat, pleasant waitress in an attractive room.

In order to become a cooking-school teacher a girl should have at least two years in a first-class school of domestic science. Here, as everywhere, the maturity, earnestness, and alert mind

of the girl determine the length of study required to prepare one's self for the work and also her success when the actual work is taken up.

A teacher of cooking in a public school or an institution would receive a salary varying from about six hundred to twelve hundred dollars per year, according to experience and preparation.

For the higher positions in domestic science, such as supervisor of city or country schools, matrons of institutions, girls' clubs, and other organizations, the candidate must be a graduate of a training-school such as that of the Teachers' College, or Pratt Institute, New York, or Simmons College, Boston. This course generally requires two years of work.

At present the demand for women to fill these higher positions exceeds the supply, and a well-equipped teacher of domestic science is sure of a good paying position. To be the head of the domestic science department of a public-school system demands great executive ability, expert knowledge, and thorough training in many lines. The writer has asked a woman who occupies such a position to enumerate her duties, and this is a list of the most important of them: Prepare the course in sewing, cooking, and design for the grade schools and order the supplies requisite in those schools; prepare the

course in household economics for the technical high school of the city and order all the supplies required for the work in the sewing, millinery, and cooking classes; supervise the preparation by the cooking classes of the school luncheon for about nine hundred pupils; teach a class in dressmaking and one in cooking; attend frequent conferences upon work in domestic art and science and write papers upon these subjects. It is no wonder that these positions are not overcrowded.

VII

NURSING

No girl should plan to become a nurse unless she possesses good health and a strong constitution. If with these qualifications she unites good sense and judgment, self-control, and a clear mind, and has formed a habit of obedience, she may look forward to success in the work of nursing.

Tact, discretion, and firmness are essential qualities. With tact a nurse can eliminate many features of her work that would be very trying and might be disastrous ; without discretion her stay in any household or institution will be short ; firmness is positively required to meet the possible opposition and unreasonableness of the patient.

The head nurse of a great city hospital recently said that the most important qualification of a nurse was obedience ; meaning, of course, obedience to the physician's directions in caring for the sick.

A nurse must be immaculate in her personal appearance. The untidy girl whose skirt is never properly fastened or joined to her waist,

whose finger nails are not always clean, whose teeth show need of care, and whose general appearance even suggests uncleanliness will never be accepted in a training-school for nurses. An invalid has enough to bear without suffering from the untidy appearance of the nurse.

In the better class of hospitals young women are not allowed to enter upon the course of training until they are twenty-one, and the candidate must have had a four years' high-school course or its equivalent. The head nurse above quoted advised that girls spend the interval between graduating and entering the hospital in their own homes, assisting in the general work of the household, acquiring the art of cooking wholesome food, and reading the best literature.

When one thinks of the weary hours of convalescence and of the long hours of the milder forms of invalidism, one realizes how necessary it is that the nurse possess mental resources and that she be a well-read person. A dull, unimaginative woman with little knowledge of the world or of books would be a poor companion in the sick-room.

The course in the training-school is very rigid, but has many pleasant features. The better hospitals provide a nurses' home where the candidate may rest in a comfortable and attractive private room during the hours

which she is off duty. The hours of training are so regular, the food so wholesome, and the whole régime of hospital life so systematic that the health of the woman in training is usually excellent.

In some hospitals small pay is given during the period of training, while in others the trainer has to pay a considerable sum for her course.

A nurse that is recommended by a reputable physician is sure of employment during a large part of the year. The pay is usually twenty-five dollars a week. Her board, of course, is included, and in light cases she often has much leisure, when she enjoys many of the pleasures of the family life.

A very desirable position for a nurse is one in a private school. Here her work is usually light, and she meets many grateful parents in a pleasant way. State and city institutions have their corps of nurses, as do factories and department stores also. Many nurses continue work in the hospital from which they graduated.

A so-called convalescent or domestic nurse is one who has not had thorough professional training and is employed only when the convalescent patient does not demand scientific vigilance, or when her work is to entertain and give light attendance to chronic invalids. These

nurses usually receive from seven to fifteen dollars a week. They secure their training in modified courses offered in various ways. Their standing with physicians is not, of course, as high as that of the professional nurse.

The greatest satisfaction in a nurse's life is the thought of good work well done. To have saved a human life by one's skill and effort, or to have helped one to endure a long and tedious illness by sympathetic, untiring labor, might well inspire a nurse to say, "I have known what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

For the girl who cannot take up a full course of training but who is fond of children, the work of a nursemaid makes an appeal. The same qualities that would make a successful nurse are required in this position, but the work may be begun at an earlier age, as the nursemaid is required to take much less responsibility.

A nursemaid should have a pleasing, cheerful manner, and her language should be excellent, as little children unconsciously imitate the language they hear in the nursery. She should cultivate the art of story-telling, as this is a most attractive feature in the life of a child. The nursemaid should also have some knowledge of the laws of health and of the proper manner of preparing the children's meals.

Courses in training for nursemaids' positions

are offered in several infants' hospitals. The wages are three dollars per week at first with an increase after several months of training.

In many homes the nursemaid's position is a very pleasant one. She is brought into close contact with the family, and if she is a refined, ladylike girl she is given many privileges. The children usually regard her with affection, and in a good home she leads a sheltered, happy life. Of course, a girl's success in such a position depends upon the kind of home she enters and the kind of girl she is.

Her wages would be about four dollars a week, and her term of service would depend upon many conditions that readily suggest themselves. A nursemaid sometimes stays in a family after the children are grown, becoming a mother's helper and assisting in the ways in which a housekeeper or trusted friend of the family would assist the mother.

VIII

SEWING AND MILLINERY

For the girl who is a deft sewer, the one who can do skillful work in mending, stitching, and hand-sewing of all kinds, there is a large field with many paths to permanent and satisfactory occupations.

The painstaking day seamstress is always sure of remunerative work. Her pay is about two dollars a day, and she is given her luncheon and dinner at the house where she happens to be working. She is not expected to design beautiful gowns or to do elaborate work that requires artistic skill, but she must be able to sew neatly, to run a machine, and she should have a certain amount of good taste.

There are several ways of preparing one's self to become a dressmaker. One may take a four years' course in the sewing department of a technical or trade school, or one may enter a dressmaker's establishment as an apprentice. If a girl begins in this way she receives very little salary, and she may have to work several months without pay; but if she is a bright-eyed girl, quick to grasp new ideas, the opportunities

afforded her while working with a first-class dressmaking establishment are of great value to her.

For the artistic girl who has a keen eye for beauty of fabrics and harmony of lines, there are fine opportunities to become a designer of costumes. This is the most satisfactory phase of dressmaking, as all of the sewing,—the drudgery — can be done by others who do not possess the gifts that make the high-class designer. In a certain school a young girl who had never shown any particular ability in her academic work appeared one morning in a gingham dress so beautifully cut and made that it attracted her teacher's attention. She found that the girl had planned the dress and made it without help from anyone. This girl is now taking a special course in dressmaking in a technical high school and will become a designer of women's dresses.

There is so great a need at the present time in the technical and trade schools for teachers of sewing that a girl who has had a high-school course in that subject can usually secure a position as assistant to the head of the sewing department. Here she secures most valuable experience in imparting her knowledge to others, and although the salary is small, the position is a stepping-stone to a higher one later on. In many schools a normal training is demanded

of the sewing-teacher. Much depends, in this as in every vocation, upon the maturity and dignity of the individual girl.

Many of the large department stores have schools of dressmaking where apprentices are trained without pay; and connected with many Young Women's Christian Associations and Industrial Unions are schools of dressmaking and millinery, where courses may be taken at nominal prices.

A milliner must be not only artistic, but also a good financial manager. Her season is so short that she must buy intelligently and sell at a great profit in order to make a success of her business. This work is now taught in most technical schools, and apprentices are also trained in the regular milliners' establishments.

The first work that is undertaken by the young girl apprentice is the making of bands for the inside of the crown of the hat. Then she learns how to make and sew in linings. Now comes a much more interesting step, which is the making of frames of buckram or of wire and covering them with all kinds of material used in hatmaking: straw of all kinds, lace, silk, velvet, and chiffon. This requires a considerable amount of artistic ability and skillful work, as it is oftentimes very difficult to cover the frames

in the manner desired. Very skillful fingering is necessary at this step, as clumsy work would spoil the material used in covering the frame.

The work of trimming the hat demands much cunning in the fingers in order that they may fashion the dainty bows, rosettes, and flowers, and also a keen eye for beauty of line in order that the manner of trimming may harmonize with the general contour of the hat.

A designer of hats should be an artist in regard to color combinations, materials, and shapes. Her work is, of course, the most important of all, as ideas must always precede effort of any kind. Nothing can be carried out until some one has furnished the ideas that are to be represented. As in all work, the thinker, the originator, the person who plans, who furnishes the ideas, receives the highest salary, so in this occupation the designer receives twenty-five to forty dollars per week in large establishments; the trimmer receives from fifteen dollars a week to higher sums; and the maker of the hat (untrimmed) usually receives from eight to twelve dollars per week.

The disadvantages in the millinery business are the short seasons, in which the work is very strenuous, and the long hours during this short season. While learning the business and until one is well established in it, one should have

some other means of earning a livelihood during the slack season.

On the other hand, the opportunities of advancement are excellent for a girl of artistic tastes, who is a skillful needlewoman and a tactful business manager. There is always a demand for beautiful and becoming hats, and the milliner who can design these, and has the tact and the skill and patience required to sell the right hat to the right person, is sure of a good income.

IX

THE MODERN TEACHER

It might seem as if the vocation of teaching should not be discussed in a work which purports to point out available vocations to young girls having rather limited educational opportunities; but, since it is true that many mature, energetic girls go into the work of teaching from the high school, and sometimes from high schools affording very limited courses, it has been thought best to tell something of the work of the modern teacher.

The successful teacher of to-day differs in many respects from the typical teacher of preceding generations. She must possess the same general characteristics that have always marked the great teachers — sincerity, energy, determination, patience, tact, kindness, courtesy, insight, ability, and enthusiasm; but she must also have a much broader and clearer view of the activities of life and of work in the vocational and the social field than did the old-time teacher, whose attention was focused upon her subject only.

The modern teacher must first of all know

her *pupils*, not as a group, but each individual. She must learn all that she can in regard to each pupil's natural heritage, his tastes, native talents, propensities, and his home life. She must study each pupil much more intensely than she studies her textbook, until by a correlation of the knowledge that she has acquired in regard to each individual she can advise him wisely with respect to his future study, habits, and vocation.

The teacher of to-day must see that her pupils receive a good all-around education, but that for each individual the emphasis is laid upon the subjects for which he shows the greatest natural ability.

The modern teacher must be progressive; she must understand the causes that have led to the changing conditions in education, and she must study all the movements that are being made to adapt the methods and the matter of instruction to these changed conditions of modern life.

If she teaches a rural school, her instruction should be such as to cause the country boys and girls to see the beauty, the dignity, and the economic possibilities of country life; and if she instructs young people who must enter upon some vocation at an early age, she should try to adapt her teaching to the conditions of each case.

In a word, the teacher of to-day needs a sympathetic imagination more than she needs any other qualification.

The financial rewards for women teachers are not great, but the satisfaction of really helping boys and girls to get into the right place in life is always within the power of the right sort of teacher, and with that she is content. Her salary will feed and clothe her, and with economy she may be able to experience the great pleasure of helping others. The remuneration of the teacher varies from eight to twelve dollars per week in the small rural schools, to one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars per year in a large city school. She has, however, if worthy, the respect of her pupils and their parents and that of the entire community in which she lives, and the title, "teacher," causes her to be treated with courtesy and consideration when she goes among strangers.

A great teacher is always a student; a student of nature at all times, and also a student of literature, history, biography, current events, and of her special subjects. She must not only study the subjects she is to teach, but she must study the working of the mind of the learner, so that the seed of her teaching may bring forth fruit.

The most successful teachers are the ones who

can convince their pupils that these boys and girls possess many and great powers which they can develop by exercise. The great teacher suggests success, while the poor teacher suggests failure.

Every teacher who works upon human souls should always remember the words of Emerson, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

That the teacher must always be a student cannot be too strongly stated. For the teacher in the city the agencies for improvement are many and diverse: Extension and summer-school courses furnished by many universities, afternoon and evening lecture courses, free tickets to art galleries and museums, educational clubs, — all are hers, from which to choose the work that she especially needs or desires. In fact, there is such a multiplicity of advantages to be secured at the price of some exertion that oftentimes there is great temptation to attempt more lines of work than can be thoroughly performed in the time at one's disposal.

In the rural districts also are excellent summer schools, in which skilled instructors from colleges and the normal schools give real help in solving the problems which confront the teacher of the country school. The curriculum, in a tion to the regular academic subjects, inclu such topics as "The Rural School as a Soc

Center," "How Should Teaching in the Country School Differ from that in the City School?" "The Economic and Social Possibilities of the Country," "Practical Agriculture and the Country School," and the aim of much of the teaching is to cause the students who are to become teachers of rural schools to realize the responsibility and dignity of work in that special class of schools. Then, too, the teacher in the country school may continue her education by taking one or more of the various correspondence courses now offered by some of the great universities and schools of correspondence. No region is so remote that these courses cannot reach them, and thousands of ambitious, energetic students, who could not possibly be in residence at a college, are kept mentally alert and filled with enthusiasm by the work that they do in this way.

The method by which the teacher secures her instruction, whether in summer classes, correspondence schools, lectures, private reading and study, is not of so much importance as is the fact that she studies in some manner, and that she ever keeps an open mind and an observant eye for the investigation of modern tendencies, while she also studies the literature and history of the past.

New functions and new educational special-

izations have come into the teaching profession because of modern social and economic reorganization, and the modern teacher must see very clearly the vital connection between the school and the entire community.

The education of to-day must be social. It must fit the boys and girls to work harmoniously in groups for the good of the whole.

The teacher should be a forceful personality in the life of the community. In all movements for social betterment, in all positions in which a broad knowledge of current events is demanded, she should be able and willing to work for the good of the whole social body.

If the teacher is able and willing to perform her part in the work of social betterment, we may quite naturally expect that her pupils will be able to advance the charitable, moral, and social life of their town or city because of their training in school.

In many cities the school is becoming a social center around which revolves a very large group of activities and pleasures. In some cities and even in small towns, the school building is occupied several evenings each week by debating clubs, musical societies, special classes, and large groups of adults and of young people, who utilize the school plant in ways that help to refine and develop their social instincts.

Speaking of the relation of the school to society, Professor John Dewey says, "When the school introduces and trains each child of society into membership within such a little community, saturating him with the spirit of service, and providing him with the instruments of effective self-direction, we shall have the deepest and best guarantee of a larger society which is worthy, lovely, and harmonious."

We see, then, that the modern teacher should be a woman of warm heart, keen intellect, and very broad sympathies. The wrong sort of teacher can do great harm; the right kind is one of the greatest helps to any generation. Such work should not be taken up lightly.

X

KINDERGARTENING AND THE MONTESSORI SYSTEM

ALTHOUGH the philosophy of the kindergarten should be carefully studied by a superior type of girl in a regular training-school for kindergartners, it is possible, if one is of the type of girl mentioned, to secure the training by giving one's services as an assistant to a first-class kindergartner in a public or private school.

The assistant would probably receive no salary, or, at best, a very small one, for a year or two, but, if she is under the tuition of a thoroughly skilled kindergartner and at no expense for her training, she may consider herself very fortunate, as the cost of tuition in a school for kindergartners is usually quite high.

A candidate for a kindergartner's position should have some knowledge of both instrumental and vocal music, a thorough comprehension of Froebel's philosophy of teaching, an even, pleasant disposition, and a great love for little children.

Her salary, when she has become a full-fledged kindergartner, will not be large in most

cities, but the work, to one who loves children, is delightful, and brings out the very best in one's nature.

The development in character of many kindergarten student-teachers has often been surprising to their instructors and to their friends.

If a young woman opens a private kindergarten, — and there is an opportunity for this kind of school in almost every neighborhood, — she should be a good business woman as well as a skillful kindergartner. With a very little capital she can secure an independent and honorable livelihood, if, as has been said, she is an attractive, skillful kindergartner, and a tactful, energetic business woman.

A good many girls find it difficult to decide whether general teaching or kindergartening would be the better work for them. Such a girl should study herself very carefully. If she feels a strong love for little children, their games, stories, and songs, and if she has a vivid imagination, a happy disposition, a strong nervous organization, and is musical, she would probably be an excellent kindergartner; but she would also doubtless make an excellent teacher in any kind of school, provided that her education and training were sufficiently good.

The extremely practical, unimaginative, un-

musical girl had better not attempt kindergarten work. There is a vein of idealism, of poetry, of spiritual values underlying the work, that such a girl could not comprehend, and if these underlying principles are not appreciated by the kindergartner, the heart of the work is not touched. To illustrate the change of character that often follows the study of the kindergarten system will be given the story of Marguerite.

Marguerite was a dreamer, an idler, and the despair of her practical, hard-working mother and father. To bedeck her lovely little person with dainty clothes, to drum upon the piano, and to read alluring novels were her chief occupations. For the sake of being with her bosom friend of the moment, she accompanied this friend to a first-class training-school for kindergartners. Here, under the training of the splendid women with whom she found herself, many fine and lovely qualities, which had lain dormant in her nature, developed. Upon her return to her home her amazed and delighted parents saw her perform tasks that she had formerly ignored; and all her work was characterized by thoughtfulness and unselfishness. When asked what had caused her to change from a butterfly into a thoughtful, helpful young woman, she said, "It was my work with the little children, and my study of Froebel's philosophy which

taught me that life was too wonderful a thing to fritter away."

At the present time there is great interest manifested in educational circles in the work of Dr. Maria Montessori, who has developed a philosophy of education, which, in its application to the work of groups of children in Italy, has been eminently successful. In this scheme of education the teacher is largely an observer of the self-directed activities of children, restraining their efforts only when those are misdirected. There is a very deep philosophy underlying this plan of education, which demands long and careful study on the part of intelligent teachers; but as the results obtained when the system is understood are quite wonderful, there will soon be a great demand in this country for instructors who have qualified themselves to teach by this method.

Professor Henry W. Holmes, of Harvard University, makes the following comparison between kindergartening and the Montessori System: "Compared with the kindergarten, the Montessori System presents these main points of interest: it carries out far more radically the principle of unrestricted liberty; its materials are intended for the direct and formal training of the senses; it includes apparatus designed to aid in the purely physical develop-

ment of the children; its social training is carried out mainly by means of present and actual school activities; and it affords direct preparation for the school."

Such a scheme of education will surely make a powerful appeal to many bright girls who are desirous of becoming teachers.

XI

LIBRARY WORK

For the girl who really loves books, work in a public library makes a powerful appeal. She may hear that the salary is never large, and that, in fact, it is very small until one has had a rather long term of service in the minor positions; but the lure of the books is sufficiently strong to overbalance this powerful argument, and for the girl who can give several years of work to training at very small pay, the result is a permanent, honorable, and fairly lucrative position, — a position in which she can be of immeasurable help to the community, and one that is thoroughly satisfactory and in many respects delightful. The librarian is surrounded on every side by those magic volumes of which one of their lovers has said, "When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down Truth from Heaven; I give eternal

blessings for this gift and thank God for books."

The ideal librarian is one who loves both books and humanity. The bookworm — the person who loves books only — is not the right person to fill a library position. The librarian must be one who has an intense appreciation of the best books, and such a sympathetic insight into the needs of the people who take books from the library as will enable her oftentimes to bring the right book to the right person. We repeat: a librarian should love books, but she should also love people and love to be of service to them.

The perfunctory librarian who hands out books as if they were bricks, or the one who is annoyed at being disturbed in her own reading, is entirely out of place in a public library.

The librarian should realize, as she looks about the shelves of the library, that "without the love of books, the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure, the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing, possessions which the more he scatters, the more they accumulate, friends who never desert him, and pleasures which never cloy." And she must also feel a real love of humanity: of little children, of young people, of the old and the feeble; and

she must feel that it is a part of her work willingly to help the ignorant and the stupid as well as the educated and the mentally alert. She should have a very kind heart and a well-informed head.

There are several ways of getting into library work. One is to take a regular course of training at a college which offers such a course or at a library school; and the other is to work at a very small salary for several years in a regular library as an assistant in the different departments and branches. Experienced librarians say that it is far better to take the regular training given in the librarian's course in the college if it is possible to do so, and some of the large libraries now demand that their assistants shall have such training. The course is a very strong one and the pupil receives training in all forms of library work.

For a girl of small means the method of giving her time in exchange for training and experience presents itself favorably. Beginning with the most ordinary routine duties of the librarian, — the examination of much-used books, the pasting of leaves and of labels, the giving-out of books, the filing of periodicals, — the girl gradually works up to cataloguing and the work of the special libraries.

To secure a position in some large city libra-

ries, it is necessary to pass an examination in literature, geography, current events, biography, and at least one foreign language.

For a young girl of somewhat limited educational advantages but with a great love of books and a sincere desire to do library work, the best way to approach the work would be to request the librarian of a small library to let her act as assistant for a time, and demonstrate her ability in this way.

As has been said, the salary for several years will be so small that it cannot be depended upon for support, and this fact must be reckoned with in deciding upon the work. If one is sure of a good home and necessary comforts while in training, the work will be satisfactory from the first, and gives an opportunity for service to one's fellows that is afforded in few occupations.

Many libraries now have a Children's Hour in which the young girl who is a gifted story-teller is able to give great pleasure to the little ones clustered about her, who listen with eager ears to the delightful tales she unfolds.

To catalogue the choice pictures and prints, to paste labels upon delightful new books, to find a helpful volume for some young girl who does not know what makes one book good and another worthless, to help some grammar-school

boy run down a reference, to place a beautifully illustrated edition of *Robin Hood* or of *Peter Pan*, or Eugene Field's or Stevenson's poems in the hands of some poor little waif to whom the library with its contents form a paradise,—these are some of the pleasant features of working in a library.

When the head of a department in one of the largest libraries in the country was requested to criticize the above description of work in a library, he replied in two words, "Too roseate," and when urged to amplify this condensed statement he proceeded to give three reasons why library work was not satisfactory employment for the average young girl.

"*First.* It is very difficult for the partially educated girl to secure a position in any library. There are few positions, and college women are always preferred for these.

"*Second.* The salary, even after many years of service, is small, excepting in rare cases in which the girl has shown extraordinary ability.

"*Third.* A librarian must always be perfectly pleasant, and, as the patrons of the library are often very trying, the strain on one's nerves is great."

The librarian in charge of the children's libraries was next appealed to. She said, "The young girl must not go into library work ex-

pecting that it will allow her time for reading along the lines of her own interests. She must realize that the routine of library work includes real drudgery at times."

This expert testimony is, of course, absolutely reliable, and it would doubtless be wise to follow the advice given; and yet, as one looks up and down the reading-rooms of some large library or peeps into the children's room and sees the happy, absorbed faces of the little readers, one can but think that, despite all the unsatisfactory conditions for the employee, it must be a pleasure to be connected with an institution that gives so much happiness and help to the tired, worried adult, the eager student, and the bright-eyed child.

We know of no work that would familiarize one with the different grades of society, and present opportunities for certain kinds of service to them more than would work in a large library. In the newspaper rooms are often found a considerable number of persons whose appearance would indicate financial, mental, and moral bankruptcy. To these persons the library is a haven, a refuge. It gives them a shelter, light, heat, and forgetfulness. No girl employees are placed as attendants here.

In the reading-rooms, one sees the professional man looking up some knotty point, the

college student fortifying himself for an essay or an examination, while the children in their spacious, attractive rooms show by their absorption in their books that they have been wafted to the region where children love to be.

And still higher and more secluded are the special libraries where the student, the musician, the architect, the lover of old books, study and work, hour by hour, drawing freely upon the greatest treasures of the library for help in their task, and working in silence broken only by the occasional footfalls of some chance party of visitors.

Yes, here in the library is the world in miniature: the old, the young, the rich, the poor, the successful, the failures, the learned, the ignorant; and to all it is, according to their needs, a refuge, a solace for troubled minds, a storehouse of knowledge, a perpetual source of inspiration and delight. Wealth in dollars and cents may never be acquired by the girl who works in a library, but a wealth of knowledge of human nature is sure to be hers, and her experience in rendering kind, tactful, courteous help to all who need it will be invaluable to any girl.

XII

DOMESTIC SERVICE

We fancy that a slightly disgusted look comes over the face of the average young girl who is deciding upon a vocation as she reads the words at the head of this chapter, and, unfortunately, there are good and sound reasons for this feeling, reasons which will be taken up here in considerable detail.

First. The girl feels herself to be placed nearly at the bottom of the social order, while employed as a domestic.

Second. She has comparatively little time that is absolutely her own.

Third. She must usually live at her employer's home, where she almost invariably is given the poorest room in the house.

Fourth. She receives little genuine, sympathetic consideration from the other members of the household. There is in all the intercourse of the members of her employer's family with her a certain mental attitude which gives her constantly a feeling of inferiority, and this is destructive to self-respect.

We do not think that anyone will dispute

that these conditions must be met in very many households, and that the effect has been to turn many self-respecting girls of domestic tastes, who would have made excellent housekeepers, housemaids, and cooks, into other lines less remunerative and affording fewer comforts for the physical well-being of the worker.

Admitting all of these unfavorable conditions as reasons why young girls turn away even from the consideration of domestic service as a vocation, we are sure that there is a kind of service that can be rendered by the young woman who can live at home and who is skillful in performing household duties, that will not lower her self-respect and will pay her a satisfactory living wage.

At the present time, so great is the demand for a better and more trustworthy class of persons willing to render service in the household, that many housewives would willingly pay six or eight dollars per week to secure each day the competent help of a girl who had received training in the household economics department of a good public school. The girl would have to be a planner as well as a skillful worker and would be obliged to work intensely during her time on duty. Her hours might be from seven A.M. to eight P.M., with an interval of rest from two until five each week-day, while on Sunday she would work only three hours in the middle

of the day. If employed in a family in which only one servant was kept, she could prepare all of the meals and clear up after them, and have regular days for sweeping, cleaning, and keeping the house in order. The laundry work of a family should not be added to this work, but should be done by other hands. The girl helper's work should be as clearly defined as is the work of women in any other occupation, and as the call for skilled help is so great, a young woman can leave any household in which unsatisfactory conditions prevail with the certainty that faithful, skillful work in the line of domestic service will be appreciated in the very best homes. The best homes are not always those of greatest wealth or even of greatest culture, but they are the homes in which broad-minded, kind-hearted people of high principles create an atmosphere which makes life pleasant and profitable for all who serve them.

There are, also, for girls who live in their own families, many opportunities to work in good homes during a few hours of the day at special tasks for which these girls are well prepared. A girl can cook all of the cake and pastry for a household, or she may take the task of laundering the fine shirt waists, or of keeping the silver and linen in order. She may also engage the mending of several families, having her

regular day and hour for performing this duty for each. In all this work, the girl should be as conscientious and as self-respecting as any professional worker who gives his best service to his patron.

As a result of the excellent teaching of household economics in the schools at the present time, domestic service is bound to be raised to its rightful place as one of the greatest and best opportunities to render professional service to mankind. The next generation of housewives will be good housekeepers because of their own training in household economics, and it follows that when the mistress of the household thoroughly understands the details of housekeeping, she can train her servants in correct methods of performing domestic labor.

In a certain magnificent home in which sixteen servants, headed by a housekeeper and assistant housekeeper, are employed, the mistress of the household fortunately understands every detail of work in the great establishment; and her servants all realize that when she visits a department she has superior knowledge of their special work. The result is that the machinery of the household moves without friction; and there is a total absence of the waste, worry, and irritability that wreck the happiness of so many homes.

As a contrast we see in these days many families abandoning the individual home, in which the incompetent mistress cannot train even one incompetent maid, to live in apartment houses where they receive the advantage of respectable meals served in a public dining-room, but where the home life can never be as delightful as in the private home.

The demand for competent domestic service rendered by a superior type of girl is very great. The better class of employment agencies are filled during business hours with housewives who are eagerly looking for that kind of girl, to whom they would gladly pay good wages.

As an illustration of this will be given the story of Elizabeth, as it was told to the writer by Elizabeth's mother. Her family had always lived quite up to the handsome income of the father, and when he was suddenly smitten by an incurable ailment, which destroyed his ability as a wage-earner, the family were forced to look into each other's faces and say, "What can we do?" The mother was needed to care for the invalid, the brother was too young to be a wage-earner, and there was, then, only Elizabeth to become the support of the family. Now Elizabeth, like hundreds of other girls, could play the piano creditably, and had been fairly well educated in the usual academic sub-

jects. She was not, however, qualified to teach any subject, or to enter a business office; as she found after long weary weeks of sitting in teachers' agencies and of making application for work in the offices of business men. It became necessary for the family to dismiss their maid, and to Elizabeth fell the task of keeping the house in order. One day a chance remark of a visitor caused a great light to flash upon the discouraged girl. After looking about the neatly arranged rooms this person said, "Elizabeth, I would give a good deal if my house were as tidy and well ordered as yours. You must have the talent of the born housekeeper." The next day Elizabeth sought a distracted friend, who, she knew, was anxious to secure a competent mother's helper, and engaged to come to her daily at a wage of eight dollars a week. Her work was largely that of the ordinary domestic, and she did much of the cooking for the household. After a short time, in which she proved her ability to bring comfort and order to a demoralized household, she was made the real housekeeper of the establishment. Her salary was increased to fifteen dollars per week, and she now says of herself, "Instead of being the absolute failure that I feared at one time I was to be, I feel that in work for which I have some natural talent I may become something of a success."

XIII

THE GIRL WHO STAYS AT HOME

EVERY woman and girl in this twentieth century should congratulate herself on the numerous means open to her for self-support and, if need be, for helping to fill the family exchequer, — means which are not only remunerative from a money point of view, but which are pleasant, respectable, and capable of widening the outlook of the worker. The inventor of the typewriter ought to be an honorary member of every woman's club in the land, for to how many women has he furnished the means of independence! Hosts of girls find employment in these days in the telephone offices. Our manufactories not only employ girls and women in large numbers, but they spend money, time, and thought in making the places in which these girls work both comfortable and attractive. Contrast all this with the possibilities open to the woman without means of fifty years ago, and it must be conceded that the world is a better place for her now than in that day.

But, granted that congenial, remunerative

work is open to every woman and girl who is obliged to go out into the world as a worker, fortunate indeed is the girl who is not called upon to do this, but who finds her work in her own home. It seems strange that any girl should prefer office work and the business life to work in her own home; but the fact remains that many girls look upon themselves as martyrs if circumstances compel them to stay at home. Of course, woman's desire for economic independence is one factor in her going out to work. Probably the love of change and the excitement of meeting strangers also make their appeal, and the home life seems humdrum and commonplace in comparison. A young woman sees her friends starting out each morning, alert and energetic, ready to fulfill the definite duties of the day, and she sees them return at night with the day's duties behind them, care-free, and apparently freshened rather than wearied by their contact with the outside world. For herself, the day has presented a multitude of little tasks, perhaps not all completed until well into the evening; much of the work has been uninteresting; she has met few people beside the members of the family; and, taken all in all, her manner of life seems to her circumscribed and narrow.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the girl at home has

a much better opportunity for growth than has her sister in a business office, for her time is more at her own disposal, and she can, therefore, arrange to do much reading and to take advantage of the lectures, musicales, and other intellectual treats which are given in her city. In these days of woman's clubs, it is the fault of the home girl herself if she fails to grow intellectually.

If the work of the house seems monotonous, it is because of the lack of interest taken in it. Of life it has been said that "what one wants is to be interested, and if one is not, life is pretty much the same in a surface car or an automobile." Without interest, housework or any other work is drudgery. The effort to be successful in the performance of work will make it interesting; and just as great an effort to attain success in her work should be made by the housekeeper as is made by the girl who wishes to retain her position in an office. Her pride must be in the dependence of the whole family upon her ministrations. She may be very sure of one thing: no girl in an office is half as necessary there as is the successful girl in the home.

Another point which should arouse her interest is that of being economical in the household expenditures. This will require thought on her part, but the saving effected by a little

calculation will be so obvious that she will not begrudge the effort.

The daughter who stays at home because she is needed there, instead of going out to earn her living, is entitled to a certain definite amount of money as her wage unless adverse conditions forbid. If the circumstances of the family are such that this amount must be small, let her accept that fact without complaint, but let her insist upon receiving some pay, even though it be small. She should remember that if her pay is small, her living expenses also are small, and that in many ways she has an opportunity to save money and less temptation to spend it than has the girl who goes to an office every day.

Then, too, there are opportunities open by which a girl who is at home can earn some spending-money in her spare time. If she is skillful with her needle, she can sell her embroidery at prices which, although not high enough to pay her for the time spent on it if she depended upon that for a livelihood, yet will be acceptable as furnishing a little extra money for her own use. Or, if she excels in the culinary art, she can obtain a small income by cooking for the neighbors occasionally.

But whatever the pecuniary reward, far and above all other work, the work of the home-

keeper must be a labor of love. To see that her mother's cares are lightened; to know that her father starts to his daily labor fortified with a wholesome, appetizing breakfast which she has prepared; to know that each member of the household is the better fitted for the day's tasks because of her work: — these are the rewards of the homekeeper which are not to be reckoned in money.

The characteristic which the homekeeper must have if she would be successful in her calling is unselfishness. It is her business in life to do for others; and if she finds no pleasure in this, her lot must always be an unsatisfactory one. Let her cultivate that spirit which finds its highest happiness in the happiness of others; for she in her sphere has the power to minister to others' happiness to a greater degree than is found in any other calling. Fortunate is the daughter whose vocation it is to share in her mother's work, and to aid her in the making of a home, with all that the word implies of comfort, cheer, and love.

The words, "the girl who stays at home," bring easily to one's mind a picture of the country girl of colonial times, the far-away grandmother of the girl of to-day. It is well to contrast her home life with that of the modern girl. Her home was practically her world; her fi-

of endeavor was the one filled by her father and mother, brothers and sisters, with perhaps an honored grandfather and grandmother in the chimney corner. But what varied interests were hers, and how skillfully she performed the many tasks that were accomplished in the old-time home! From the early hours when she clothed herself in the serviceable garments that she had probably spun, woven, dyed, and made with her own hands, through all the busy hours of the day, she has been at work upon tasks that were varied and interesting. The hearty meals, that necessitated the making of snowy biscuit and bread and toothsome pies and cakes, must be prepared; the cream must be skimmed from the many small pans of milk; the butter must be churned in a crock or wooden churn with a dasher; and the cheese must be made. Some days there were geese, whose troublesome heads had been covered with a stocking, to be picked, to make the billowy feather beds; and there were hens and calves to be given attention, and oftentimes a tiny new lamb to be induced to live. There were rugs to be braided and counterpanes to be woven; and on certain days the great dye kettle was brought into use, when perhaps the worsted dresses for the winter were colored a rich crimson or blue or magenta. Then there were all the mysteries of soapmaking to be learned, from

the setting-up of the leach to the last stirring in the enormous iron kettle; and there were the tallow candles to be dipped that gave a meager light to the home. Then, too, there were daintier tasks: the filling of the rose jars, which perfumed every chamber, and the drying and preserving of the mints and sage and summer savory. The flower garden, with its tall hollyhocks, brilliant peonies, and lovely damask and moss roses, had to receive attention from the women of the household, as did also the vegetable garden; for the men were too busy with harder tasks to spend time upon such things. This active ancestress of our modern girl did not read much, for two reasons: she had little spare time, and she had few books. She was not, however, unlettered, and her knowledge of many real processes and varied activities made her a capable and forceful person, even though her sphere of activity was largely within the walls of her own home.

Our modern girl may not have, in her own household, the wide range of interesting tasks that were performed by her great-great-grandmother; but she has abundant opportunity to make herself a capable, efficient housekeeper; and by her reading, practice of music, attendance upon lectures, membership in clubs and in other social organizations, she can become a

living force in a much larger world than the one in which her colonial grandmother lived.

Many a girl who has left a pleasant home, in which her services would have been of value to her own people, to enter upon tasks for which she was unfitted, has returned gladly to her own place in her father's house with the thought, —

> "Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
> To stay at home is best."

XIV

VOCATIONS FOR THE COUNTRY GIRL

Too often does the girl on the farm or in the small country village look with longing towards the advantages and the positions offered in the city, while she feels a sense of despair at her prospects in the country. As a matter of fact the country girl has a tremendous advantage over the city girl, because the latter has to make her way through a vast crowd of competitors while the country girl has practically a clear track to her goal. The girl in the city must not only make her way through a vast number of applicants for every position, but she also has the handicap of big board bills, and an almost endless number of small expenses of which the country girl knows nothing. Then, too, because the girl in the city is surrounded by persons who dress in costly clothing, she is constantly tempted to increase her expenditures until they are out of all proportion to her income.

As has been stated, the number of rural vocations from which the country girl can choose is a large one. The first that naturally suggests itself is gardening.

If a girl lives on a farm and can have the use of a few acres of land, she can earn a comfortable living if she has brains, energy, and is a good manager. We will suppose that her home is at not too great a distance from a summer hotel or camp or a large village. She can then have a vegetable garden, raising early vegetables and strawberries, or other berries, with a sure market near at hand.

A Cape Cod girl nets as much each season from sweet peas, roses, dahlias, and other flowers, which she sells to summer boarders, as many a school-teacher earns in the entire year. A Wellesley graduate, living in a small country town, sells enough choice fruit to her patrons in a nearby village to support herself and her father.

Chicken-raising is always profitable, if one studies it as one would study any other business; and if one has the use of a hillside for the henhouses, with green things and running water near at hand, the work is not unpleasant. Upon application, reports are sent free by the Department of Agriculture, giving the very latest information in regard to the raising of poultry, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and much valuable instruction in regard to all kinds of work that could be successfully carried on in the country. An application through the Con-

gressman from one's district will usually receive prompt attention.

A certain girl who lives on a farm on the borders of a lake so beautiful that it attracts many campers, nets a tidy sum each year by making bread, pies, and doughnuts for these hungry people. Her pies are so good that the campers take them gladly at twenty-five cents each ; her doughnuts are seized at twenty cents a dozen, while her bread is snatched up at ten cents a loaf. Of course these prices mean that her cooking is of the very best.

This girl's sister starts out with a reliable old horse and buggy each pleasant afternoon and takes the campers to various "beauty spots" within driving distance, earning in this way quite a handsome sum in the course of the summer.

In a good many country homes girls are earning considerable spending-money by making braided rugs, such as were made by their grandmother's many years ago. Sometimes these are sold through Women's Exchanges and sometimes directly to the purchaser.

Two girls who lived in a rather picturesque but dilapidated old house at the foot of a steep hill, which automobilists had to climb slowly, put out a sign, "Tea and Grandmother's Cookies." To their surprise they cleared ten dollars

the first week, and their season's work was very satisfactory.

In a small country village a certain girl is sending her sister through college on her profits from the doughnuts and pies with which she supplies her neighbors each Wednesday and Saturday.

The country post-office must have a clerk, as must also the general store and the bank, if the place boasts such an institution. There must be a librarian in most villages, and although this work brings little pay, it is a great opportunity for the girl who likes books. The salary for all these positions is small, but the expenses in a country village are also small. Many a girl, who is always a little hungry and never quite warm in her side room on a city street, thinks regretfully of the big, sunny room, the ample meals, and the small expenses that were hers in some country village.

Let no country girl despair of entering upon a successful, remunerative, and honorable vocation because of her environment. Rather let her be thankful that her lot is placed where a wide expanse of sky and land, plenty of pure air, and the surety of quiet, restful nights, enable her to keep in the best condition to do work that will be pleasant and profitable for herself and helpful to the community.

XV

VOCATIONS PLUS AVOCATIONS

A GIRL'S real character is revealed very clearly by the manner in which she spends her spare time. After a working day in the factory, telephone office, or store, there are still a few hours left besides those required for eating and sleeping. The wise use of this time will bring much true pleasure into the life of the worker.

For the girl living at home, there may be many household duties to perform. Such a girl should welcome the opportunity of being a necessary and integral part of a real home in which she can contribute to the comfort and pleasure of her own family. But many girls are boarding and have no such home duties to fulfill. For them, also, many delightful avocations are open.

The writer once spent a summer in a factory town in the Middle West, where she was brought into intimate association with a group of young girls who were spinners in one of the factories. One of these girls took a piano lesson each week, practicing diligently an hour a day and thus making considerable progress in music, of

which she was very fond. Another girl who worked in the same mill took a French lesson each week, and always came to her lessons well prepared. A third girl belonged to a camera club and enjoyed long tramps into the country on Saturday afternoons. From these walks she returned with many beautiful views for a photograph book she was preparing called, "Beauty Spots Near Our Home." Nearly every one of this group of factory girls had some vital interest in life outside of her work in the factory. They were all companionable, well-bred girls, whom it was a pleasure to know.

A busy young woman in a small country town in New England, who earns a good living by raising poultry, is making a collection of the newspaper poetry of the times. She has several large scrapbooks filled with these clippings, which she has arranged according to subjects. Another country girl has prepared a really valuable bibliography of literature treating of birds. She gets this material from book reviews, poems, and library and publishers' catalogues.

As a general rule that avocation should be followed which is the farthest removed from the vocation. That is, if the vocation makes great demands upon the brain and nerves, the avocation should be technical. Some out-of-door work where the hands are employed would be

best. On the contrary, if the work is largely mechanical, as in a factory, some reading, study of art or music, or other cultural work should be taken up. In all cases the avocation should be what one loves to do, with no thought of financial gain involved.

The avocation enables one to grow into a fuller life and to take from its wonderful possibilities some of the things that give one deep and lasting happiness.

It is well to emphasize the fact that the avocation should be the work that one loves best. This being true, it follows that power and skill will develop in the pursuit of the avocation because of the enthusiasm with which the work is done. This enthusiasm often leads one to show that power of initiative and originality that mark the leader in all lines of effort, and thus the avocation in time may become an honorable and pleasurable vocation.

For the many girls who love books and study, but who are obliged to give up all thoughts of a college course, an avocation that requires the study of some particular subject appeals very strongly. No girl who has good health, a good mind, and some spare time need despair because she cannot graduate from a college. In these days of university extension courses, evening and correspondence schools, she can take up

almost any subject under competent instructors; or, if this method is not feasible, she can study by herself from books so clearly written that their meaning is easily reached by the average student. By studying what one loves, a love of study is developed; and thus the student receives a twofold pleasure. A coal merchant in a small country town began the study of French when he was nearly sixty years of age. After studying this subject about an hour a day for three or four years, during which time he had only a few lessons in pronunciation with a teacher, he was able to read the language easily and to speak it fairly well. This acquisition gives him more genuine pleasure than almost anything else in his life. A farmer in a remote rural district, who always loved scientific study but who had never received any instruction in the sciences, is so well informed, as a result of his reading all the latest scientific works, which he secures from the nearest large library, that his knowledge is respected, not only by the community in which he lives, but also by the great students to whom he appeals occasionally for light upon some disputed point. Nearly everyone has heard of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," whose wide reading made him an authority upon many subjects. An elderly banker of the writer's acquaintance, who still

is actively engaged in managing the affairs of a large city bank, studies astronomy each evening. His reading-table contains all the latest works upon that fascinating subject, and with telescope in hand he mounts to the roof on nearly every pleasant evening to scan the heavens. The story of Lucy Larcom writing her poems after her day's work in a Lowell mill has often been told, and Louisa M. Alcott wrote her first stories as an avocation, not a vocation. Mr. Gladstone chopped down trees to relieve his mind from the cares of state. Colonel Roosevelt loves to write books and to hunt large game.

We repeat for the sake of emphasis: That avocation should be sought which will develop one most completely and happily. One's vocation may be an employment which one thoroughly enjoys, or it may be work into which one is forced by adverse conditions; but the avocation should always contribute distinctly to the happiness and well-being of the individual. It should round out life.

For the professional woman such avocations as gardening, poultry raising, nature study, or any employment that keeps one in the open air or involves some manual labor should be followed; while for the girl who works with her hands there is always delightful, intellectual

pleasure to be had. A wise man has said, "To our vocation let us add an avocation, if we would be safe." And another has said, "We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all."

XVI

THE SUCCESSFUL GIRL

THE foundation stones, truthfulness, honesty, industry, kindness, self-reliance, courage, and trustworthiness, must be placed very securely by the girl who is to enter the ranks of the world's workers and march forward with unfaltering tread in the midst of that great army.

Sincerity of purpose, habits of industry, punctuality in performing work, alertness in seizing opportunities, zeal in performing the task assigned, and a willingness to do more than the required task, — these are the qualifications of the successful worker in every vocation.

When the foundations of character have been carefully laid, it follows that efficiency, the power to do, the ability to get results, is what each one has to strive for; this, after all is said, is what makes the difference between the girl who succeeds in her vocation and the one who fails. Sometimes it seems as if efficiency were a gift from the gods, like a taste for music, or the ability to write poetry, and that if one had it not by nature, it were useless to strive for it. Certain it is that persons differ greatly in their

possession of this quality. Given two girls of apparently equal ability and of the same training, and let each have a piece of practical work to do. The one will bring her work to a successful conclusion; the other may try much harder, but the struggle will be in vain. For the very stars in their courses seem to fight against the inefficient girl. If she sews, her thread knots; if she is a stenographer, her machine gets out of order; if she is a cook, the fire refuses to burn; and the more important the piece of work in hand, the more surely will disaster be her portion. Not so the efficient girl. At a critical moment she is in her element. In the time of emergency she rises to the occasion. No disasters await her. No untoward mishaps befall her. Calmly, without haste or undue effort, she successfully completes whatever task is given her to do.

Is it possible for one to cultivate this quality of efficiency? At least it is possible to see what characteristics lead to its possession. Of course careful preparation for the work is the first requisite. Time must be spent to learn a trade before one can do good work in it. A girl should learn all that can be taught about an occupation before attempting to earn her living by it. Good, careful training will do much toward insuring efficiency.

Next, there is orderliness. No time is lost in hunting for a mislaid pencil or thimble or dish. And, however great the need for speed, it will be found that the thimble or pencil or dish will be returned to its proper place when no longer in use. For the orderly person has an innate instinct for putting things in their proper places. Even the stores of information of such a person will be in their proper places. In time of need the stenographer will remember an address; the cook will remember a recipe; the nurse will remember some hint of her training-days.

But the day's work must not only be done in an orderly and systematic manner, but it must be done on time, without haste and confusion. Dispatch is as necessary a qualification of efficiency as orderliness, — dispatch, but not hurry. "Hurry is the sign of a weak mind; dispatch, of a strong one."

One more quality goes to make up efficiency, that of accuracy, precision. When a thing is done, no matter how unimportant, it is done painstakingly. The number of mistakes is reduced to a minimum. It is not necessary to supervise the efficient girl, and this accounts for her being paid more than her inefficient sister; — for the salary of the supervisor is always paid by the supervised.

Efficiency is the essential characteristic of the

successful girl, but there are other qualities which are needed to make her completely successful in her chosen line of work. Personal appearance, for instance, goes a great way; and, while it is not within the power of every girl to be beautiful, any girl can be neat. It takes time and effort to be neat as to hair, nails, shoes, and collar, but it is time and effort well expended. The dress, too, should be appropriate for the work. The stenographer should remember that the office is not the place for half-worn-out finery.

Still another desirable qualification for the successful girl is tact, that lubricant which makes the wheels run more smoothly in all walks of life. It is the tactful salesgirl who considers whether or not her customer would like to be helped in the choice of her goods and acts accordingly. It is the tactful seamstress who does not dwell over-much on the physical imperfections of her customer, but who speaks rather of some beauty of form that is hers. It is the tactful nurse who does not remind her patient of the long days of pain still in wait for her, but who reminds her, instead, of the advance toward health which she has already made.

But perhaps, next to efficiency, the quality which more than any other differentiates the successful from the unsuccessful girl is the will-

ingness or unwillingness to assume responsibility. The girl who can take responsibility draws the large salary. Many a girl does the routine work of the day well, but fails when something out of the ordinary occurs, because she lacks initiative; she fears to take responsibility.

It is gratifying to note here that employers too, are beginning to assume their share of responsibility in making the wage-earning girl efficient. A girl's effort to become efficient must be aided by efficiency-promoting conditions. In all occupations the individual health requirements are sensible dress and footwear, nourishing food, enough sleep, and plenty of fresh air. To these must be added employment under right conditions. This united effort of employer and employee will make for the conditions so essential to success; and if the character of the girl worker is built up on the foundation stones of success mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, then she must become, in the true sense of the phrase, "a successful girl."

XVII

STATISTICS ON VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS

It is interesting to note that of the 333 occupations for men and women listed in the volume of *Earning Wage of Wage-Earners for* 1909, issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, there was a total number of 4,833,-630 women over sixteen years of age listed under about sixty different groups of occupations. It is a hopeful indication to find, upon studying these tables, that, between the years 1890 and 1909, the percentage of women entering the executive, the managerial, the professional, and all positions demanding initiative and responsibility, steadily and greatly increased.

At the present time (1912) there are 299 occupations in which women are employed.

The number of women wage-earners over sixteen years of age in the United States in 1909, classified according to occupations, was:

All occupations	4,833,630
Agricultural pursuits	770,055
Agricultural laborers	456,405
Farmers, planters, and overseers	307,700
Other agricultural pursuits	5,944
Professional service	429,497
Actresses, professional showwomen, etc.	6,661
Artists and teachers of art	10,907

Literary and scientific persons	5,984
Musicians and teachers of music	52,010
Officials (Government)	8,119
Physicians and surgeons	7,387
Teachers and professors in schools and colleges	327,206
Other professional service	11,223
Domestic and personal service	1,953,467
Barbers and hairdressers	5,440
Boarding- and lodging-house keepers	59,455
Hotel-keepers	8,533
Housekeepers and stewardesses	146,929
Janitors and sextons	8,010
Laborers (not specified)	106,916
Laundresses	328,935
Nurses and midwives	108,691
Servants and waitresses	1,165,561
Other domestic and personal service	14,997
Trade and transportation	481,159
Agents	10,468
Bookkeepers and accountants	72,896
Clerks and copyists	81,000
Merchants and dealers (retail)	33,825
Packers and shippers	17,052
Saleswomen	142,265
Stenographers and typewriters	85,086
Telegraph and telephone operators	21,980
Others in trade and transportation	16,587
Manufacturing and mechanical pursuits	1,199,452
Bookbinders	14,303
Boot, and shoemakers, and repairers	36,490
Boxmakers (paper)	14,498
Confectioners	7,805
Glovemakers	7,170
Gold- and silver-workers	5,767
Paper- and pulp-mill operatives	8,709
Printers, lithographers, presswomen	15,353
Rubber-factory operatives	6,945
Textile-mill operatives	231,458
Carpet-factory operatives	8,332
Cotton-mill operatives	97,181
Hosiery and knitting-mill operatives	28,293
Silk-mill operatives	26,432
Woolen-mill operatives	27,169
Other textile-mill operatives	44,051
Textile workers	675,255

Dressmakers	338,144
Hat- and cap-makers	7,049
Milliners	82,936
Seamstresses	138,728
Shirt-, collar-, and cuff-makers	27,781
Tailoresses	61,573
Other textile workers	19,045
Tobacco and cigar operatives	37,124
Other manufacturing and mechanical pursuits	138,574

The above table presents many interesting points. It is rather surprising to the average reader to learn that there are over seven hundred thousand women in the United States engaged in the different departments of agriculture, and that over four thousand of these are farmers, planters, and overseers. On the contrary, to read that there are over three hundred thousand teachers and professors in colleges surprises no one. It seems fitting that nearly two million women are engaged in domestic and personal service, while about one fourth of that number are listed under "Trade and Transportation." Over one million are employed in manufacturing and in mechanical pursuits, and nearly half that number are engaged in "Professional Service."

The conclusion reached from a study of these figures would be that the greater number of women are still engaged in what we have been accustomed to call "woman's work," but that there are few occupations in which women are not found in large numbers.

XVIII

FAMOUS WOMEN WORKERS

It is interesting and helpful to one who is obliged to make her way in the world by means of daily work, faithfully and skillfully performed, to find ample proof in the pages of biography that all the women whom the world delights to honor have been great workers; sometimes of necessity, and sometimes because of the love of working for the good of others, or to develop some special talent, which, thus used has given delight to great numbers of persons.

It is only by the most indefatigable work that the greatest musicians, artists, authors, and scientists have been able to present their splendid ideas and achievements to the world.

Madame Marchesi, a wonderfully successful teacher of singing, and the instructor of the great operatic stars, Melba, Eames, Calvé, Gerster, and many others, was a tremendous worker and would not retain as a pupil anyone who, through careless work or through indolence, failed to do her best. This teacher says of Madame Melba, "She was one of my most industrious scholars."

Calvé writes her teacher as follows: "I must tell you that I am making great progress, not only as a singer, but also as an actress, for I have worked hard at my part."

Among great artists, we find Rosa Bonheur, working day after day from morning until night at her favorite but difficult task of animal painting. We read that she worked steadily for eighteen months upon her masterpiece, the Horse Fair.

The great scientist, Madame Curie, toiled in her laboratory for many years before her discoveries in regard to the properties of radium rewarded her efforts.

Julia Ward Howe, whose memory all America loves to honor, worked as a lecturer, writer, and director of many philanthropic associations, until her death at a very advanced age.

In literature, Louisa M. Alcott worked brain and hand almost ceaselessly for many years while writing her delightful books. Lucy Larcom wrote many of her best poems while she was an operative in a Lowell mill. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was an enthusiastic kindergartner before she gave her entire time to the writing of her charming stories. Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society, was said never to be idle. Florence Nightingale, though of a wealthy family, gave unlimited time and toil to her work

in behalf of the soldiers and in founding better hospitals. Jane Addams has spent many years of her life in the attempt to promote social well-being. Many women of wealth, who might if they desired spend their life in idleness, fill all their days with worthy work for others.

And thus all girl workers may feel themselves members of a very noble army when they go forth to their daily work. It is a good thing for them to remember that, "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if not wonderful abilities, industry will supply the deficiency."

Carlyle impresses upon us the dignity of all work, when he says, "All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness."

In a recent address at the commencement exercises of a college for women, Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, said: "The power within for which you are responsible is the power to work. The idea suggests dignity, privilege, obligation. It implies a benefit to society, and calls for the development of self, the application of one's own individual power to some useful activity."

XIX

CONCLUSION

In these pages the writers have endeavored to point out some of the more common occupations that give opportunity for service and a comfortable living wage for the girl who cannot take a long and costly course of training.

There are many other vocations that will appeal to different individuals. Some of these are: Work in certain departments of textile factories, salaries varying according to skill of operators; proof reading, salary about twelve dollars per week, but broadening work in which there is much opportunity for self-improvement; government clerkships, purely clerical work, paying from about seven hundred to nine hundred dollars a year. These clerkships may be secured by taking a civil service examination. The candidate must be a good penman and speller and an accurate copyist.

Many girls find employment by doing practical forms of art work such as designing textiles, wall papers, fashion plates, book-covers, and posters. A girl with a decided artistic talent can prepare for this work in the courses in

design in a first-class high school. The salary varies greatly, but high-grade work in design is always remunerative.

For the self-respecting, energetic girl of fair natural ability, there are many vocations in which a satisfactory living wage can be secured under pleasant conditions. The school and the home should coöperate in determining the natural bent of each pupil, and she should be given a good general training with the emphasis laid along the lines of her most decided talent or promise.

It is necessary, also, that the occupation and the particular place of employment of each girl should be studied very carefully, both by the girl herself and also by those who are responsible for giving her vocational information.

APPENDIX

WHAT GREAT AUTHORS HAVE SAID ABOUT WORK

(*For memorizing or for discussion*)

THERE is a perpetual nobleness in work. There is always hope in a man that works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. — CARLYLE.

I know what pleasure is for I have done good work. — STEVENSON.

Not doing more than the average is what keeps the average down. — *Anon.*

Whenever the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in the spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible. — RUSKIN.

Ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry, worthily followed, gives peace. — RUSKIN.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. — EMERSON.

Unless a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous.

— MATTHEWS.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

— SHAKESPEARE.

The latest Gospel in this world is, "Know thy work and do it." — CARLYLE.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life. — JOHNSON.

Work for some good, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! all labor is noble and holy.

— FRANCES OSGOOD.

If when for life's prizes
You 're running, you trip,
Get up, start again, —
Keep a stiff upper lip!

— PHŒBE CARY.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind, she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again. — *From the Latin.*

Do the work that 's nearest,
Though it 's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.

— KINGSLEY.

Do something! Do it soon! With all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest.

— WILCOX.

For him who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
He lets the better go.

— *Anon.*

He who is to win the noblest successes in the world of affairs must continually educate himself for larger grasp of principles and broader grasp of conditions. — MABIE.

The servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

— GEORGE HERBERT.

Up to the point of efficiency, when one is learning a trade or a profession, there is comparatively little joyousness in his labor; but with the conscious-

ness of mastery, of thorough knowledge and aptness, comes a feeling of strength, of self-satisfaction, of superiority, which takes away all sense of drudgery and makes the pursuit of one's occupation a source of constant delight. — MATTHEWS.

Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put my hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

Round swings the hammer of industry, and quickly
the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir
not the bosom of kings; —
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king
of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks
the strong world in the face.

— DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

— BULWER LYTTON.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

— LOWELL.

If little labor, little are our gains,
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
— HERRICK.

Work gives balance and regularity to all the movements of the soul. It drives all diseased fancies out of the mind. The condition, however, is that it shall be really work, not the show of it; that we shall put ourselves wholly into it for the time; that we shall not work mechanically nor reluctantly, but with our thoughts present, our heart in it, as well as our hands. — JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts. — *Haggai*, II, 4.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do; be strong by doing well what you have chosen.
— S. OSGOOD.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. — *Proverbs*, VI, 6.

The dignity and permanence of work depend upon the power and might of the worker. — MABIE.

When one comes up to the mark set for himself, it is safe to conclude that the standard was too low.
—*Anon.*

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time.
— WORDSWORTH.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament. — CARLYLE.

Be sure no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill adapted, fails so much,
It is not gathered, as a grain of sand
For carrying out God's end.
— E. B. BROWNING.

All good work is essentially done — without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting. — *Anon.*

Laboring towards distant aims sets the mind in a higher key, and puts us at our best. — PARKHURST.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
— LONGFELLOW.

Deem not thy toil obscure;
It shall have lustre, being rarely done;
Not ours to choose, but ours to use aright
The gifts of God, or ten or only one.
— *Anon.*

Labor, wide as the earth, for its summit is heaven.
— CARLYLE.

To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. — J. G. HOLLAND.

The duty of labor is written on a man's body; in the stout muscle of the arm, and the delicate machinery of the hand. — PARKER.

Genius can never despise labor.

— ABEL STEVENS.

Labor is the law of happiness.

— ABEL STEVENS.

Hitch your wagon to a star. — EMERSON.

No work that God sets a man to do — no work to which God has especially adapted a man's powers — can be properly called either menial or mean.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all. — *Anon.*

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

— DISRAELI.

Vigilance in watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement; these are the virtues which must command success. — *Anon.*

The best way to live well is to work well. Good work is the daily test and safeguard of personal health. — MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

The power of the laborer must be equal to the power required by his task, or his labor will conquer nothing. Set an ass to carry an elephant's burden and his back will be broken. The man of few brains cannot do the work of the man of many brains. — J. G. HOLLAND.

A man in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them. — CHANNING.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. — FRANKLIN.

Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance. — JOHNSON.

In all human action those faculties will be strong which are used. — EMERSON.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows. — *Anon.*

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator. — GIBBON.

Work is the inevitable condition of human life, the true source of human welfare. — TOLSTOY.

Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer. — HENRY VAN DYKE.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Chapter I

What is said of the number of working-girls who enter a great city each morning?

What is their general appearance?

Name some of the vocations in which these girls are employed.

What is the equipment of this working-women's army?

To what does the thought of competition lead?

Why does one think hopefully of the training of working-girls?

Why do some girls fail of success in their vocation?

What two kinds of knowledge are required by the girl who would succeed in her work?

Why is vocational guidance now given in the schools?

What happens when the choice of a vocation is made without careful thought?

What are the tests of one's fitness for one's work?

Chapter II

To what type of girl does the work of a salesgirl often appeal?

What type do store managers seek?

Describe the appearance of a successful salesgirl? What two characteristics must she possess?

What is said of schools of salesmanship? Of salesmanship as a profession?

What is the lowest position that a girl takes upon entering a store? What qualities are most demanded here? What pay is received?

What is the next upward step in the work of salesmanship? What special qualities are demanded of the cashiers and bundle girls?

Why should a salesgirl be attentive and courteous to customers?

What are the qualifications of a successful salesgirl?

Describe ways in which she may help the customer. What is said of the value of suggestion? What must the clerk get from the customer?

What is the result of inattention on the part of the clerk?

Should only new goods be shown? Why not? Why should the salesgirl say, "Will you take this parcel?"

On what basis is a salesgirl's salary?

What is the work and salary of the person who is called Head of Stock? Assistant Buyer? Buyer?

What are some of the disadvantages of a salesgirl's life?

Compare these disadvantages with those found in other work.

What opportunities has the salesgirl? What mistake does she sometimes make?

What is the greatest factor in the prosperity of any store?

What is said of Schools of Salesmanship?

Compare the rewards of a successful salesgirl with those of women in other work.

What is said of the social position of a salesgirl?

Why should a salesgirl have an avocation?

What classes of people welcome the new era in salesmanship?

What is a good motto in any work?

Contrast condition of work in different stores.

Chapter III

What are the essential qualifications of a successful stenographer?

What care should be taken in selecting a school?

What is said of a six weeks' course?

What is the test of a good school?

To what should the selection of a system be secondary?

What is said of work for the Government? Of civil service examinations?

What are the duties of a stenographer with a low salary?

What are the duties of the stenographer who earns from ten to fifteen dollars per week?

Describe the stenographer who can fill the highest office position.

What are the qualifications of the private secretary?

What is said of the work of a public stenographer? Of a hotel stenographer?

What are the duties and special qualifications of the social secretary?

What is said of the work of the typist who is not a stenographer? Of the expert typist?

Upon what subjects should a stenographer specialize?

Chapter IV

Where are there telephone schools? What is taught there? How does the girl in a small town get her training?

Qualifications of the operator?

What percentage of the applicants are rejected?

What are the wages of the general operator? Supervisor? Chief operator?

What is said of work in private exchanges?

Why is good health a necessity to the telephone operator?

Name some of the advantages of the operator?

How long are the working hours of the operators in your city?

Chapter V

What are some of the unpleasant features of factory life?

What study should be made before entering upon work in a manufacturing establishment?

Describe the manufactory where window draperies are made. What do the management believe in regard to the health of the employees? What arrangement is made with a near-by school?

What is said of the term of service of employees in paper-box factory described? What of the wages? Why do employees remain in this establishment many years?

What provisions does a certain great factory make for the comfort of its employees? What is said of the cost of living at one of the factory boarding-houses? Describe the work of the Relief Association. What wages do the girls in the factory receive? What qualifications are necessary? Name some of the advantages of the work. Tell something of the achievements of the young Greek girl, and of what was done by other superior girls among the operatives.

Why is it difficult to make general statements in regard to factory conditions? In what kind of factory is it unsafe to work?

Chapter VI

What is the best field for effort in cooking?

What is said of cooking for the sick? Cooking to fill special orders?

Tell of the success of the young woman who established a tea-room in a college town.

What training should a cooking-school teacher have? What is said of training for higher positions?

How does the demand for cooking-school teachers compare with the supply?

Name some of the duties of a supervisor of domestic science.

Chapter VII

What are the qualifications of a good nurse?

What did the head nurse of a great city hospital say was the chief qualification of a successful nurse?

Why should a nurse be extremely careful as to her personal appearance?

At what age may training begin? Why should a nurse be a well-read woman?

Describe the work of the training-school.

What is said of a nurse's surety of employment? Salary? Expenses?

Describe the work of a nurse in a private school or institution.

What is the greatest reward of a nurse?

What is the work of a nursemaid?

What are the special qualifications of a nursemaid?

Where can a nursemaid's course be taken?

What is the nursemaid's position in the household? Wages?

What is the work of a mother's helper?

Chapter VIII

What is said of the girl who is a deft sewer?

What is the work and remuneration of the seamstress?

How may one prepare to become a dressmaker? What is the most satisfactory part of dressmaking?

What is said of the work of a sewing-teacher? Of schools of dressmaking in department stores?

Why must a milliner be a good financial manager?

Describe the steps in the work of a milliner's apprentice. What disadvantages has the work? Advantages?

Chapter IX

How does the successful teacher of to-day differ from the typical teacher of preceding generations?

What are her special characteristics?

Why is intense study of the individual pupil necessary?

What do we mean by "misfits"?

Where must the emphasis be placed in teaching the individual pupil?

Why does the rural school demand special treatment?

What qualification is demanded in the successful teacher?

What is said of a teacher's financial and other rewards?

What should the teacher always study?

Who are the greatest teachers?

What are Emerson's words?

What efforts at self-improvement should the teacher make?

What advantages has she?

What is said of the school as a social center?

Chapter X

How may kindergarten training be secured, and what are the advantages of this method?

What are a kindergartner's qualifications? Her rewards? Development in character?

What qualification does a private kindergarten need to possess?

What type of girl had better not become a kindergartner?

What is said of the Montessori System? What comparison is made by Professor Holmes?

Chapter XI

What is said of the lure of the library? The salary? The method of securing employment?

What are the first duties of the learner?

What are the pleasures of working in a library?

What expert testimony is given as to the disadvantages?

How is the library like a miniature world?

Chapter XII

What four reasons are given why girls dislike to enter a household as a domestic?

By what method of work could a self-respecting girl enter a family to perform household work?

What special tasks could she perform?

What is said of the future of domestic service? Illustrate this fact.

Chapter XIII

Speak of the causes for congratulation of the women of this generation.

Why do many girls who remain at home through the day feel dissatisfied with their work?

What opportunities has the girl in the home to develop intellectually?

What incentive will cause a girl to take interest in the work of the home?

What is said of economy in the home?

Should the girl in the home receive wages? Under what conditions? What are her other rewards?

What is the chief characteristic of the successful homekeeper?

Describe the home life of the Colonial girl.

Chapter XIV

What advantage has the country girl over the girl in the city?

Describe the conditions under which gardening would be successful.

Describe the work of a Cape Cod girl. Of a Wellesley graduate.

What is said of chicken raising? Cooking for campers? Acting as a guide? Work in the arts and crafts? Success of a tea-room? Positions in country villages?

Why should a girl be thankful that her work is in the country?

Chapter XV

How is a girl's real character best revealed?

What is said of the opportunities of the girl who lives at home?

What were the avocations of a group of factory girls? Of two country girls?

What is an ideal avocation for anyone?

In what way may the avocation lead to the vocation?

Speak of the advantages of study as an avocation.

What is said of the coal merchant's avocation? The banker's? Several noted persons'?

Chapter XVI

What qualities lead to success in any vocation?

What is meant by the term "efficiency"? What is the difference between the girl who fails and the one who succeeds?

Describe the conduct of the efficient girl in an emergency.

What are the steps that lead to efficiency?

What is the personal appearance of the successful girl?

What is tact, and how does it help in any vocation?

What is said of the willingness to assume responsibility? What of the employer's sense of responsibility?

What coöperation of employer and employee is needed?

Chapter XVII

How many women farmers are there in the United States?

How many women in the professions?

How many milliners?

In what vocations not formerly filled by them are women coming to the front?

In what general class of occupations are they still found in greatest numbers?

Chapter XVIII

What did Madame Marchesi say of her famous pupils?

What does this prove?

Name other noted women who were great workers.

What encouragement does this testimony give the girl worker?

Chapter XIX

What is said of the salary and other advantages of a proof reader?

How are government clerkships secured?

What are the necessary qualifications of the government clerk?

What field is there for work in design? Salary in design work?

What should the school and home together determine?

Where should the emphasis in the individual's training be laid?

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Some of the subjects discussed are: —

Telephone Operating;
Bookbinding;
Stenography and Typewriting;
Nursery Maid;

Dressmaking;
Millinery;
Straw-Hat-making;
Manicuring and Hairdressing;
Salesmanship;
Clothing-Machine-operating;
Paper-Box-making.

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BY

ANNIE MARION MACLEAN

But he, willing to justify himself said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?
LUKE 10:29.

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TO

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

M. HADDON MACLEAN,

THIS BOOK

IS

DEDICATED

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Our Neighbors

CHAPTER I

WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

WE have a place in the sun to-day; the whole world salutes our prosperity, for have we not taken a mandate to help the miserable and save the starving everywhere? We are proud of ourselves and our record. Days of economic depression have come, it is true, but we are still bankers for the world. To the prosperous multitude, depression means only foregoing some luxuries—a foreign journey, a southern trip, a new home, a few clothes, perhaps—while to others, it means loss of bread. It is of these others that I wish to write, because they are many. They are our neighbors and there is no real democracy in a land where neighbors are unknown, and shabby strangers regarded with arrogance.

To-day a well dressed woman pulled her scant skirt close about her, and frowned when a man in overalls sat down beside her in a street car in the City of Extremes. The man was Michael Mahoney, a ditch digger in the municipality, and a good ditch digger he is, too, but his clothes were dirty, smeared

with yellowish mud. Michael was going home to Nellie, his wife, and five little Mahoneys of assorted sizes; and their dirty faces are even now pressed against a window pane watching for Michael. To-day a shabby woman with rough hands and the odor of garlic on her clothes, going home from work, dropped into a vacant seat beside a well groomed business man. He coughed, looked bored, and moved to another part of the car. To-day men and women of means, wearing good clothes, often look with disdain on work-stained men and stare stonily at shabby women, wherever they come in contact, and I see puzzled and hurt faces everywhere. Sometimes the hurt is tinged with anger. Surely "a man's a man for a' that" in this land of boasted freedom. Garlic and mud are not pleasant to some of us, but Michael Mahoney and Marie Windelbourne are not to be frowned at because they carry odors and dirt we do not like. They are good citizens, both of them. One supports his family as best he can in a time of savage costs; the other, a widow, takes care of a daughter who has tuberculosis, and it is no easy task with prices so high even though laundresses now get good wages.

A look of disdain from a total stranger often has a disheartening effect, as I know from experience. Some years ago, I worked during the Christmas rush in a great department store in the second largest city in the country, to learn the hardships girls endure, and I shall never forget the look of scorn

a woman customer turned upon me once, when by accident I touched her sable muff as she leaned upon the counter. She said, "Here, girl, leave that alone." It was plain that she despised me because I was working, since she knew nothing else about me. Even yet I feel a righteous resentment toward her.

While I was thinking about all this, a beautiful child who lives in a mansion said, "I wish we could invite the ash man to dinner on Sunday," and everybody laughed. Yet Wilhelm Meyer is the most picturesque figure known to that boy, and he watches for his coming perched high on his big ash cart, the commander of all he surveys, and so different from anyone else the child knows. The clothes covered with grayish dust only make him the more of a hero. I wonder if this boy will move away tomorrow when the ash man comes near; and if he, too, when he is older, will turn aside from those who are work-stained and poor.

Unwittingly people accustomed to the comforts of life set up barriers between their children and the poor, resulting in class distinctions which later breed bitterness. Yesterday I heard a woman deploring the low tastes of her child, who sought his playmates from working-class boys he met at school. Particularly disturbed was she at the thought of her boy's being fascinated by the child of a carpenter who lived on a back street. To check the growth of such undesirable friendships, she hedged

her son about with the regulation that he should not play with boys whose mothers had not a calling acquaintance with herself. Yet, as the child pointed out, Abraham Lincoln was the son of a carpenter, and the carpenter of Galilee has been for two thousand years the most potent force for good the world has ever known; and they were both poor. Manifestly poverty and occupation do not form a wise basis for social exclusion.

There can be no social solidarity while the nation is made up of artificially exclusive groups; there can be no real national life while the well-to-do know nothing about the poor, except as they contribute toward various charities or battle with laborers in an impersonal way. And certainly there can be no true democracy where one group is exploited politically or industrially by another, or where intelligence battens on ignorance.

So I ask a hearing for my story of the poor who are struggling from day to day, fighting against the brutalizing terror of poverty, and losing often, lest we as a nation become swollen with our own importance because of valorous achievements, and fail to see the imperfections of our social system. And, moreover, it is only on a basis of knowledge of the real life of the poor that Americanization can be anything more than a formal gesture.

There are many ways of introducing social groups to one another. One is to assemble multitudinous facts concerning one body of people, from which

generalizations may be deduced and presented to another group. But that is not my way here. I have long been a part of the stream of which I write, a participant in its joys and sorrows, and I lead my friends by the hand to you. Statistics play no part in this story, because they cannot show hopes and ambitions and heartaches and failures. And one hundred thousand poor people are just like one hundred thousand rich people except for the absence of things. Some souls are stricken drab by a surplus of wood and plaster, silver and cloth, gasoline and broad acres; others are tortured by lack of decent shelter and milk for babies.

> " 'Tis the day of the chattel,
> Web to weave and corn to grind;
> Things are in the saddle
> And ride mankind."

There are in this country to-day over a hundred million of us, the majority poor, hard-working people, much of the time not far removed from economic want. About five per cent of us receive financial aid from some source all the time, are in fact objects of charity; and between ten and twenty per cent of us live in poverty. The number in the latter group fluctuates according as times are good or bad. In years of unemployment like the present, it increases greatly, and there is more actual suffering than citizens who live comfortably can realize, since there can be much misery without starvation or even

without hunger. In hard times now, it is not how the other half lives that concerns us but how the other three-quarters live.

A few of us are rich, oh! very rich, but riches take wings while the poor are with us always.

Those with possessions are so prosperous looking as they roll along in motor cars over our boulevards —and ten million of us own cars—that we forget the overworked, the hungry, the forlorn who are out of the range of our vision. They are not motoring on the highways; they are trying to exist on the byways.

We find the poor in every large community, stranded usually by circumstances they cannot control. They live and work, suffer and die unknown. But they leave their impress on the nation, and their story must be told if we are to know ourselves. And from the selfish side alone it is worth while, since life becomes infinitely more interesting when we extend our acquaintance to all sorts and conditions of people, and see that the driving forces are the same in all.

It is from the ranks of labor that the poor are ever recruited, since the wage earner, though prosperous to-day, may be without work to-morrow, and he has seldom a margin to tide him over. In fact, at the best of times, it is rare for wages to keep up with expenses, and it is hard to be thrifty when one has little to be thrifty with.

We hear much of the enormous wealth of some

of our people. It is said that there are in the United States to-day sixty-seven men each having an income of more than a million a year, and a combined income of over one hundred and fifty millions. Yet there are more than a hundred thousand in these days of depression who have not enough to eat, and hundreds of thousands are nearing the brink of want, while hundreds upon hundreds of thousands more have only the most meager comforts. And this in the face of the fact that we are emerging from a period of the highest wages we have ever known.

Figures are bloodless. They give no notion of a neighbor's woe. Poverty is not synonomous with sin and crime; but vice and crime breed where human hopes are at their lowest ebb, and this is most frequently among those who have lost ground in the economic struggle. It is obvious that no society that permits grave inequalities to fester into vice is going to be a permanently safe abiding place for all the people. Come with me into the lives and hearts of those who struggle, in order that we may understand our social structure and interpret the needs of those who suffer.

CHAPTER II

PILGRIMS IN A PROMISED LAND

WHO are we who travel the devious way of life and often become lost in the quagmire of poverty? A third of us are foreigners, or the children of foreign born, and it is in this third that most of the poverty is found. It is the immigrant almost entirely who fills the ranks of industrial labor, and meets the hazards of poverty. My story is therefore largely one of foreign folk.

Industrial development after the close of the American Revolution drew thousands from European lands to mix their blood with the native strain. A full hundred years the tide of immigration has been beating on America[illegible]res. For a long period the waves washed up ge[illegible]nd, receding, left only a small deposit of aliens o[illegible] our coast. But, by the middle of the last century it had assumed considable volume, and before the outbreak of the great war, had become a tidal wave of enormous proportions, breaking with greatest force during the first fourteen years of the twentieth century, and well nigh inundating us. Everyone brought up by the sea knows of the backwash of the waves during a storm. Worthless material is cast up, it is true, but a deal of the wreckage is salvaged. So it is with the

waves of immigration that have beaten against our shores; much that is valuable has come to us as well as some that has added little to the country. But even the seemingly worthless, with a proper understanding of its significance, might have been saved for good citizenship.

I am thinking now of Veronica Littoff, who came from a Rumanian village years before this country grew censorious in regard to the qualifications of those who knocked at the gates. She was a very dull girl, and to this day has not learned the English language. Soon after her arrival she found herself with others in a woolen mill, where she lost three fingers in the knitting machine she did not understand. No one was sufficiently interested in her to see that she got compensation for the accident, and she herself did not know anything about such matters. Fear of machinery kept her from factories after that, and she turned to scrubbing. There, at least, was no machine to confuse her.

She finally found permanent work in a large hospital, where Rumanians only were employed to do the rough cleaning, and she got fifteen dollars a month besides her home. This paltry sum seemed vast wealth to her then, and she was gay all the time, humming her native airs while she scrubbed. This indeed was life; food all the time, and a nice room with three other girls. The New World was all it had been painted. Clothes there were, and a bit of ribbon, too, for her who had

sailed away from Europe a year before with no stockings on her feet. I can see her now scrubbing and jabbering to her companion. It was mostly jabbering when the eye of the boss was not upon them. The girls worked in pairs, and in addition to being very noisy, they took an incredibly long time to scrub a corridor. Veronica's cloth seemed always poised in the air ready to slap down on the mosaic floor when a swish of starched skirts heralded the advent of an all-seeing eye. Those were days of gay adventure for the scrub squad.

But in time the joy went out of Veronica's life. As the boss of the scrub gang told it:

"Veronica got beau, fine gentleman, work in hospital, too, but way up. She was proud, proud. She said he marry her, and some day she be fine lady. He told her she must have baby first. That was American way. I tell her she big fool, an' she cry oh! so hard. She say baby soon here. I go tell de big boss of all, and fine gentleman go all sudden. Den she rage an' rage. She so green she believe dat man, but when he go way widout her, she say she kill him. We hold her, she cry so hard, an' beat herself against de wall. 'I kill, kill, kill,' she say when she understan'. Dat man should hang. Veronica believe him. No, not me. I never believe t'ing like dat. But she not smart."

The hospital took care of Veronica when her baby came. The doctor shrugged his shoulders: "Just one more unmarried mother in America. Such

things happen. What can you do about it? Poor little fool. If it hadn't been one man, it would have been another!"

Of course no one paid any attention to Veronica when she talked about killing the father of her child. But she did kill him one day when the baby boy was two years old. She came upon him quite by accident in a strange part of the city where she was then working.

Yes, it was by accident that she met him, but not by accident that she shot him, because she always carried a pistol in the hope that the good God would heed her constant prayer to find him. She is now serving a long sentence for her crime. She was given only the most spiritless defense, and she herself was as bewildered by the court proceedings as she had been, years before, by the noise of machines she did not understand. Poor Veronica! Perhaps she might have been kept from sorrow and saved to usefulness if some one had started her right. She had no brains, they said, and little force of character, yet many rich and respected ladies have no higher endowment. But they had a chance, while Veronica never had.

Then there was Joe Tregar, who landed in the United States with all his earthly possessions tied up in a small shawl. His face had that grayish color so often seen in the Slavs. He looked thirty, instead of twenty, which was his age when I first saw him. At home, he worked on the land with

his father and brothers. Their poverty was beyond the ken of prosperous Americans, but they were happy together in their slow, unemotional fashion. The migration of Joe was a great event. He was the youngest and the others were to follow him as soon as he could send home their passage money from the land of golden streets. But some way or other the money was not forthcoming. Joe never got in step with the New World. His first work was cleaning machinery in a factory in a big city—he who had spaded up earth on the banks of the Vistula, and the earth was calling to him here, for his spade was needed. But no one told him, and his friend cleaned machinery, those great big inhuman wheels that hardly stop. How was Joe to know they were not dependable, like the ground where the dull peasant had dragged his slow feet along since childhood? He had never learned to be quick—there was no need of quickness there—but the great savage belting could not know that, and jerked off his left hand while he was thinking of moving away.

They kept him in the hospital for a while. Then he had a weary time finding work, because the fear of machinery had entered his soul. Sometimes he cried out for the land where no machines disturbed the stillness, and there was no haste anywhere. He was only one of the many who are plunged in the whirlpool of American industry to sink or swim as best they can. His English is too broken to be re-

produced here, and I must, therefore, tell his story for him.

Joe finally got a job as doorman in a factory, and his business was to let no strangers in at any time, nor employees out except at noon and night, or when they presented a pass which he could not read. The sitting pleased him, and he remained there with no thought of promotion, or request for higher wages, till the war came. Then it was discovered that he could neither read nor write nor speak intelligibly the language of his adopted country; and he was very much below par physically. He was not stirred by the war; there was not even a spark of emotion when he learned of the involvement of his own people. He stumbled later into the knowledge that men were scarce, because so many had gone into the service and soon he found himslf growing rich with the high wages of odd jobs.

In the heyday of his seeming prosperity, he met and married a girl of his own tongue, and they started together down the road to poverty. Little Tregars came as fast as the laws of biology allow, and some of them went sooner than the laws of hygiene should permit. Yet, notwithstanding this latter fact, there were more mouths to feed than Joe could provide for. He left home a few months ago, and has not been heard from since. That was the easiest way. His financial burdens have been

shifted to the shoulders of a charitable society, and the name of Tregar will not die out.

So many memories of the sons and daughters of misfortune pass before me, that I want to cry out against the policy of allowing aliens to enter only to be forgotten by the industrialism which consumes them. The race is ever to the strong. So much of what the biologists call poor germ plasm has come into our midst since the beginning of the twentieth century that we are assured of a stratum of poverty for years to come. Yet everyone must admit that it would require the wisdom of Solomons yet unborn to work out a plan that would bring to us only the perfect type. So many nationalities with their different standards will always find adjustment to one another and to a new world difficult. There must be helping hands along the way. Veronica and Joe and all their kind find life hard anywhere, and their kind has a remarkable way of persisting.

Shannon O'Toole says: "All these furriners git my goat. I'm in favor iv kapin' every last one of 'em out. With shootin' an' killin' each ither, they make it too hard for the Force. An' the talk of 'em!"

But the matter is not so easily settled. Before the present law, known as the "three per cent law," went into effect, there were some excluded classes, and certain requirements had to be met by those who sought admission. Under the provisions of

the new law, in operation till July, 1923, only about three hundred and fifty thousand immigrants will be allowed to enter, which is quite a different story from the million a year which was our record before the war. The year that ended in June, 1921, approached the old number.

The enforcement of law usually works hardship for someone, and those who have been awaiting their relatives for years are crushed now that the hope of their coming goes glimmering. No matter what the restriction is, some will be grievously hurt by it. Evangelos Papageorge of Louisville sent for his sister last year, but she was one of the eighteen hundred barred out by the literacy test. She had to return to an island in the Ægean Sea whose shores are vocal with the greatest literature the world has known; but its wonders had never touched the sister of Evangelos. The brother remained to vow vengeance on a land that could be so cruel.

From Czechoslovakia came a family a year ago filled with hope for a better life, but at Ellis Island man put asunder what God had joined together, and the husband and father was deported because he never had learned to read, although he had a good trade. The wife could read, therefore she and her children were allowed to land in the care of relatives. Inability of the breadwinner to read forty words broke up that family, while some who can read one hundred times forty words have entered and are now by underground methods menacing our free

institutions. The Czechoslovakian unfortunate gesticulated wildly as he sailed away, which, being interpreted, means: "I learn to read, and some day come back to my family." Let the latch string be out for him!

The pilgrimage of Marion Titner and her family was long and over a devious route, but they reached the promised land six years ago. Of Scotch extraction, they came from Australia *via* Uruguay, where they spent five years on a little farm. The father had a saw mill, while the mother and two girls worked the farm. Marion took care of the animals.

"Oh, but I loved them!" she said. "I cried when my father said we would go to the States and leave them behind. My father is a born traveler, never stays long in a place, so when he said go, all there was to do was to go, so we packed up and started, all but my sister. She got married to a German and stayed. I'll never forget Ellis Island. I was fourteen years old. They told my father maybe they'd send me back. I was queer. The man asked me so many questions. I was afraid to answer, silly questions, too. At last they sent me and a colored girl upstairs to a doctor. He said: 'What in hell you send her here for?' meaning me. 'She's just got an ivory dome, that's all. It's nothing to yours,' meaning the man who took me up. I'm just shy, naturally shy of so many people.

"My father got a saw mill out west, and I got a

job in a canning factory. I didn't like the idea of boiling up rats and everything else, so I quit. I love animals. After that, I did many things."

Marion was a second maid when I knew her, and I think that the medical inspector was right when he said she had an ivory dome, and that she was telling the truth when she said she loved animals, for during those beautiful summer days though door bells rang and the telephone jangled, Marion placidly sat outside with the family Airedale on her lap.

Some years ago I knew two boys from Nova Scotia, who, with high heart but empty pockets, came to the land of their dreams, only to be turned back by official mandate. Money was the price of entrance and they had only a dollar between them. These youths returned to the port whence they embarked by the boat which brought them to Boston. They remained at home two days, during which time they stole a hundred dollars and changed their names and personal appearance. When next they applied for admission, they were received as desirable citizens, and went on their way. One mother at home is crushed to-day by the criminal record of her son who went the devious route of thievery in high places, the other, proud of a child successful in business.

Some of the foreign born are filled with resentment because the United States does not open wide the gates. Selma Ohlson says: "De world belongs to de people who live in it, and dey should be

free to go anywhere dey please." No argument can convince her that the immigrant owes anything to the land that has received him. "De obligation is all de oder way," she insists, "so long as he keep outen de poor house an' jail. We make dis country. Dey cannot get 'long widout us," she insists. Selma, like most Scandinavians, is thrifty, and had saved her earnings for nine years when she decided to go home to marry the Jacob who was waiting for his Rachael. She arrived at this decision while we were still under war regulations, and the earnings of homegoing foreigners were taxed. Her indignation upon learning of the tax broke forth in a veritable hymn of hate. "Pay money to de Government? Indeed not! I fix 'em; I'll not go! Indeed I'll not. Ha! Ha! Ha! I put one over on de United States! Me bridegroom can wait nine more years. I never, never, never pay tax!"

Still chuckling with delight, Selma told me about her arrival: "I come from Sweden when I was eighteen year old, all alone, but me ant was in Chicago. I got tru Ellis Island—an ain't it de hell hole?—an' got on de train goin' west. We wrote me ant a mont' ago, I was comin', but when I got to Chicago, she wasn't at de train. Whew! maybe I wasn't scared! I walked, an' walked round and round, den I sit down' an' cried like a big boob. I t'ought I die. Den along come a woman an' put her hand on me shoulder, an' ast me in Swedish what de matter was. She was lookin' fer a girl,

she said. I told her about me ant, an' she say I go wid her. She take me dere. I had de address all right, but me ant was gone—moved. Den I cry more, an' a whole lots of people come out. Dey say me ant gone way out nort', too far to go dat night. One woman say I stay wid her if I sleep on floor. She say she fix bed for me. Dey was so kind, but I cry all night. I t'ink of ole country so far away. In de mornin', we find me ant, an' oh, boy! I nearly hug de head offen her! She make coffee for everybody, an' we all talk in Swedish at once."

It all turned out like a story-book tale for Selma. The kind women were not bad ones in disguise at all, but simply humble folk living up to their best instincts. One young immigrant girl alone in a big city did not fall among thieves, although the road from Jerusalem to Jericho was packed with them.

"Me ant got me a job," continued Selma, "gen'ral housework at t'ree dollar a week. I couldn't speak de language den, so had to take a greenhorn's wages. I sure did a greenhorn's work with cookin' an' cleanin' an' tendin' furnace an' ashes, an' scrubbin' steps an' shovelin' snow."

The Americanization of Selma went on apace. She is now a cook at twenty dollars a week.

Referring to America as the land of promise, she said: "If anyone had told me before I left Sweden, dat if I stop in London I could pick up dollar bills in de street, I wouldn't 'a' stopped, because I knew

for certain I could pick up two dollar bills on de streets of New York. I t'ought dey was just dere waitin' for me. But I ain't never found 'em yet. All de dollars I got I worked hard for, I'll say."

"You said it," ejaculated her cousin Anna. "Life is a tragedy [pronounced with hard "g"] fer most of us. But I wouldn't want to *live* in Sweden now. I bin back twice."

There is Benson from Scandinavia, too, a young giant full of the breath of life. He says: "Dis is great country for man who work; lazy man get on better in old country. I bin here six year, an' was in de army a year. I save money now to go home an' buy farm.

"No, no, I couldn't get married. Women cost too much. De girls here, Oh gosh! dey spend. Won't save a t'ing. Not'ings too good for dem. Swedish girls at home are diff'runt. Here's de place to make money. De old country's de place to spend it."

It is a far call from thrifty Benson to poor, incompetent Joe Tregar, but all the grades between these two extremes have been pouring in through our open gates, and sending back to European hovels the glad tidings that here is a land whose streets are of jasper and whose gates are chalcedony. No word goes home about the slimy alleys.

Many of the pilgrims who come through the nation's gates find the promised land a joyous place, and move onward from small beginnings to eco-

nomic independence; many more find the ladder steep, and can climb only a round or two. They have come from Germany, Italy, Russia, Poland, Great Britain, Canada, Ireland, each of these contributing over a million, the first three over a million and a half; from Sweden, Austria, Mexico, Hungary, Norway, from each over half a million; and from Denmark, Greece, France, Finland, Holland, Switzerland, Rumania, and Asia, to the number of over one hundred thousand each; and besides all these a goodly number from scattered places. All told, there are about fourteen million foreign born in our midst and they are found in every state in the Union, from South Carolina with its six thousand to New York with its three million; and in fifteen of our largest cities they and their children are in the majority. These are the pilgrims who have found their promised land.

CHAPTER III

TOILERS IN A TREADMILL

THE world seems full of girls and women with nothing to do. They step in and out of automobiles ever in pursuit of pleasure, and they make our cities gay. There are millions of others stepping, too, but in pursuit of their daily bread. Some tread wearily because it is in the mill of industry they go. They begin to-day where they began yesterday; and to-morrow they will begin where they began to-day. Many are young creatures with careworn faces and foreign tongues toiling all day for a bare living. They keep the merciless wheels moving. Machinery may not stop for weary feet.

Men are in the treadmill, too, with backs bending in the futile effort to climb. But they are more permanent factors than women, and usually have the better jobs. As Lowell in "The Biglow Papers" puts its:

> "Laborin' man and laborin' woman
> Has one glory and one shame;
> Everything that's done inhuman
> Injures all on 'em the same."

Theodore Titloff said: "It don't matter about men; they kin look after theirselves. They was

made to work on machines, an' in strange places, but I dunno 'bout women. They's got to work, of course. This world's no place for loafers. But women kin work at home, I 'low."

"Work at home, huh!" retorted Anna Semberg, who was standing near. "Suppose they ain't got no homes?"

"They should git married an' git 'em," answered Theodore.

"Huh! I'm married an' I ain't got none," retorted Anna.

"Lay offen me," pleaded Theodore, mockingly, with arm raised as if in self-defense, "I ain't wantin' to start no argyment, but I don't like to see so many women workin' in fact'ries, an' no one gittin' enough to keep up a fam'ly. A workin' man should keep his fam'ly like any other man, sendin' his children to school. But he can't do it the way wages is, an' everythin' so high. Wages is always the last to go up, an' the first to come down."

"Men talks big like that before they's married," broke in Anna. "An' the girls fall for it every time. No girl in a fact'ry ever had to work as hard as when she's home cookin' an' raisin' children. There ain't no man who thinks that's any work, huh! Let him do it, I say."

Silenced, but not convinced, Theodore trudged off to his machine, thinking of his own girls who at that moment were punching time clocks at the twine works, and of his wife who scrubbed in an office building at night. " 'Tain't right," he muttered,

as in his mind he saw the long procession marching to the shops and mills.

We, too, can catch glimpses of these toilers as they flit before our eyes.

Turn quickly, and you will hold your nose and gasp. But there is Ada Stucky working all day long, and she is telling us, "This is the lab'ratory where we make pepsin for the gum. I scrape dry pepsin from them big glass trays, an' pick out bits of glass an' dirt for eight dollars a week. Some job, I'll say. Some smell, too! You don't like it? Oh! that's from the rotten meat they boil. Part of it's chloroform for testin'. That makes the girls sleepy, an' when we goes to sleep on the job, we're fired. That is we are if they ketch us, but we gen'rally takes turns nappin' an' watchin'."

Near me is a silk-covered cord that carries the current to my electric lamp. Away in another part of the city is Lisi Pellini, who makes cords like that. Her face is drawn and white, and to-night she has a wet cloth tied around her head while she moans: "Oh! de monstery machine. He roar an' roar while I shove in de stuff to braid. My head ache all time. Noise! Noise!" You see the innocent looking cord, but you know now that a life was woven with the woof into the warp.

It was a woman we saw over there in that miserable basement, huddled on a pile of filthy rags. She was sorting white rags from colored, and they are all used to make paper of different grades. She

was sick that day, shivering, then burning up, and there was an ugly sore on her hand. Her sickly looking baby was beside her. To-day she is dead of an infected hand, and she never spoke the language of the land in which she worked, and there was no one to shed a tear when she went away.

There you see a girl alert and anxious, sliding along between the looms, and watching with ceaseless care bright threads of silk as they are woven in and out through the warp to make gay plaid patterns. "It dazzles my eyes, and my head aches all the time," she says. "What's the odds?" said her mother. "The pay is good. The job ye had before didn't half feed us, let alone pay the rent."

Five hundred miles away, where other looms are turning out miles of cloth in a day, other women are working in air thick with lint and steam, while the whirring machines seem never to become weary. Rows and rows of looms are there as far as the eye can see. "Polacks and Bohemians do this work," the manager said contemptuously. "They are like cattle." They look dumb and driven, and not a word of English can they speak. "They're lucky to have work," he continued. "You just have to treat them like a lot of swine.

"Here you, Zella, watch that thread," he yelled at a poor, timid, shrinking woman, thinking like many others, that if he made noise enough, he could make even a foreigner understand.

"Oh! yes, we dock them for bad work, of course,

but we don't want seconds. Don't waste your pity on these people. They're well off."

There is a little boy coming in. He speaks to a fat, red-faced woman with a shawl on her head. She is in her bare feet and clad in a single ragged chemise-like garment coming well below her knees. She was running to and fro watching and guiding five looms, but she stopped her machines and followed the boy.

"There," the foreman went on, "is a sample of what we do for our people. That woman has gone out to nurse her baby. The kid brings it to her several times a day. It's a great thing for a woman like that to have work."

Now in my dreams I see shuttles flying through coarse cotton threads, and baby fingers clutching, clutching, and bare breasts, and overheated mothers running, running, and sad-faced children; and I hear a man's voice saying: "It's a great thing for a woman like that to have work." Then I wake to wonder if God's in his heaven, because things do not seem to be all right with the world.

Pushing away that memory, I see at the notion counter in a very big store Carrie Billik standing her ground the long, long day, answering questions, laughing, humming, always on the move and quick to retort. "Yes, lady, those pins are five cents, and that ironing wax is a penny." Then, over her shoulder, "Gloves three aisles down," and "Socks at the back of the store." "Yes, honey, that's a polish

for white shoes." "Do you want those electric curlers, ma'am? No, they're not run by electricity."

"Brown shoe laces, did you say?"

"Perfumes with the drugs up in front."

"Hardware in the basement, sir."

"Now wouldn't that jar you, love, askin' me for a hoe? He must think I'm an inflammation bureau."

"Easy now, kid, I can't wait on everyone at once. You think I'm an automat, huh?"

"Two spools of white, did you say, lady?"

"Here, dearie, get out from under my feet while I sell a few yards of tape."

"That nail polisher will cost you ten cents, madam."

Breathless, she powders her nose, pats her hair, and falls into the fray again.

"Cash! Cash! Here, Cash! What's the matter with your feet?"

"Yes, sir, neckties four aisles over. Oh! don't mention it."

"Those are brass tacks at a nickel a box."

"Snappers from Germany, made in Hoboken, madam, do you want them? No?"

Little Carrie, who is sixteen, stands all day, first on one weary foot, then on the other, selling that stuff in a very cheap store, and she is always smiling and obliging. "And sure, why shouldn't I be," she says, "an' me a millionaire gettin' nine dollars

every Saturday night? In me sleep I say, 'Yes, sir, neckties four aisles over.' Wouldn't that get you?"

Notion counters have no monopoly on happy girls. There is Mary O'Neill, who has worked in a box factory for years in the midst of confusion and dirt, yet she sings: "Oh! I am the queen of the paste brush. I smear some paste on a flap—so—and turn it over and press it tight on another piece of pasteboard—so—and by and by I have a box that will carry a hat for a queen. I have the time of me life. I'm the richest of all the eighty-four girls on the floor. I'm just workin' for pin money, that's all."

"Have some of me lunch," she said. "Chicken sandwich, you know," untying her pickle and bread.

Then she darted through the litter to put some coffee on the gas stove, and came back singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary; that's where me palace is, I don't think." In the rough and tumble dance that followed, the dirt of weeks was stirred up, and everybody began to cough. "Children," said Mary, "sit down an' get busy, or the boss will be comin' in. Some fun is all right if we keep the boss in the dark. I don't want to be separated from me nine dollars a week with winter comin' on."

Paste brushes and tongues were soon busy again, and Mary's spirit never flagged. She was as cheery as could be; yet I knew that at home she took care of a bedridden mother, and a father who drank.

"One night last week," she said, "when I got home I found me darlin' mother cryin' as if her heart would break. Me father had been abusin' her an' him drunk as a fool. I tried to throw him downstairs, but he was too heavy. Then I called a woman next door, an' we dragged him down an' out on the street, an' then kicked him. Don't kick a man when he is down? That's the time to kick him, I say.

"Oh! yes, he come sneakin' back next day. If he ever lays hands on me blessed mother again, I'll throw him out so's he'll never come back.

"Where does he get the booze? Oh! there's plenty of it to get. He makes it for himself.

"I forget me troubles in the box factory. I'm so used to that old paste brush, I'd be lonesome now without it," said brave Mary, wiping away her tears.

Kate Flynn across the river is pasting labels on cans day after day. She makes two motions and the trick is turned, then she whispers to the girl on the next stool: "Me room rint ain't paid this week. I had to hev shoes." And we hear the reply, "I could let yez hev a dollar."

Turning our eyes to a western city, we see Vrala Scienkevici going to her work at the stockyards, where she sits before a big machine, and makes one stroke every second, sixty every minute, thirty-six hundred every hour of every day she works, always the same, and she hasn't a notion what it is all about.

She knows two English words. They are: "Oh, Hell!"

Look in another direction, and you can find Shela Kregier in a great tailor shop in front of a power machine feeding in pockets for little boys' pants, a constant stream of pockets till the supply gives out. Her pay stops, too, while she is waiting for more. But a smile spreads over Shela's face, as she pulls a much-thumbed paper-covered book out of her bosom, and is lost to industry while her eyes devour: "The Duke came quickly from the ball room and found Lady Violet waiting for him near the conservatory. Darling, he said—" "Here, this ain't no public lib'ry," says a boy as he dumps another pile of pockets on Shela's machine.

"No, it ain't," says Shela, "it's a ball room, an' the Dook is sooin' fer me hand."

That is Josie Roser punching a time clock in a factory where women's underwear is made. "Do I like to run a machine? Sure," says Josie, "it's me bread an' butter, ain't it? Watch me now. See me start her with me foot. We're makin' shimmies. Whoa! there, till I get started feedin' in me white goods. You has to watch these three needle machines or they snip your fingers off. Now! Away we goes. This is me Rolls-Royce!"

Then you can hear Elsa Nicholas storming: "He wants me to take two button-hole machines at twenty a week. I'll see him dead first. It's too dangerous. I need me hands. You forget for a minute,

and off goes a finger. He can work his own buttonholes. I should worry if he gets 'em worked or not."

"That's just what I think about those stitchin' machines. Drivin' ten needles abreast or twenty to trim up coats," put in Georgia Cohen. "Why does people want to wear things that takes the life out of other people to make?"

"Gawd! but you're solemn," said Elsa, "they don't know how things is made—think clos' is picked from trees. I'm goin' to send me little sister to bus'ness school so she won't have to work in no machines."

"I know a girl who worked in one place 'leven years, an' ain't had but two raises," announced Georgia.

"She has no pep or she'd quit," replied Elsa.

The two girls were getting their supper in their little room while they talked that night, when someone called up that Elsa was wanted on the telephone. "Now whadda you know about that?" exclaimed Elsa breathlessly on her return. "Ivy Herlack, the girl you seen with me at lunch—you know her—is at the Perlice Station wantin' me to come down."

Snatching a bite of food, they started off in a hurry at the call of a friend in distress.

At the station, Ivy flung herself on Elsa's neck, and cried out her trouble. "I went—on—the street —an'—was caught—" she wept.

low," answered Nellie. "That's all the boys thinks about is how a girl looks. I was winnin' the war, I was, not thinkin' if I looked like Mary Pickford."

"Oh! you was, wasn't you?" retorted Ruddy. "Anyways, I don't think girls should work like that. Sellin' kitchen ware's all right. Look at Lib Johnson. She was borin' a hole through twelve inches of steel, dead true, it had to be, by gosh! Now her face looks like a tombstone. Loadin' cars, some of 'em was, too. 'Tain't right, I say."

"Aw, cut it out," said Nellie. "Girls should do what they wants to."

"I was thinkin' of a little home where a girl should be settin' waitin' for her man at night time, instead of pullin' off overalls an' ketchin' a car," said Ruddy, sighing sentimentally.

"Are you proposin' fer me hand an' fortune?" asked Nellie, " 'cause if you are, it's me for the pickerick acid an' shells. Settin' home an' watchin' for a big boob ain't to my mind."

"Now, me darlin', what kind of a ring will you have, a solitary or an immirald? An' name the day that we'll start keepin' our home fires burnin'," laughed Ruddy, as the two walked off arm in arm, with a perfect understanding that no meant yes, as it has times without number for centuries when hearts are young.

Do you see girls pouring from four doors over there, and marching to a low building? They go arm in arm by twos, eight hundred of them, and

their aprons are white and clean. They are going to a lunch that the company provides. You can hear them as they chatter.

"I hate this lunch," says one. "They should pay us more wages and let us get our own lunch," says another.

"You never know when you're goin' to be let out," comes from a third.

"And all those window boxes! Cash boxes would suit me better," whispers another.

"Hush, youse, there's Min Swengli. She feels big because she's a forewoman, an' tells all she knows to the front office. This is the tattlin'ist place," says a dark-eyed bindery worker.

"Look at Eva over there with her hands all twisted up. They said it was rheumatism an' the comp'ny sent her away somewheres, but Hank told me las' night one of the men said it was lead poisonin' from dippin' those indicators." This from a tall, angular girl.

"He said it," interrupts a wiry little blonde. "Eva an' the other girls, too, had their fingers in that paint before they fixed the dippin' machines. Eva invented them things, too, but she never got nothin' but a prize for it. The boys was sayin' that. The comp'ny gets the patents on everything."

"Well, Eva couldn't make em, could she? She hasn't got no money," defends a girl who had not spoken before.

"No, but she could get some of the money, couldn't she?" argues the blonde.

"This place gets my goat," speaks up a tired-looking screw pointer. "It's show, show all the time. They's showin' off the lunch room an' our aprons, an' high-backed stools, an' rest rooms, an' libr'ry cart that no one ever takes a book off, an' the windows that it costs a thousan' dollars to wash, an' the stool pigeons in the front office; but not the books with the wages in 'em. I'm tired workin' in a model fact'ry. I——"

"Hush! Someone'll hear you," warns a voice.

Lunch is over and the girls pour back through the four doors, and up to their places in their spotless departments, while four thousand men file in through other passages, and into their own places away from the girls. The belting is in place, the power is turned on, and they begin again on the same processes, and over and over and over they do the same thing till five o'clock comes, when they pause till the morning.

Eva with the sad face and painfully twisted hands is saying: "The comp'ny sure was good to me when I got sick. They paid fifty dollars a week for me at the baths, but I wonder sometimes if it's right that workin' people can't take care of themselves. How does some people get so much, and others so little? My mother's old an' sick an' there's nobody on earth but me to take care of her, an' look at me.

"Oh, yes, I've been keepin' comp'ny with Joe

Thomas for three years, an' he wants me to marry him, an' he'll take mother, too. That doesn't look fair. He doesn't make much, an' I don't want to unload on him. I was brought up religious, but you know, sometimes I just wonder if God is watchin' over us. I don't want riches, but I don't want to be a beggar neither, an' that's what I'd be if I married Joe. Oh! I pray so hard sometimes, but I don't get any answer."

The great wheels keep turning as she talks, and the pay roll is being shortened, but Eva says she read something about a melon being cut. She hopes they'll get it in the lunch room.

In the meantime, Joe Thomas is putting his lever up and down sixteen times to the minute, and declaring to himself that he'll have Eva or die.

At Christmas time, they were married.

When the bells ring out on Christmas eve, you can hear above the chimes the quick tread of little feet, as boys and girls in innumerable shops all over the land run to carry, not glad tidings of great joy, but the parcels of belated shoppers. Men and women in every city drag tired and reluctant feet over acres of floor space, in a vain effort to bring about for a day peace on earth and good will toward men.

You can hear Belle Tollof saying at one o'clock on Christmas morning as she was bathing her poor swollen feet in vinegar and salt, "It sure was a sorry day fer us that Christ was born."

"Christ never wished this on us, you inferdel," answered her roommate, Anna Heller, who was attending to her own feet. Then, "I should think that stuff would kill yer feet, Belle."

"It can't, Anna, I'm dead now."

"Cheer up, Belle, you'll be laid off next week!"

"They won't lay us off till the presents are exchanged, anyway," said Belle. "Ain't it fierce the way people tries to get the money on presents their dearest friends give 'em?"

"I'll say it is," yawned Anna. "I don't give presents to no one exceptin' meself—me, I, yours truly."

"I wish someone'd give me a new pair of feet," said Belle.

"Merry — Christmas! Merry —— Christmas," they said mockingly to each other, and finally fell into restless sleep.

It is not only Christmas that causes weariness to those who are in the treadmill.

"Look at me fingers," called Bella Malone.

"What's a matter wit 'em?" asked Jennie Lynch.

"They is all blistered from holdin' those hot pincers makin' roses, shapin' petals."

"My gosh! So's mine burned holdin' feathers over the steam pot to bend 'em."

"Look at me wit de broke back puttin' 'rasers on pencils, shovin' de machine up an' down above me head," broke in Fannie Kolisky. "Gawd, but work's fierce. I carry four boxes back an' fort. They weigh fifty pound."

"And my heart's broke sayin' 'Number ple-az,' 'Excuse it ple-az,' and crabs jumpin' on me all the time," contributed Ella Zell of the Telephone Company. "Sittin' on a big stool with three hundred holes in front of your face flashin' lights all the time is enough to drive you bughouse. 'You cut me off,' 'You cut me off,' they yell at me. I say as polite as you please, 'I'll *ring* them again' and I'm mad as hell."

"You're a nice lot of joy killers, I'll say," interrupted Lou Hillmann, "they's twelve hundred looms where I work, an' I run 'em all!"

"Run from 'em, you mean," corrected June Morder. "Let's go to a show an' forget it."

"We'll do it!" chorused the others, "lessen we's broke."

Aching backs, and burns, and blisters were forgotten by a little group of girls, all under twenty, as they raced off to the movies.

Week after week as the months roll into years, these toilers are treading while the wheels move, and for each one

> "All day the power machines
> Drone in her ears . . .
> All day the fine dust flies
> Till throats are parched and itch
> And the heat—like a kept corpse—
> Fouls to the last corner."

CHAPTER IV

CASUALS

UP in the northern woods is a paper mill village, where a miscellaneous assortment of men sojourn a while between periods of idleness, or to break the trip from western to eastern lumber camps. To get enough men to man the pulp works is a problem for the management. But one year the Fates took a hand, and provided an attraction in the form of a baby for the rough, dissipated men. The child belonged to a shy, dull girl who helped the cook in one of the men's boarding houses. All through the summer the tiny creature lay in a rickety baby carriage, outside the kitchen door, where the mother could occasionally give it attention. The baby had not been there long before some of the "boys" began to shuffle sheepishly around to see her, and it soon became the custom for anyone who was going anywhere to take the baby along. The "kid" was common property, and the house was called "The Kid's House."

Joe Haley and Bill Combs, two of the worst ruffians the mills had ever known, were particularly charmed by the infant girl, and assumed a proprietary air concerning her. They named her Kate Ann for their two mothers. Since this was before the

days when the Volstead Act essayed to keep men sober, it was no uncommon sight to see Joe and Bill reeling down the road at nightfall, singing ribald songs, and pushing the dilapidated "buggy," a gift from the store-keeper's wife, one of the six women in the village. But they were always gentle with Kate Ann, and apparently never too drunk to steer the buggy straight. Sometimes they would take the baby into the saloon, and pass her around among the men, all of whom fondled her while she cooed happily.

One day in the early fall at noontime, as Bill, with awkward but loving hands, was putting dry clothes on the baby, he said to Joe in very solemn tones: "This kid should hev a pa."

Said Joe: "Looks like yer gettin' pernickety. You ain't never had no papa yerself, hev you?"

"No, I ain't never had no pa as I knows of, but a girl is diffrunt; a girl should hev a pa."

"Well then," replied Joe, "why don't yer be her pa?"

"Quit yer kiddin', Joe. Not but what I'd tie up with Maybelle fer the kid's sake, if no one else would, but I 'low as how we should make her nat'ral pa marry her ma."

"Her nat'ral pa, Bill? What does yer know about her nat'ral pa?"

"I ast Maybelle before I thought of gettin' 'em married, an' offered ter break his neck if she'd tell me where he's at."

"Big idea, Bill, let's get him. Where's he at?"

"Now, Joe, not so fast. I doped it out this way. We'll borry the boss's tin Liz to-night an' go over to the Etna Mills where he's at, an' ketch him, an' bring him over here an' hev a weddin'."

"You dassn't do it, Bill. Hev yer ast the boss for his wagon?"

"Who sed anythin' 'bout astin' him? I said borry it."

About ten o'clock that night the groom arrived, neatly bound in hemp rope, accompanied by the kid's self-appointed guardians, and a justice of the peace with a marriage license. The whole household except Maybelle was waiting to assist at the festivities. Feelings of delicacy had kept the boys from letting her into the secret. Now there was no longer need to hesitate. The bride-to-be was carried downstairs bodily, protesting much, and made to stand beside her bridegroom, still roped for safety's sake, while the officer of the law spoke the magic words that gave the kid a pa. Maybelle then turned and slapped her new husband full in the face, by way of squaring old accounts, while the wedding guests cheered to the echo. This over, Joe said: "Here, Bill, let's untie that rope, and give this here bride's groom ten minutes' start."

"No," replied Bill. "It's right he should see the kid."

"That's the gravy, pard," said Joe, and accordingly, Kate Ann was brought in and presented to her

newly acquired parent, Thomas Hankin. Thomas, red, perspiring, with the look of a trapped bear on his face, began to grin sheepishly as the "kid" gave him a moist kiss on his nose.

"Take her," commanded Joe, loosening the rope.

And Thomas Hankin clumsily took his daughter in his arms, and looked steadily at her for a still moment. Then he blurted out: "Boys, undo me. I'm goin' to take me wife an' kid home."

"The hell you are," chorused the wedding guests; "this is the kid's house, an' she ain't a-goin' away from here."

"Hev a heart, hev a heart," said Thomas. "She's my kid, ain't she?"

"You was a long time findin' it out," spoke up Joe.

"Nothin' doin'," asserted Bill, "the kid stays here. We'll put it to vote if her pa, seein' he wants to do right by her, can stay here, too. Who says Yes?"

"I do fer one," says Joe, "but, fellers, let's put him in the caboose to-night fer safe keepin'."

"Here! Here!" shouted the others.

In the morning a chastened Thomas was offered a job in the logging gang, on condition that he assume his matrimonial responsibilities. He accepted, and was then promised a "thrashing" at the first signs of failure to live up to his obligations.

After these details were all settled, Bill burst out: "I wisht Kate Ann was mine."

"You can be her Lord-papa," said Joe.

"You ig'orant mill hand," scoffed Bill, "God-pa, you mean."

"Well, anyhow," philosophized Joe, "the kid's goin' to stay here, even if she ain't yourn."

"Yes," answered Bill, "an' a girl kid's got ter hev a pa. Boys is diff'runt."

That episode was ended, but the boys kept up their interest in the "kid," and saw to it that the father did his duty by her, till they heard again and heeded the call to Vagabondia.

Life in logging camps and pulp mills is dreary at best; there is so little outside of work for a normal man. The workers are largely industrial tramps, seared on the surface by hardship and isolation, but most of them have warm hearts which beat hard at the sight of women or children in distress.

Tony Lavere told me his story one Sunday afternoon, while I was watching a jam of logs above the big dam near a pulp mill two thousand miles from the "kid's house." I was spending a few days in a paper town that had sprung up over night, and was living in a mill hand's hotel—breakfast at six. I give you the story, shorn of its profanity.

"I don't know where I was born," said Tony, "but I remember as a little kid havin' me arms about me dyin' mother's neck, an' cryin' fer fair when they took me away to a home fer children. I ran away from that place when I was ten, an' hev been on me own ever since. Fren', I couldn't tell yer all I'se done; it ain't fit fer the likes of yer to hear,

but I'se been in jail an' out, an' hidin' in the woods, an' on the road, an' doin' hit-or-miss work fer sixteen year. I'se been in every pulp mill from British Columbia to Vermont an' from Vermont to Newfoundland. We're a wanderin' crowd, us paper men. It's in our blood.

"But I'll stick now. It's not so lonesome since I got me a nice little wife. Did yer see me wife? She sat next yer at breakfast, don't yer remember, the one with the yeller hair, the only lady besides yerself? Her father runs the eats joint an' she was workin' in the house when I first seen her. I sez to meself, 'Tony, sit up an' take notice.' Then I thought, 'Sezin' to meself won't get me nowheres,' so I sez to her, 'How yer like ter go ter the priest with me?' an' she sez, 'I don't care if I do,' an' that night we was married. Her dad was mad like a roarin' bull. Said it was easier ter get a boarder than a girl to work. She jus' run her tongue out at him, an' started in livin' like a lady. Oh! she's a little bit of all right.

"I'se earned quite a bit of money in me time, but I ain't never saved any. What was the use? Now I give me pay check to me wife, an' she's layin' some of it by, so's we can hev a shack of our own some day, an' mebbe a kid or two."

I was going away that night by a train which was due at the station two miles distant at eleven o'clock, and had engaged the only public conveyance in town to take me there; but at ten o'clock I learned

that it had been commandeered by others, and I was left to walk alone through the woods, carrying a heavy suit-case. But I reckoned without Tony. He rose up in his manhood, saying: "No lady carries a trunk when I'se on the off shift. This way out." We trudged the two miles in a drizzling rain, and Tony stoutly refused a financial return.

"Womens should be taken kere uv," he said, with all the chivalry of a man better born, as he pushed me up on the steps of the train that was just starting.

Among the men who help to make our country great are the lumber jacks, of whom few speak good words. The forlorn isolation of a camp in winter is beyond the ken of the majority of people. I can hear Barney Jenks now saying to Tom Orth, "I'd like to burn down these damn woods. Nothin' but trees an' snow an' logs." They were sitting with a number of others at dinner in a log house fifteen miles from the railroad. I had gone in to the lumber camp that morning as a guest, and was eating dinner with the men.

"Ye do get sick uv beans, beans, beans an' bread an' molasses an' coffee," replied Tom. "Und vat is dere to do at night? Notings but sleep, I'll say. No vimmin', no notings."

Memory brings this dreary camp right here within my pleasant home. A few fireless log houses with tiers of bunks for the men, and another house for combination dining-room and kitchen. And the smells! Sauerkraut and snow-soaked socks and

larigans and tobacco, and at night, kerosene lamps. Cards, dominoes, checkers, and foul stories with whisky—much whisky—were the only amusements.

Barney Jenks said: "I have a little farm out east, but there's nothin' to do there in winter, an' besides my ole woman raises hell all the time, so me fer the timber. It beats all what wimmin will do to their lawful married husbands who they swore they'd love an' pertect. This camp is too small fer me, though. I'm goin' up Alaska way where there's big gamblin' every night, so some jacks was tellin' me."

Those who have monotonous days crave exciting nights, in solitary lumber camps as well as in populous cities.

In one camp I knew, evangelistic meetings became extremely popular with the men because they introduced something new into their lives. As one of them said:

"It makes the evenin's pleasant to have a guy stan' up an' tell yer straight someone loves yer. I never did hear of this yere Jesus before. Some of the blokes hev. Anyways, if what they tell about him is true, I'll say he's a reg'lar feller. Me an' Dick made the blokes behave theirself so we could hear the guy what spoke. Another guy did the singin' an' it made me feel all queer inside, like scram'led eggs or somethin' the first time he tuned up:

"Jesus, lover of me sou-el,
Let me ter thy bosom fly-i."

"I uster put me head down an' gulp. I—never hed —no one's bosom—ter—put me head—on. P'raps if I hed—Gosh! I'm actin' like a woman. Where's me pipe?" And he walked off singing:

"Jesus, lover of me sou-el,
Let me ter thy bosom fly-i."

Much casual labor is absorbed by hop fields and fruit ranches in the far west. Many of the pickers are seeking a change from monotonous tasks and hoping to make a great deal more money than it is possible to make, and consequently they are disheartened.

Sitting on her straw bed on the floor of a tent, with nine others, nineteen-year-old Rosie Seaver, weeping with homesickness, told the story of how she came to be picking hops:

"I'm married, though you mightn't think it, and I have two kids." Here her sobs became uncontrollable. "We lived in the country, and I had to work awful hard, milkin' cows early and late, and had nothin'. I wanted some clothes and some fun, an' I hated me husband for makin' me work so hard, so I ran away, but oh! I want—to see me babies. How can I ever stand it? I thought I would make about seven dollars a day pickin, an' then I'd go back an' get a job in the city. But I

can't make anythin' here. Two dollars a day, and it costs that to live! Oh! what can I do? I can't go back home now. My husband would beat me. He's beat me before."

A hard-faced woman with hair dyed red, who had been watching pink-cheeked Rosie all the time she was talking, moved closer to her and whispered: "Honey, you come back to Seattle with me and I'll get money for you and no work either. You come live with me. I got a house and girls for company."

"You just hush your old mouth," spoke up Liz Culber. "You ain't no right here coaxin' girls to Seattle. What goes on in your house with money fer girls an' nothin' to do? I ain't worked in Portland six years without knowin' the likes of you."

"Why, beauty, you're off your base," purred the red-haired one.

"Can it, can it," said Liz. Then, "Girls, let's put her out."

"Now yer talkin'," they agreed.

Deftly half a dozen girls rolled the protesting woman under the flap of the tent, and gave her six little kicks for good measure. She came whining back to the other side:

"Girls, I say, I'm all right, I am, and I want to help Rosie. Let me in, and I won't tell on you."

"Gawd," said Liz, "who'd you tell? An' who in hell could say anythin' to us? Rosie ain't your meat. I'm goin' to put the sheriff wise to you all right,

all right. You can sleep in your bed to-night, but keep your tongue in your mouth."

Then, turning to Rosie: "You buck up. We'll help you pick termorror. I'm uster to it. I picked four year now, an' don't pick no leaves. That's what gets you in bad with the boss. Pick blossoms, that's all. One yard I was in, they throwed in beer bottles an' anythin' else that weighed heavy, but that don't go here."

By this time we were all undressed, ready to settle into our ticks of straw. Three of the girls were saying prayers, two with beads, and the third, poor tired Rosie, face buried in her hands, bare knees on the ground asking the good God to forgive her for running away. Liz wasn't praying; she was rolling her hair up in curlers and talking:

"We bin here a week now, an' I haven't said nothin' about things I seen goin' on. Listen to Liz. I bin on me own since I was twelve, an' I'm twenty-eight, an' maybe I don't know some things. I know that old b—— we kicked out, an' she knows me all right. I threw her down stairs once. She got me in her house to work. She run a loose place in Portland then, but I wasn't wise to the joint fer a while. Then she offered me a gentleman friend, an' told me what a fine time I could hev with parties there all the time. That's when I threw her down stairs, an' ran fer me life. I hev only me two hands an' me reputation, an' you bet I use me fists to keep me rep. A poor workin' girl don't hev to take up

with no such folks. There'll be no man in mine till he's me honest to goodness husband, an' I ain't no ways perticlar to get one of them fer a while. Look at Rosie, what she done fer herself."

"They ain't all like that, though," spoke up Minnie Oaks, who had taken no part in the conversation before this. "I was married, and oh! I want my man back—he's dead," and she dissolved in tears.

"What's this, a wake?" broke in Nellie Thom. "Cut out the slush, blow out that lantern, and let's go to sleep, you Liz and Rosie and Minnie. Don't you know there's a dance to-morrow night?"

Then a hush fell upon us save for Rosie's occasional sobs, but finally she, too, went to sleep, and the day, with its work of stripping blossoms from the vines, soon came and dragged itself along till the hour for the dance which was the real event of the week. Then all was confusion in our tent.

"Where's yer clos'?" demanded Liz of Rosie and me when she discovered that we were not dressing up.

Rosie answered, "We ain't got any, but what we's got on."

"Well, now don't cry, honeys, you'll come jus' the same. Clos' ain't everythin'. We'll take 'em, won't we, girls, an' get 'em fellers, too."

"Sure thing," echoed up to the top of the tent.

Human kindness could go no further. Here was triumphant democracy.

"We love yer fer yerselves alone," trilled Liz.

Rosie had a wonderful time at that dance, her first real party. She forgot her babies; she forgot her husband; she forgot herself. A big clumsy, unshaven machinist, "pickin' fer fun" one-stepped and side-stepped with her for an hour. "I like yer pink cheeks," he said. "Will the color come offen 'em?" And he rubbed his stubbly chin over them to find out.

"Cut that out, bo," warned Liz.

"I didn't mean nothin'," he countered.

"She's my little sister," answered Liz, "an' I'll take the marrow outen the first feller that insults her."

"Gawd, how perticlar we are," he rejoined.

"You heard what I said," replied Liz, as she whirled off. He not only heard, but heeded.

Rosie's eyes were like stars—a whole constellation. She was having her first "good time." It was for this she had left home.

Off she went again, trying to make her feet do what the other girls' feet did, her stout little figure clad in a faded calico dress and gingham apron and her shoes run over at the heels. She was a striking contrast to many of the girls, with their flimsy finery brought for the occasion. But it mattered not to Rosie. This was her dream come true.

"Silly fool," you say.

"Of course," as Liz would say, "we're all silly fools at times."

Life when you are nineteen is after all more than milking cows, and tending babies, and cooking, and being scolded.

Some way or other, the picking went better after the party. Rosie said a few days later, "I can make three dollars a day now, an' next week I'm goin' to Portland with Liz an' get a job in the restaurant where she works, an' then I'm goin' home an' get the kiddies. Liz is goin' with me."

One by one the casuals slipped away from the field as the end of the picking drew near, and many of them were happy in new friendships made. One girl, after her return to the city, got a note from an admirer in the hop field written with a pencil on a piece of brown paper. It said: "I ain't forgot you yet." She treasures that, even though she has never seen him since.

The last I saw of Liz, she was turning a corner, holding Rosie by the arm, and waving good-by to everybody. Then Minnie came along and said: "I sure had one good time. Now it's me back to the basement sellin' buttons. And, say, you know that red-haired skirt? The sheriff got her. She was rustlin' for girls. She keeps a bad house in Seattle. So long."

Fruit ranches as well as hop fields attract itinerant labor, and give an opportunity for outdoor life. Vinnie Jarol had seen better days, but her husband got sick, and last summer they picked loganberries, or Vinnie did. Frank was too ill to work. They

had permission to put their small tent under some trees at a distance from other people, where Frank lay on a cot all day while his wife picked. At three cents a box, she was able to make about two dollars a day. They had not been in the orchard long before other pickers complained that the man's coughing disturbed them at night, and Vinnie was obliged to move farther away.

She said: "This makes it harder for me, and him too, because I can't run to see him every hour or two, and I know he often needs me, for he is getting weaker all the time. He is so brave, and hates to have me do this. He was a bookkeeper and always took good care of me before he got sick. But last spring the doctor said he must live outdoors all the time. Then the man Frank had worked for ten years gave us an old Ford and a tent, and we started off from Los Angeles, and have never slept indoors a night since, and here we are in Oregon. We went from place to place as the fruit ripened, and got enough work to keep us going. But Frank has not been able to pick for more than a month, and it almost breaks my heart to see him get weaker.

"Oh! no, it isn't that I mind the work. But I'm afraid I don't get him the right things to eat. It's hard to when you're camping out. The doctor said he would be better if we did this, but he seems to get worse all the time."

The man looked very, very ill, and the young wife in a khaki trouserette suit had need of all her cour-

age. Three days later, she came running down the hill at sunset wringing her hands and sobbed out: "Oh! my husband is dead. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

It was an incoherent story that she told, but her co-workers understood and immediately offered to assume her burdens.

"Oh! my Frank, how can I leave you away up here alone? I will not," she shrieked. "Someone must get the money to take him home."

Every picker contributed from his small funds, and a church in the neighboring village did the rest, so that in the morning Vinnie went with her dead to the land where palms grow, and there were not many loganberries picked on the C. ranch that day.

A man coming home from the funeral said sorrowfully: "If I was rich, I'd spend me money gettin' sick people well. I wouldn't let a little woman like that drive all over creation, workin' as she went to keep her poor man outdoors. I'd make it easy for the likes of them. It's funny rich people is so afraid of helpin' poor folks fer fear they'll lay down on 'em. Now Jarol's boss gave 'em an old Ford. Why didn't he pay his wages, too, so's he'd felt like a man? They couldn't of saved much when he was workin'. It seems hardly worth while for workin' people to try to save any, for the best they can do is so little. Sick one week, bang goes the savin's fer a year. Yet they're always tellin' us to save. Save what, I say?"

"You're dead right," said his companion. "I'm fer punchin' the lights out uv the rich."

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," replied the first man, "but I would knock some sense into 'em, an' make things evener than they are."

Just at this point, a woman's voice called out: "Here, you boys, come help us break camp. We ain't goin' to stay in this here place where a corpse was. The boss can pick his own logans."

Sympathy had triumphed over superstition with the excitement of the tragedy, but now the reaction had set in just as it does in more stable communities. Out of three hundred pickers, only nineteen were left. The man who employs migratory labor has his own troubles. In harvesting crops there is no other kind to employ, since the work lasts for only a short season. These birds of passage fly from industry to industry in search of variety and money.

Nineteen-year-old Anna Hadlock says: "I picked cherries in Wisconsin last summer an' had one swell time with dancin' every night, and movies too. There was lots of boys an' girls, an' we was boarded by three families in the town, an' they sure gave us a good time. But I had to borrow money to get back to Chicago.

"Why? Oh, there was always somethin' to cut our pay, bad cherries, an order not to pick, or somethin'.

"Oh! yes, I'm from the country, but I've been in

Chicago two years, an' have had ever so many jobs. First, I did general housework, an' believe me, I quit that in two months. On the job all the time. Girls don't do that now, but I was green. After that I worked in the candy department of a big store. I didn't like it much down in the basement, an' I couldn't live on my wages with room rent an' meals so high. So I took a job in a dance hall at night, teachin' fellers how to dance before they went on the general floor. I got twelve dollars a week for that, an' tips, but some of the pills didn't come up with tips after I'd worked myself to death to give 'em a good lesson.

"No, I didn't know anything about teachin', but I always could dance, so when I seen the ad, I went after it.

"It was awful hard on the feet draggin' those rubes around, for the lesson was a whole hour, an' sometimes they would take another one right on top of that, especially if they was preparin' for anythin'. My feet gave out with the two jobs, so I quit 'em both, an' went into nursin'. There was an ad in the paper that nurses was needed. I got twenty-two dollars a week right off, an' had my keep. I was busy ten weeks, then there was a slack time, so I got a job demonstratin' soap an' face powder, wearin' my nurse's uniform, in a department store. After that I went as waitress to a summer resort, an' left to pick cherries for a while, but went back again.

"Oh! they thought I went home to be with my

sick mother. There's plenty for a girl to do if she'll do what she can get. Now, I'm goin' to be a cook at twenty-one dollars a week. I don't know so much about cookin', but my sister does, an' she'll tell me. It's better than nursin', cause you have time off an' evenin's free. I can't see myself payin' five dollars a week for a room.

"I'll say it don't pay to be too partic'lar when you're earnin' money."

Then a sad look came into the flighty Anna's eyes, and she said in a low, choking voice: "I need all the money I can get, for my brother that's next older than me an' worked in the steel mills has got t. b. an' my sister an' me's goin' to send him out West as the doctor said. Our eldest brother died of t. b. last year, an' left a wife an' baby. We're helpin' them a little. It's sure awful when people you love gets sick."

There is a long procession of migratory workers among us; they are an unstable element in industry; and they are sometimes difficult to deal with, but as Tom Orth up in the north woods said, "Their hearts is beatin' true to somethin' somewheres."

CHAPTER V

WOMEN DAY WORKERS

"It jes' makes me sick. It's nothin' all day long in this here basement but what nationality you is. I isn't no nationality. I'se a laundress, I is, an' ef any of you touzled-headed, shameless Bohunks axes me that agin, I'll t'row a bucket of hot suds on ye, I will. Nationality! Ach, Gott! An' I bin workin' here t'ree weeks, an' I hear impidence all de time."

"Easy neighbor," said Ella, the pacifist, "the cat's outen the bag. We should worry now what nationality you is. Ach, Gott!"

Patriotism ran high in the Riverdale flats at the time this conversation took place, and while the electric washers were chugging away, or the clothes were being put through what Ella called the "wrenchin' water," the three women had much to say, and it was evident that poor, forlorn-looking Mrs. Saxe was regarded as an interloper who was not more than a tenth of one per cent American. They goaded her to retort as a part of their Americanization program.

Talk runs high in the basements on wash day, and one sitting unseen may hear stories that pull at the heartstrings. Day work is popular with a certain class of working women, because it means only

eight hours on the job, and this is a good arrangement for a woman who has a family.

Ella Halbert said: "I can be home before five o'clock with four dollars in me pocket to buy some dinner. Then I clean up me own house, and have supper ready when me man comes from the factory.

"Oh! yes, women always does double work. That's what they was put in the world for, mayhap.

"It's hard for a man to keep up a family, everythin' costs so much. 'Tain't what you earn, but what you pay out that counts, and six children eats an awful sight, as well as a man. Me man wants everythin', too. He says: 'All we get out of life is the little we eats, an' I'll have what I wants.' "

"Yes, you bet you're right," said Hannah Hassel, "it sure does cost to live. Look at me now. Four children, the eldest seven an' no man. That good fer nothin' husban' I got ain't no count fer me. He's in jail now. I hopes they keeps him there.

"Oh! he was doin' some night work in cellars an' got caught, an' he can stay caught for all me. Huntin' booze I say is no job for a man of family.

"What do I do with the childern when I am away? I locks 'em in the flat, not that I likes to, for I hasn't an easy minit while I'm gone, but Lor', what's a woman to do? I leaves 'em plenty to eat, an' they hev it all et up before noon, I 'spose. They act like they hadn't seen food for a week when I

gets home. I'm awful scared of fire, Mis' Halbert. What if now at this minute those pieces of me flesh was burnin' to a crisp? Oh, God!"

The tears ran down the cheeks of poor, emotional Hannah, and her sobs were pitiful to hear, but she went valiantly on stirring clothes in the boiler one minute, and adjusting the washing machine the next, dimly realizing that in activity lies salvation.

I knew a good deal about Hannah Hassel's struggle to make ends meet. She lived in two rooms on the second floor of a small cottage, and in winter it was a problem when she was at home to keep the rooms warm. Before going away to work, she had to put the fire out and dress the children in outdoor garments, hoping they would not perish before her return. She was gone on an average four days a week. It is hard for a laundress to have every day engaged, since most families object to having washing done the last of the week, and in Hannah's town there were plenty of day workers even in war time, while now there is a surplus. Hannah sewed and scrimped to keep her brood clothed and fed, but it was hard to get extras, and her heart was just breaking for dolls one cold Christmas, and dolls were a shocking price. She swayed back and forth in her chair and moaned: "Meat has gone up, and bread has gone up, and rent has gone up, and clos' is out of sight, but they had no right to put up dolls. How can I face four empty stockings Christmas morning?"

She did not have to face them that time, for someone was kind, but in no Christian country should "they" be allowed to put up the price of dolls. Can you see the little Hassels straining their young eyes to look through the dirty, steamy window of a tawdry shop near their home, clutching one another's hands as they whispered the hope that Santa, dear Santa, would bring them, not the candies and cakes in one show case, but some toys from the other? Life is more than meat when you are five and seven as well as when you are fifty-seven. Fathers in jail and mothers working over steaming wash tubs make no difference. Hannah knows this, and she says she is glad "the good God does not let all the people give just useful things to us poor folks at Christmas."

It was through Hannah of the understanding heart that I became acquainted with Marie Knudsen, who is plump and red-cheeked, and has never a gray hair to give away her age. She says: "Cleanin' is the life. I've been at it since my Tom was a baby an' he's goin' on twenty. Why, I've been in the big bank down town for twelve year an' I'll tell the world they are nice gentlemen to work for. I go on at five o'clock an' work till midnight, an' just do cleanin' like this on the side. I get four dollars an' a half wages now; it used to be one seventy-five when I began, an' I had more money them days than I have now.

"How many children have I?

"There's eleven, but four's dead.

"You know it's queer about children. They're not hard to raise when you've had about three. The rest is a cinch.

"Of course I had bad luck with the first ones. They died of one thing an' another. But my man was earnin' a livin' for us then an' things wasn't so bad.

"Oh, yes, he's dead now. Killed in the mill where he was workin' when the youngest was a baby. The comp'ny paid me two hundred dollars for him —that was all. An' you can know that didn't go far with seven children. I've been workin' in the bank steady ever since. Before that I used to work irreg'lar like.

"Yes, three of the girls is married, an' Tom's goin' to be soon. But with him out of work as he is, I don't see how he's goin' to do that. The others is in school.

"If I had it to do over agin, I don't know as I'd git married. Yet I s'pose I would, 'cause a workin' girl always thinks she'll be better off if she gets a husband. Though why I don't see, since the children always comes so fast, an' then you're worse off right away.

"Take me now. I came from Austria when I was nine, an' I went to work at twelve where my mother worked. When I was seventeen, I took up with Joe, an' stayed home when I was first married. But Lord help us! Look how I've worked

since, an' had eleven children an' kep' house, an' me in debt. That's why I'm doin' extra jobs now. Do you want that paint washed?

"Oh, of course, Tom helps me some. He's a chauffeur on a truck, but he's laid off.

"Yes, I'll take a cup of coffee. I always likes coffee an' cake in the afternoon. Four lumps, please. It isn't fit to drink without cream, but I don't want it half cream like the Swedes. Go without diamon's if you have to, I says, but give me coffee.

"I have three rooms, stove heat, at twenty dollars a month. It is not so much as rents go, but coal is awful high. I'm glad to have a place of my own to go to when my work is done. I often thinks how much better off I is than most."

Marie then pulled on her seven-year-old coat, and adjusted a hat someone had given her and was ready to catch a car for her "reg'lar work." She went off with a bright smile, saying, "Cleanin' an' washin's great work—no lay offs."

She came within an inch of being knocked over by an automobile as she crossed the boulevard, and the last I saw of her, she was running along shaking her fist at a swiftly disappearing car. Doubtless, she was saying to herself, "How much better off I is than most."

Mary Dock did day's work, too, for a while after she came up from the south, but her ideas of cleaning did not coincide with those of city housewives,

and she did not get on very well. She found picking cotton a poor apprenticeship for house cleaning, but the high wages and short hours of the latter were alluring to her. What she lacked in scrubbing lore she made up in flattery, and thus managed to keep a place for a few days.

"Is you all married?" she asked.

"No?" Then, in cooing tones, "I alays notices that the prettiest ladies isn't married.

"Does you all want mah to come back next week and clean those closets, honey? I does need that money somethin' awful." And you yield.

Mary came north in the fall, and the following winter was cold, and hard for her to understand. "I sho doan like de cold," she said, "it gives mah misery in mah bones."

There came a day when Mary did not go to work; she went to the County Hospital instead, and before three days had passed, she was carried out still and cold to be buried in the potter's field, for "flu" had done its worst. There was no one to follow the hearse in the land of many dollars and short hours, but Mary Dock had had her great adventure.

In a mid-western city there is a certain early morning street car, popularly known in proletarian circles as the "Suds-Busters' Express," because it carries so many women on their way to do day's work. Fannie Lawrence is one of the women, and she says she "would not miss that seven twelve of mornin's for anythin', because it's just like a party

knowin' people by sight and bowin' first this way and then that." She has traveled several days a week for eight years on that car, and has seen car fare mount from five to eight cents, and wages from two dollars a day to five, but her house rent is seventy dollars a month now instead of the twenty-five it formerly was. She maintains that the house is eight years worse than it was, since nothing has been done to improve it in all the years she has lived there. She says "the plaster has fell down from three ceilin's, an' there is more rat holes than you can count.

"Oh, yes, I has to rent three rooms to get my money out of the flat, but that leaves me twenty-seven to pay, besides all the gas an' washin'. You don't make much out of roomers, I can tell you that. My gas bill was eleven dollars last month. I has to be away so much I can't look after things.

"You want to know about my husban'?

"Well, that Joe Lawrence has the worst luck of any man I ever see. He no sooner gets a job than he loses it. He is doin' outdoor work now for the city an' gets four dollars a day, but how long it will last, the Lord Himself only knows. But I don't care. That same Joe is a comfort to me. I just nat'rally loves him. When I goes home tired an' cold in winter, an' he pulls me down on his lap an' says, 'Fannie girl, you sure looks good to me,' I feels like I could work the flesh clean off my bones to keep him a settin' there to meet me. Him nor

me never had a hard word between us. We's not had much to eat sometimes, but we has each other. There be some that don't feel that way about their husban's an' wives, an' I says, 'God pity 'em.'

"Oh! I'm pretty lucky about gettin' work. I bin goin' two days a week to one woman for six years, an' she is awful good to me. She gives me clothes to make over for the children, an' every Saturday last winter she give me a leg of lamb or roast of beef to carry home. Her husban' has a wholesale market.

"No, of course they're not all like that. One woman I goes to is the out-doin'ist. She always wants me to stay overtime, an' then is short the change for extra pay. I'm goin' to quit her. An' she never has anythin' worth while for a person to eat. Stingy, that's it. Well, she can do her own washin'. Some fine Wednesday Fannie won't board the Suds-Busters' Express for Mrs. Stingy's house, an' that's that!"

Fannie Lawrence says many of her friends who work by the day have similar irritations to meet; they are often short-changed or paid irregularly, not because the ladies mean to cheat them, but because they are thoughtless, and do not understand the mental anguish of having to wait for wages with a purse well nigh empty, and the cupboard bare.

Fannie says: "What makes women you work for the maddest is to see you rest a bit or stop to talk.

They want you to work every minute. They should see the men!"

One day she called my attention to two roof repair men seated on the tiling conversing joyfully. I inquired if she considered that a square deal.

"Well," she said, "if the man what owns that house don't want to mend his own roof, he must take the other feller on the other feller's terms. It's not what the job's worth he pays for, but what somebody else is willin' to do it for."

Brightening up, she continued: "I b'lieve I'll start a Suds-Busters' Union an' be the president of it. Then we'll sit around by the wash tubs an' take half an hour to a sock if we like an' not do sheets or blankets at all, they're too heavy. If the lady don't want to do the washin' herself, she'll keep still. That's the way to fix things. I do for you what you don't want to do for yourself, but *on my terms*. Oh, boy!"

Sometimes laundresses, like workers in other fields, have heated discussions over the use of machines. Mrs. Mathilde Shraeder maintained her equanimity upon the advent of an electric washer where she worked, but two years later, when an ironer appeared, she quit. In her own words: "It's too much for anyone to stand. I've had three days a week at that place for five years, an' now they've got a machine an' will expect me to get through in two. I know their tricks. I don't like electricity nohow.

"Oh, well, an ironing machine wouldn't be so bad if they didn't expect you to get through quicker.

"Maybe it's easier, if you didn't have to finish sooner.

"Besides, they'd better give me the ninety dollars than spend it for that contraption. As I say, a washer is bad enough, but everyone's usin' 'em so you can't say nothin'. 'Tain't any easier. You have to rub the dirty places anyway, an' lift 'em to the boiler. The wringer's good, but you have to clean the machines or they will rust an' be no good, an' that all takes time. The lady don't expect to do it herself, an' she don' think it should take any time.

"Oh, shucks! I wisht I was rich. But I s'pose if I was, I'd be workin' the juice out of poor folks, too."

After the irritable voice of Mathilde Shraeder died away, I turned and heard in sweet girlish tones: "If you want to put me in prison, set me at somethin' I must do over an' over again all day, an' never get through, an' the next day some more just the same. That's why I can't stand fact'ry work. Stickin' a label on a can all the time. Not in mine!"

The speaker, Alma Kentner, a capable-looking girl, went on: "Maybe you think cleanin' a theater eight hours is doin' the same thing all the time, but it ain't. I scrub a while an' get through, an' dust a while, an' get through, then I clean brass a while, an' sometimes I see a picture when they just run

'em on. An' there's findin' things. Any minit you may see a dime! We don't have to turn in nickels an' dimes. The hours is good, too. I come on early, of course, but I'm through at half past one, an' have the whole afternoon an' evenin' to myself.

"No, I don't take another reg'lar job. One person has no right to two jobs, besides what's the use? You can die without workin' yourself to death.

"I knew a girl onct who worked two shifts an' got the pneumonia an' died right off the reel. None of that in mine. There ain't so much goin' on here, but while you're here you might as well stay till your time comes. Leastways, that's what I think. When I get tired cleanin' a theater, I'll clean somethin' else, but I won't stay on a job more'n eight hours for anyone. That's enough for any decent American, an' I'm no low-down foreigner, I'll say I'm not. I'm from Missouri, an' I been all over.

"I'll tell the world, I'm from the country, but no girl that's alive wants to stay an' hear nothin' but pigs gruntin' an' work your fingers to the bone for what? My mother keeps askin' me to go home, an' I'm goin' Christmas, but not to stay. Me for day's work an' get through. I know my mother thinks I'll marry George Feldmar if I go back home, an' George thinks so, too, but I won't, not unless he comes to the city. He works on a farm, but he could get a job here drivin' a team, an' I could

still keep my job that I have now with so much time to myself to do light housekeepin' in. But they do say a man's no good when his wife works. Lots of them is no good then, for married women's workin' every place.

"Well, after thinkin' it over this way, I b'lieve I'll stay as I am, an' do what I'm doin'."

One of the noblest day workers I ever knew was Orpha Zittel.

"My man came from Bohemia, but I was born here and went to school as much as I could when I was young. My man was a steel worker and earned good money, but he died, and left me with the family to bring up. I done it the best way I could, and God has helped me," she said.

During war time, Orpha gave Tuesday of each week to Red Cross work. She had a son in the army, her beloved boy, the pride of her heart, who helped support the family, but she gave him up to serve his country and assumed all the care of three younger children herself. She said: "I can't do much, but I'll do what I can to help win the war."

She presented herself at the neighboring schoolhouse where women were sewing and folding gauze and asked the director to put her to work, too, saying: "I'm handy, I can do anything, and I'll stay all day. I thought first I'd give my wages, but I'd rather give myself this way. Perhaps it will help more."

No other woman in that group made the sacrifice

that Mrs. Zittel was making; most of them were rescued from ennui by new activities. They soon recognized her ability, and praised her work. So impressed was the group leader that one day at headquarters she said to the lady in charge: "Do you know, we have a woman in our district who foregoes a day's wages and gives the time to war work? She is poor with three children to support, and it means a loss of $3.50 to her."

Said the lady in charge: "How sweet of her!"

"Sweet," said the leader, "I call it heroic."

Orpha Zittel had need of an heroic spirit, for the boy she loved died for his country that winter. Yet she kept on with her work for the Red Cross to help the boys of other mothers, though her eyes were red with weeping, and her bright smile was gone. Still her fingers never faltered. 'Mis' Geist's boy is livin' yet," she said, "and Mis' Kruger's, and Mis' Feldman's. And I'll see my boy again, and I don't want him to tell his ma she was a slacker. When you know there's a heaven, it ain't so bad. My boy will rest in my arms again like when he was a baby, and there'll be no sorrow for any of us."

The army of women day workers in this country is large, and is growing larger with the years, for new opportunities are opening all the time. Women, especially those with families, have not been slow to take up work that offers short hours with much freedom, and in the words of Marie Knudson, "They's better off than most."

CHAPTER VI

THE SPENDERS

"You want your feet to look as nice as they can," said Anna Haller, a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk, as she stepped off in a pair of twenty-one dollar boots. "Ain't they the swell things with their light gray tops and black buttons? Well, they are a little tight, but you see my feet are large, and I'd look a sight with shoes to fit. Hurt me? Well, maybe, but that's not the point. Looks is what you want.

"Now," continued Anna, "I'll be all fixed up when I get my new coat. I'm going to pay ninety dollars for that with a brocade lining and all. It don't make any difference what anybody thinks, I'm going to have that coat. You only live once, and what's the use of looking like your country cousin? This coat I'm wearing now cost fifteen dollars before the war, and I've had it four years, but never again. I'm going to dress like a lady. Every cent I make and then some is going on my back.

"I'm sick of hearing about saving. What you save don't do you no good when you're dead. I want a beau, and you can't get one without good clothes. The boys won't look at a girl that ain't well dressed, that's all. My sister's got a fur coat,

but she's a cook, so she's got no beau. Cookin's one thing boys won't stand for. Boys are so partic'lar that it seems as if they're hardly worth bothering with, yet it's nice to have someone to go out with. I tell my sister she should quit cookin' and get her a job down town, and live where she wouldn't have to use anyone's back door. She says she will some time, but she is making good money where she is just now, and I'll say she is. She gets twenty-one dollars a week and her keep, while I get twenty and board myself. But I wouldn't do housework if I got forty a week.

"When I go stepping off in the morning with my grand shoes on and my new coat, and people looking at me, I'll say office work is the life."

"Well, isn't she a fool! Something should be done to put sense into those people," said a lady of high degree, when I told her about sixteen-year-old Alma Hedburg, who worked at a notion counter, and went without lunches for five days to buy a bow of ribbon for her hair. At that time wages at the notion counter were four dollars a week, and lunches cost ten cents. This was before the days of bobbed hair and permanent waves, and a girl could be resplendent at a party in a clean blouse and a big bow of black ribbon on the hair at the nape of the neck. The lady who was so outraged by Alma's reckless expenditure was handsomely dressed by means of money she did not earn, but

her ire was roused by a pathetic little figure of a girl wasting wages on ribbon. This is the story Alma told me after the party:

"You know I wus just crazy to go to that dance, an' I hadn't a thing new to wear. Then I thought to meself, I could hev a new hair bow, an' wash me shirtwaist after I got home from work, an' the rest would do. So I goes wid'out lunch Monday an' Tuesday an' Wednesday an' Thursday an' Friday, an' bought two yards uv ribbon wid de fifty cents, an' dey made de bow up fer me. At noon time, I takes a drink uv water an' tinks of de bow. It is me lunch. Friday night wus de party. When I got home from work, I washed me waist. One's all I got. I wus so 'cited dat night dat I burned me waist wid de iron an' had to do it all over again. I sure wus offen me luck dat night, fer just as I was startin' to go, I bent down fer somethin' an' way goes the knee of me stockin'. Little Alma had it to mend. It must be nice to hev two things at the same time. Then ye wouldn't always be hevin' to mend just as ye start to go somewheres.

"Sure, I hed the fine time at the dance, an' that silly Tom Hines sed I looked jus' grand," and she went pirouetting around the room with an ecstatic little laugh.

Yet the lady of high degree was not moved by the story. She said "Young people of the working classes should be taught thrift." But away down in my heart was only sympathy for Alma. Life is

more than meat, and ribbon bows are worth fifteen hundred, yes, fifteen thousand calories when you are only sixteen, and supporting yourself on four dollars a week. I told Alma the lady thought she was extravagant. "Oh, de poor fish!" said she.

Alma and her friend Hedwig Stein lived together in a little room in a tenement flat. "An' we pay a bone an' three quarters a week fer it, an' that leaves me three twelve fer the rest uv me keep. Sixty cents goes fer lunch, an' we do light housekeepin'. We're extravagint, we are. I wisht I hed some new clos', but I ain't, so what's the use uv beefin' about it? Some day, I'll marry a millionaire an' hev a hundred shirt waists all at once, I will, an' lunch every day, an' things to eat between times."

"Sure'n it's a steak I'm afther wantin', a tenderline at that," said Mrs. McVane to the butcher after her day's work was done, "the biggest an' best ye hev. It's ourselves that'll be afther hevin' a feast the night." She handed over her day's wages, four dollars, for the meat, and went off with joy in her eyes. A day at the washboard had its compensations for her. Her employer was scandalized when she heard it. "Why," she said, "our meat for dinner cost only forty-nine cents, and there was plenty for three people." Three McVanes ate every scrap of their four dollars' worth, but they had only bread with it, and they were hungry, the McVanes were, with washing and driving an ice wagon and work-

ing in a foundry. Besides, they had no soup or salad or dessert, nor did they want any. "Them as wants trimmin's can hev 'em," said Mrs. McVane, "fer me, I wants food." "Me, too," added her husband.

The butcher says most of his expensive meat goes to working people. They get it on their way home, and are not interested in cuts that require long cooking. Ella McVane boldly announces that she is not going to stay home all day to bake beans.

"I'd look wise," she says, "givin' up four dollars to set in me kitchen all day givin' twenty cents worth uv beans the onct over. I don't like beans nohow, an' I ain't no use fer chime bones an' kraut. Tenderline steak with leg o' lamb on Sundays'll do fer us."

Into a fashionable furrier's there walked one day a pair, poor-looking and ignorant. They were embarrassed, too, by the smart-looking clerks with supercilious eyes. The man was in workman's rough garb, and the woman in an old wrap with a shawl over her head. Strange figures they were in that shop of costly garments and rich customers, but the man knew what he was about. He kept repeating, "Me wanta da coat for ma woman. Me gotta da mon' to pay," as he was passed on from one giggling clerk to another, each one feeling too important to deal with him. Finally, he reached the back of the store, and fell into the hands of a discerning youth, who felt that even a "dago" might

be worth serving. The first coat shown was unsatisfactory, and the next, and the next, no questions being asked as to price. At last the interested clerk signaled a manager, and together they took the pair to a rack containing many coats, and told them to make their own selection. The man went down the line, and with unerring eye selected a beautiful coat, saying, "Try it onna da woman." He viewed it from all sides, and then with approving smile, said:

"Me taka da coat. How mucha da cost?"

"One thousand and fifty dollars," came the answer.

Still smiling and undismayed, he pulled out a roll of bills, and lovingly counted the required amount, replacing a roll still large enough to make supercilious clerks take notice. "He weara da coat," he announced with pride. "Now we go buya da hat."

The manager of the store, a very human sort of man, now thoroughly interested in his customer, engaged him in conversation and learned that he was employed at a special process in the steel mills, and with wartime wages had been earning a hundred dollars a day. "Me wanta da clos' for ma woman; me lika he."

The clerks giggled some more when the pair passed out—the wife in the costly coat, and with the old shawl still on her head. But they made purchases in other stores, and the dago's wife went home clad like a lady of high degree, and why not,

when her man had "da mon' to pay"? The feelings of the friend with the thrift complex were lacerated again when she heard this. Later, when she learned that they bought a victrola for Christmas, and a five-hundred-dollar silver tea service for New Year's, all for a two-room cabin, she gave up and feebly inquired, "Why don't they put the money in the bank?" Let the man answer: "Putta da mon' in da bank, whatta for? Me maka da mon' in hot like hell. Bank go busta. Me buy t'ings."

The raptures said to accompany the clipping of coupons from bonds are beyond that steel worker's ken. Let jaded souls refresh themselves that way. As for him, he'll "spenda da mon," and get his thrills. He and his fellow workers of the same earning capacity had fine automobiles that year, but their joy rides were only to the works and back.

A Greek of my acquaintance made money at his fruit stand, and had eighteen hundred dollars in the bank when his wife fell ill, and an operation was ordered. He at once drew out the whole sum with accrued interest and went to a big hospital to engage accommodations. He was taken to the public part, and shown ward beds at ten or twelve dollars a week, but refused them all with set face. He kept asking for "something more expensive." Finally, after exhibiting his bank roll in the business office, he was taken to the private building where he selected a room at eight dollars a day, which was nearly the high-water mark in charges at that time.

Late that afternoon he arrived at the hospital, radiant, with his sick wife on his arm, and nine women companions, all with shawls on their heads. For five weeks Mrs. Legilos was in that room, and most of the time it was full of Greeks who could not speak English. John, the husband, sold his fruit stand in order to be free to stay with his wife. It was their great adventure into elegance. "My wife, she gave us much treat," he said afterwards in relating the experience. When they returned to the tenement house where they lived, he bought a new and smaller stand with the money that was left, and started up the financial ladder again, buoyed up with precious memories of "much big time."

Of course every sensible person will stare aghast at such reckless spending, but John Legilos had the heart of a child, and you could not convince him that he was foolish. "My wife much dear to me; must be operated right by big doctor," was his one explanation, and it was sufficient.

And there was seventeen-year-old Alma Travers, who came from the country, and worked as a filing clerk when wages were nine dollars a week, and very high buttoned shoes in all the light shades were coming in style. Alma had a good pair of black boots, but her heart was sore, for many of the girls in the office and at the boarding club where she lived had fancy ones.

"I cried all one night," she said, "for I had been looking at a pair of lovely bronze shoes in a window

every day for two weeks, and I could not save fourteen dollars to buy them. I made up my mind then that I'd have them if I had to steal the money. Then a girl told me I could buy them for four dollars down and a dollar a week for twelve weeks. Here they are." And she put out her feet with a look of fatuous joy. "I just had to have those shoes."

A hundred girls lived where Alma did, and most of them were sorely vexed over the problem of getting money for finery. In vain did the directors and other ladies of prominence urge wisdom in expenditure.

Bertha Randall says: "It's all very well for those women to talk against buying on time when they have all the clothes they want without turning a hair. Now look at this blue serge dress I have on. The price was sixty-eight dollars, but it cost me eighty-five on time, twenty-five down and fifteen a month for four months. Had the use of it while I was paying for it. Swell dress, I'll say."

"You paid for it the day you got it," spoke up Janie Taylor; "the rest is a present you make 'em every month."

"I don't know how you figure that out," replied Bertha. "Look at this elegant fringe, and all the rest of the trimming. You couldn't buy the material for that."

"You paid for it when you got it, just the same,"

insisted Janie. "Those people are not selling dresses for their health."

"Oh! you're too rough," complained Bertha.

"Too rough?" returned Janie. "I got stung once by those people. Forty-two fifty was what I was to pay for my dress. I saw one just like it the next day for seven ninety-eight in Smug's basement. Perhaps I wasn't hot! I never paid another cent on that dress; I wore it about two months and then they took it away because I would not pay any more. They took Minnie Hale's furs the same way, and her sister lost her fur coat because she got sick and couldn't keep up her payments. Pay while you're wearing makes no hit with me any more. Save first and then buy, or do without."

"Well, you look the part," said Bertha, with a toss of the head. "You can take it from me that I'm not going to look like I came from up-state. All there's in life is clothes and something to eat, and I want to look nice. The only way I can do it is to buy on time."

"Yes, and feel as if there was a policeman after you all the time," sneered Janie. "Not in mine!"

"Stop your scrapping, girls, and I'll tell you about buying on time," spoke up Tessie Swanson. "When I was married, seven years ago, we fitted up a five-room flat with everything you could think of. It looked like a million dollars. We paid a hundred dollars down, and were to pay twenty a month. If

things had gone well, we'd have been out of debt in two years. We got along all right for over a year, then Joe took typhoid fever and died, and with all the other expense, there wasn't enough left of Joe's insurance to keep up payments on the furniture, so they took it away, and I had nothing to show for the four hundred dollars we'd spent. Then I went to work and came here to live. Never again, I say, too."

"Well, if you girls aren't the joy killers," said Bertha. "You should be on the board of directors. I'm going up stairs to drown my sorrows with my victrola, bought on time."

But Christmas is the time for spending. The Benson family consisted of father, mother, three daughters and two sons at home—all wage earners but the mother—and two married children with five babies between them. They were all home for Christmas dinner, and the air was heavy with plans for weeks before. Selma used to bring tidings to me, and confide in me about the presents.

After it was all over, she told me that "it was the greatest time ever; we just burned up money.

"We had one swell dinner. A fourteen-pound turkey at seventy-five cents a pound. My father said he'd have it if it cost a dollar."

Then just for fun we wrote down the cost of the family Christmas, and this is what it came to:

DINNER

14-pound turkey at .75	$ 10.50
4 ducks at .50	2.00
8-pound ham at .50	4.00
"Trimmings," relishes, etc. (estimated)	3.00
Potatoes, white and sweet	1.50
10 heads cauliflower at .28	2.80
4 mince pies	2.00
4 apple pies	1.50
3 loaves of bread	.45
3 pounds of butter (including cooking) at .70	2.10
1 gallon ice cream (best)	4.00
Coffee, candy, nuts, etc	5.00
Total for nine adults and five children under six	$ 38.85

PRESENTS

Toys for children	$ 36.00
Furs for mother	100.00
Silk petticoats to five girls	35.00
Neckties for five men	5.00
Toilet articles (ivory) to one daughter-in-law	17.50
Wrist watch to eldest daughter	35.00
Silk lingerie to youngest daughter	19.00
Overcoat to father	40.00
Cigars to men	6.00
Assorted gifts (foolish and otherwise)	10.00
Gifts to outsiders (44)	63.00
	$366.50
Dinner	38.85
Total	$405.35

The weekly earnings of the family, assuming there was no unemployment, were about as follows:

Father—carpenter	$ 44.00
Two daughters—factory workers	50.00
One daughter—maid	20.00
One son—metal worker	30.00
One son—clerk	17.50
One son, married—painter	55.00
One son-in-law—carpenter	44.00
	$260.50

"Oh, gee!" exclaimed Selma, "we blew in four hundred dollars for one day, when we had only two hundred and sixty for a week. Gosh! Of course, we was all savin' for it, and look at the elegant presents we got. And that dinner! There wasn't enough left to feed the cat.

"I never figured out before how much we spent, but it's nuthin' to what some folks spend. The Schwanders bought an automobile. Well, anyway, money won't do you no good when you're dead, and what's the use of savin' it for other people to scrap over? Get insured, and then go to it, we say!"

Another young spender was Lorry Grenier. His specialty was shirts of shimmering silk and transparent georgette in gorgeous colors, and these materials were very expensive two years ago. Ready-made shirts cost seventeen dollars in Lorry's town, and, after buying two, he said, "That's too much for a guy to pay." After that he said, "I bought

the goods for five dollars, and got a girl to make them for three dollars apiece. She was a cook in the same building where I was janitor, an' she done it fer me in odd minutes. Them georgettes is simply grand; breezes blowin' through you all the time.

"Sure, de girls falls fer me when I wears 'em. They're fine at a dance when ye take off yer coat. This is a free country. I kin wear silk shirts if I wants to, can't I? The boss wears 'em. He ain't no better'n I be.

"Oh, I ain't savin' money; I'm spendin' it. The city can take care uv me if I git sick."

So saying, the dapper youth moved on to the main business of life, which for him was having a good time.

I can hear the voice of Yetta Zolyski moaning: "I wish de fairies would bring me million dollar so I could trow it all over de world; I could spend it like water. I work, work all time an' never hev diamonds nor notings. I buy me bruder out of purgatory. I t'ink—I t'ink—I leave him stay—once—an' buy some t'ings. O God, fergive Yetta—she not mean dat! She—jus' want to buy."

Over on another street in the same city, and on streets in other cities, men and women are throwing millions around for the fun of the thing, money they did not earn, like the steel worker "in hot like hell," and that they do not spend half as sensibly as did the Benson family on their Christmas splurge.

And Yetta, and Lorry, and Bertha, and Anna and the rest hear about it, and say, "They are no better than we are. Why does God give them such a good time?"

When a good time means spending, there are heartaches among the poor; and if we listen, we can hear girlish sobs. Then we choke a little over the clothes "on time," and the little bronze boots, and we cannot find it in our foolish hearts to chide the petty spenders. Certainly not while the Saturnalia goes on "up town."

CHAPTER VII

LAID OFF

YOU have been reading in the papers for months that industries are shutting down entirely, or running on part time, or with only a partial force, but the tragedies underlying such announcements are hidden away. Statistics of unemployment are cold and meaningless. A million out of work, or a half million, announced in headlines, impresses the eye for a fleeting moment, but not the heart, and unless the heart be touched, efforts to make the situation better go slowly. And we must all agree that something should be done to make jobs for the workers more secure. Out of work spells tragedy to tens of thousands in America to-day. Hopes of the young are shattered by such a ruthless thing as business. How can young creatures know that a slump in the price of cotton will dash to the ground their life plans? Cotton rotting on the fields unpicked in Mississippi affects Rosie Cohen working in a shirt factory in Newark? Absurd! The mills of the gods grind on, but the mills in which men and women labor close down when profits are in jeopardy.

Rosie says she cannot understand it. "I lost me

job when me muder was sick in bed, and me fader in jail, and the other children not old enough to work." Her thirteen dollars a week had helped out wonderfully, and kind friends made up the deficit. When she was laid off, she wept till the tears played havoc with her rouge, but, as she said herself, that did not help matters. She went on: "I don't mind bein' fired from one job ef I kin git anoder, but now dere ain't none. I hate dat old machine, but I hate worse to starve. Who's goin' to take keer uv me muder, I'd like to know? Me fader ain't so bad. Dey ketched him brewin', dat was all, and everybody's doin' it. He can't earn money when he's in jail, I'll say. Why did dey shut down? Oh, I hate everythin' and everybody!"

Jan Ivanoff did not understand it either, one day in February when he dragged his big feet over the door sill of his forlorn little cottage.

He said to his wife Meta: "I wanta put bullet tru somebody. How much money ve got?"

" 'Leven dollar," said Meta, after examining the top drawer that served as a bank.

" 'Leven dollar! Hell! An' ve got six chilurn!" thundered Jan, who had no hope in his heart. "Dey post notice mill run half time. Dey kep' some men, an' lay me off, an' I got six chilurn. I shoot! shoot! shoot!"

There was no other work in the neighborhood, and for ten days Jan was most despondent. He kept muttering something about shooting someone.

Then one day he jumped up, screaming, "Hell! Hell!" and shot himself dead before Meta and the children. That was his way out. The poverty-stricken neighbors shared their black bread with Meta, as poverty-stricken neighbors ever do, and she prowled at night around the back doors of the officials of the company in quest of more food. The youngest baby died in March, and now the four-year-old has gone, and Meta has another man in Jan's place. That was her way out. She is only twenty-four, and has never known anything but poverty and misery since the day she was born in far-off Esthonia. She came to America with her parents when she was nine, and her father worked in the same mill with Jan until he was killed in an explosion four years ago.

The axe fell on Ralph Troutmann, too. He is a tool maker born here and he worked nine years, except the time he was in the army, for a subsidiary company of the Steel Corporation in a town in the Middle West. He came home yesterday with heavy feet and lines of sorrow in his face, and answered his mother's greeting with, "I been laid off. I t'ink I jump in de lake." Only three men out of fourteen in his department had been kept on the job, and they got a cut in wages.

Ralph was quite rebellious when I saw him. He said: "Dey should all been kep' on part time at de old rate. But de company wouldn't do dat, because dey knowed dose dey kep' would be glad to

take cut to stay, and den after while all of us got to go back on cut. It's hell."

The Troutmanns are industrious, and all work for the same company, except the mother who does washing and cleaning by the day. The father is a machinist, and the two girls do typing in the office. The girls have had notice of a ten per cent cut in wages to go into effect next week. The Troutmanns own a little home and are thus better able than some others to face the effects of industrial depression.

Ralph finally broke a stubborn silence by saying: "Esther an' I goin' be married nex' month, an' I got two hunderd dollar saved. Now I got to eat it up. Esther was goin' to keep on workin' for a while so we fix up nice, but she got cut twenty cents an hour t'ree weeks ago, an' was laid off yesterday, too."

A few days later, he said: "Esther say we get married, anyway. She can get somet'ing to do. Dere's more chances for girls here now den for men. How could I do dat? Let her feed me! An' I in de army.

"She say, 'Ralph, if de gov'ment von't take care of a soldier, I vill.' She's my sweetie all right, all right, but she can't marry me ven I ain't got no vork. I don't vant no help; I vant vork. Dey shouldn't lay me off. I'm no bum. Someone gotta give me vork."

While Ralph is alternately raving and sulking

about his misfortunes, hear Joe McShane, sitting in a hovel near a mine in a southwestern state:

"Sure I jined the Union. Things couldn't be worse, an' they needed to be better. There's me wife washin', an' the four kids playin' on a dump, an' so black you can't tell 'em from the coal. I want those childern to have a chanct. I want they should have an eddication. I can write me name, an' that's about all. Me wife can't do that. Devil a chanct have I to git anywheres with shtrikes on all the toime. Workin' in a moine's no cinch, but any work's better than nothin'. An' 'Don't picket, or we'll shoot,' they said. I wisht I had a dhrink. Then I'd feel more like meself."

A coal-miner's life is hard under the best conditions, with the long hours underground in grime and foul air. Did you ever clamp the lamp with a burner on your head, and go down a deep shaft into the blackness where water was dripping, dripping, from the walls, and men with black faces beneath a firefly light were picking, pick-picking with their axes in corners of the cavern, and loading their lumps of coal on cars running on narrow tracks, and pulled to the hoists by horses that had not seen daylight for years? And the lamp held low in your hand sometimes caught noxious gas, and you were afraid while it burned, and the blasting in a passage terrified you? Did you think of the sunlight and the air above, and the men who worked long shifts below? I went down a thousand feet into

a coal mine once, and saw all this, although I did not experience the work men were engaged in. Since then I have always felt with Joe McShane that "it's the devil uv a job." My adventure led me where conditions were not particularly good, and the most modern machinery had not been introduced, but they were as good as where many men work to-day. Coal mining is a ghastly occupation, which Joe says brings men to physical ruin; and we know that the long hours give no chance for social development; while the irregular employment is morally as well as financially disastrous. Yet, in spite of all this, something within Joe McShane snapped when he was called off his job. "To work when you don't want to is one thing," Joe maintains, "but to want to work when you can't get nothin' to do, is anither, and puts hate in the human heart!"

Mary Heckler feels the same way about that. She had a job as a stenographer, but she was dropped in March because of an alleged curtailment in orders. She could hardly believe that misfortune had actually come to her. She said: "Business has been brisk for several years, and I have earned as much as forty dollars a week, although I was getting only thirty when the axe fell." Mary is not very competent. Her spelling and punctuation alone unfit her for taking dictation, as I know from personal experience, but the work she had was mechanical, and she got along very well, particularly when her services had scarcity value.

"All I had to do was copy form letters number seven and ten," she mourned. "Sometimes I made mistakes and the boss cussed, but you don't mind that. Men are that way. The next minute they're telling you what a swell stenog. you are.

"Yes, I live at home, but that doesn't make it easy. I always gave half my wages to mother. My sister did that, too, but she was married last winter, and now my brother is married, and that leaves only me to support mother. I told my brother and sister that they had a right to help, but they couldn't see it that way. I wonder what they'd do if I got married? It isn't that I don't like to help mother. I do. But I don't see why getting married should excuse the others.

"I've looked everywhere for another job. I went to a man's office hunting, and he said, 'You're hired. Meet me at Smith's corner to-night at nine, and I'll show you the town.' I up and smashed him in the face and ran. Beast!

"One day I sat on a park bench and cried till my nose was red. More fool I. Who would want me with a headlight like that? Then along comes a kind woman asking me my trouble. She told me to try housework. I told her I wouldn't be any good at that, because I knew nothing about it. Here I am sniveling again. It—beats—all—how—hard—it is—not to cry—when—your heart's broke! There! [stamping her foot], I will not be wasting my powder that way. I s'pose you think I'm nuts

to be acting like this. I wonder if you ever saw your living floating down the bay?

"We were always poor, and mother kept house, and I took care of the younger children, and went to school till I was old enough to work in a factory. I went to business college at night."

Manifestly she knew nothing about the duties to be performed for people who could afford to keep help. But the kind-hearted woman merely echoed what other kind women have been suggesting to other Marys since long before the troubles of the twentieth century bore down upon girls who work for a living.

Another girl that Mary never saw, but whom she wanted to help when she heard her story, is Hannah Lutkin, a waist maker, poor and pinched looking. She told me this: "I'm havin' an awful time; have had no reg'lar work for three months, an' you know I have a baby. She's near a year old now, an' is sayin' words so cute like I could die when I hear her. Everybody's agin' me because I have that baby, but I just won't give her up. I come by her honest; but nobody believes it. How was I to know her father was married before I ever seen him? He come around so nice with his takin' ways, an' oh, I was in love with him! He kissed me—an' it was heaven. Then we got married. I have the paper that says so, an' the minister signed it. We got a room an' kep' house, an' I just tread on air for two months. Then, one night—oh, how can I

tell it?—his wife come in sudden with a policeman, an' I ain't never seen him since. Ain't I got a right to me baby? It was awful hard for a while, but the hospital people was kind. They wanted me to give her away, but I kep' her. I was wet nurse there fer a while. Some girls I knew made fun of me, an' said they wouldn't be cow to no rich people. But I didn't feel that way about it. The doctors said I was healthy an' it was a good thing to do.

"No, I can't get work in a fact'ry no more, but I t'ink I like to go on farm an' do housework so's I could have the baby with me. Isn't dere some way de law could git us de work we can do? I don't want me baby to starve. My God! she won't starve. Neder do I want to steal, but what is dere for me?"

The odds now are that little young Hannah will steal, and, being a novice, she will be caught. And the baby—?

Young Freida Svenlund is out of work, too. She sewed by hand on beautiful garments for the rich. No horrible machines were allowed to go pounding through fine fabrics in the shop where she worked. Freida sewed well, but she hated the rules which forbade her speaking, and she hated the opaque windows. She used to say, "Sometimes I t'ink my heart would break if I could not talk." And now she is laid off, and I fear her heart will break, the young, young heart of Freida, who is only seven-

teen, and who has no home but that which she provides for herself. "It's hard to save money," she says, "and anyway, what's de use? In a year, I could not save what would keep me two weeks."

Among the jobless in Chicago in June was John Lahoda, a quarrelsome man at the best of times, but grown quite desperate as the weeks of unemployment succeeded one another. He had worked for some time in a chemical plant, but when that closed down, as nothing else opened up to him, he undertook to do the housework and care for the children while his wife went out scrubbing. This situation preyed on John's mind. He felt himself only half a man because he was doing his woman's work, and the neighbors often heard them quarreling. One night, half crazy with anger and drink, he beat his poor wife with the broom. He was in the grip of an overpowering jealousy. Here was a woman, the wife of his bosom, whom the age-old traditions of his people made him despise, and she had a job, while he had not. She gave him carfare to go to the lodge, and other small sums for his personal use, but there was something very wrong about it. Of that he was sure. "For why dat factory close?" he asked over and over again. "I vork dere for eight year, before Marie was born." And three children had died and the last baby had come all in one year, but he had always had a job, and it is so much easier to meet hardships when one

has a job. The three rooms in his home contained only a few chairs, a table, a bed, and a box where Marie and baby William slept, yet it was his home after all when he had his own pay envelope, but now?—"I t'ink I hate me vife," he confided to a friend one day.

A few nights ago John killed his wife, and then shot himself. The neighbors, hurrying in, found the children crying over the mother and the father who answered them not: the children who must now go their way alone. A neighbor woman, in very broken English, proclaimed that a man should have work. An honest man should not have his living taken away from him. Someone must pay, was the thread of the argument which was interrupted by the coming of the police. The Lahodas are gone, and their children are in an institution supported by charity. The neighbor woman screamed when they took Marie and William away; she wanted to keep them. But how could she with her own four, and her husband out of work? Passers-by said she was crazy, but the policeman on the beat knew better, because he was used to tragedies in that neighborhood.

The American born children of the Lahodas will soon forget the young parents who went out of their lives with such startling suddenness, and they will get along some way without the mother who fondled them one minute and slapped them the next. They will get along, but I wonder if they, too, when

they are grown will have to meet the horrors of unemployment.

Then there is George Noloff, who lives in a large manufacturing town, and is now idle every day. Theresa, his wife, says: "Bein' laid off is the worstest luck thet kin come to a man. My man lost his job before de war, an' he hes never wanted to work sence. He was in de army a year, an' seen I could take keer of de fambly widout him, an' now he jus' leave me do it. 'I should worry,' he says."

It is true that George's attitude toward unemployment is one of nonchalant unconcern. The bread of idleness does not choke him, especially if it is well buttered.

Theresa talks sometimes of leaving her mate. She says: "I t'ink I git divorce, but it cost so much —twenty-five dollar, a woman tell me. A man isn't wirt it. Where could I git all dat money, I wants to know? And anyways, I likes dat George some days, an' de childern does need a fader!"

In a town where smokestacks rise to the sky, and thousands of men are employed, nine hundred were laid off one day in November. Among them was Louis Tilton, who had a young wife and baby at home. Louis couldn't tell Nella the fateful night, she was so happy and full of her little Christmas plans. The baby, too, gurgled "Da-da" and clung to his father's legs for support for his uncertain steps. Nella fairly beamed. She said, a little apologetically, "You know a man likes to

have somethin' tackin' along callin' him papa."

In telling the whole story afterwards in court whither he had been summoned for stealing an automobile, Louis said: "I jes' couldn't tell my wife that day I was let out for fear she might think less uv me, an' I love my Nella, an' we was so happy. I made up my mind she'd never know. I'd go out mornin's as usual, an' come home the same time. I did that for two weeks, drawin' our small savin's from the bank to take home. But that wouldn't work long, I seen. Then I got in with some fellers —'twan't their fault no more'n mine—an' we put over a few jobs. Made more'n a night than I got at the mill in a week. I s'pose I got heady over it, takin' so much money home to my little girl. Told her I had a new job with a raise. I could jes' see her, in my dreams, settin' like a lady doin' nothin'. That was to keep up my nerve. We had a fine Christmas, with a tree an' all for the baby jus' as Nella planned.

"We pulled the stuff all right till last week when we bungled with the car. I helped steal it. I never woulda done it if I coulda got work. Judge, be easy on me fer my wife an' baby. I'll do honest work if someone will give it to me."

"Six months," said the judge. On hearing that, a little young creature holding a baby very tight stood up and screamed, and fell moaning to the floor.

"Nice story," said a spectator. "I don't suppose

that gink ever lost his job, or has any wife or baby. Justice must be done."

The owner of the stolen car, the president of a soulless corporation, looked up Nella and her baby boy, and found that the story was true. He became their big brother, but what he did is another story—the story of a capitalist with a man's heart, and there are many of them. If there were not, our acquisitive society with its trail of unemployment would be more hellish than it is.

Fathers are hanging their heads to-day because they cannot get work. Despondency and despair are the lot of most of these men. The "laying-off" process goes on, and a newspaper item is all the attention it gets. They told us yesterday that forty thousand woolen workers were thrown out of employment, and to-day we see that twelve thousand men in steel mills are out of their jobs, and to-morrow we shall see that thirty thousand more will have no pay envelopes this week. The idle poor are living tragedies each day. While their hopes are being wrecked, the eyes of some are searching the horizon for a way of salvation. Not in meekness are they accepting a situation that imperils the future of their children. Mutterings of discontent much louder than Ralph Troutmann's and Rosie Cohen's may be heard by anyone who takes the trouble to listen. By the sweat of their faces they are willing to eat, but not in contentment will they starve.

CHAPTER VIII

WHERE COLOR LINES ARE DRAWN

THE northward trek of negroes from Dixie during the war precipitated a million or more additional human beings into the slough of poverty in industrial cities. Work was abundant when the negroes came, it is true, but it was of short duration for many of them, since with the armistice came discriminatory changes. Besides this, the difference between plantation labor in the South and industrialism in the North was too great for the negro to compass in a short time. "Dat time clock sho' give me shell shock," said Tom Jamison, called Jimmison for short, as he came reeling out of a button factory. Being a man with a hoe was more to his liking, for a hoe is a prop to the weary, and dinner time is the only time heeded where he came from. To tend a machine that cut buttons from bone looked like silly work to Tom when he started, but he soon felt himself a prisoner with all the restrictions placed upon him. No song, no merry laughter as he toiled, only the roar of machines. But the wages were four times what he had ever earned with his hoe, and Lila, his wife, sat at home like a lady.

Tom is the one who sits at home now; he has had

no job for six months. Lila works in a restaurant for the luncheon hour, and gets nine dollars a week. For the rest, they use their small savings from the button factory, and manage to keep the little girl in school. They live in one room, of course, but cooking privileges go with it. They have also climbing privileges not in the contract, for they are on the seventh floor, and the elevator has been dead since negroes moved in.

Jane Jamison came from South Carolina, too, because her brother came. She, also, must live in the land of great riches. Her first job was in a laundry where mayhap she removed from the garments she washed, buttons Tom had made. Jane was old and slow and could not see very well, but she earned fifteen dollars a week and had time to go to church regularly. She lived with "Sister" Sloane and was happy till one day a year ago when she was run down by a motor truck on her way from work. The driver took her to the city hospital, where she lay for weeks while her poor old bones were knitting. Finally she tried walking again with the help of crutches, but it was hard and uncertain motion. One day Sister Sloane "carried" Jane home and started a damage suit against the company owning the truck. A lawyer took the case on a fifty-fifty basis, and last week he advised Jane to settle for two hundred dollars—one for her, the other for him.

The onus of the accident was shifted from a care-

less driver to Jane's poor eyesight and addled head. Two hundred dollars! And she had had visions of two thousand. Now her part must go to Sister Sloane, and there is nothing but the poorhouse left for her. But wait!

There is someone by her side saying: "Janie, ah ain't got much but you-all kin come an' stay at mah house. De day bed kin stan' in a pass way where you-all kin sleep. De bedrooms is full of roomers an' de fambly has de oder rooms, but you-all is as welcome as de sunshine. We hasn't much, but we dun brung our hearts wid us from ole South Ca'lina. An', Janie, what food dere is is you-all's, too, or de good Lawd strike mah daid." This is the voice of a neighbor who is herself perilously near the financial breaking point.

The brother is as sorry as he can be, but what can he do? He says: "Poor Janie, she didn't get all hers when brains was handed out, an' now her legs is gone bad. Ah'd a took her if ah could, but ah hasn't got no place for her, an' ah hasn't no work, nohow."

But Janie is happy now helping around the house of her good angel. Any time of day the neighbors can hear her quavering, cracked voice singing:

"Nero mah Gode to Dee, Nero to Dee.
E'en dough it be a gross dat raisufs me,
Still all mah song shell be
Nero mah Gode to Dee, Nero to Dee."

John Irby with his wife Grace, aged twenty, and four children, including the twins, came North when others were coming, and had high hopes of a fortune. As they were stepping from the train, Grace pulled at John's coat, saying, "Doan fergit 'bout mah false teeth."

"Ah can't get yo no false teeth now," answered John.

"You said yo git mah teeth if ah come Nawth wid yo. Isn't we Nawth?" nagged Grace.

"Wait, niggah woman, till ah make some money," replied John.

But John did not get the money for new teeth to replace the ugly remnants of what nature gave Grace. It took all he could make for food and shelter.

"Ah'm a good painter, but de union won't 'low mah to work," he lamented. "Ah got mah a job janit'ring in a paint factory an' dey gib us tree dark rooms to live in. In de spring Grace has anoder baby, an' was mad as de debble. She say she doan want dat chile. Ah tell her God sen' it, an' she slap me in de face. Niggah wimmin sho is awful at sich times!"

Grace made things so hot for John that he finally borrowed money for the new teeth, and she agreed to stay with him a while longer. But the iron entered her soul while she was adventuring with dentists. No one, it seemed, made teeth for negroes. Finally she got them in ornate "parlors" where she

received scant courtesy. The friend who went with her was always hastily escorted from the waiting-room, to a dark, hot passage to a toilet. The plate did not fit, but the "parlors," having been paid in advance, would do nothing. Before she got teeth that were useful as well as ornamental, there was another son, and Grace treked back to the cotton fields with her bags and her babies, leaving John to shift for himself. They are together again now in an Ohio town, where for a time John made a dollar an hour at his trade. They took a trip in the summer on the two hundred dollars they had saved.

"We sho had one grand time honeymoonin' all over de worl'. We took de chilluns along, an' visited all de people we knowed," John announced with a broad smile.

Work at this season is slack, but they have memories of a joyous journey that took in five cities, and innumerable cousins. Life is more than work, and the spirit must have its satisfactions.

Among the very poor, merry hearts abound to take the edge from poverty. Dejection and depression are the lot of a sodden soul and have little to do with dollars and cents!

One of the happiest people of any color I ever met is Thomasine May, who is happy in spite of the fact that her cupboard is usually in the state of old Mother Hubbard's. Her husband, she says, is "sho one lazy nigger" but he has "dem good looks," which count for much with Thomasine. For such

an ornament she is willing to pay the price of long hard days' labor. In her city, work for men is scarce, but there is always washing and scrubbing for women. When her last baby was born, Thomasine nearly lost her life from lack of suitable care, but her spirits never failed her. She told me, a little apologetically: "Ah call dat baby girl Abraham Lincoln. Ah knew a woman onct by dat name who was called A. L. and it sounded real swell." When I suggested, ever so gently, that perhaps the name did not fit the sex of the baby, she countered: "Oh, well, poor people can't be too partic'lar, and anyway, ah hadn't time to read novels to get, in a manner of speakin', rheumatic names for mah children, as some do." But Thomasine has romance in her soul if not in the names of her offspring. If "A. L." grows up to be as good a "suds-buster" as her mother, the country will be the better for her having lived; and will never miss the "Gwendolyn" she might have been.

"No one wants the colored man for a neighbor, not even at a bathin' beach," said Ada Taylor to me just after a race riot in the city where we both lived. "What are we to do? A preacher says we are only monkeys with a handy gift of speech, but even so they would not let us in the zoo, and I don't want my decent children livin' in the places I can rent. And," continuing, "it's good for us poor folks there's a heaven; the rich don't need it."

Ada carries burdens that entitle her to canoniza-

tion. Only thirty years old now, she is the sole support of a paralyzed husband, a baby of three, a stepdaughter of eleven, and two mothers. At day's work she can make a maximum of thirty dollars a week, and have Sunday at home, with wages at five dollars a day as they are now where she lives. She is philosophical about her misfortunes, the greatest of which is her husband. Speaking of marriage, she says, "A workin' girl might as well take anyone that comes along. Look at me; I could have been married a dozen times, but I was doin' what you might call pickin', and look what I drew!"

Ada is unusually intelligent and uses her "natural wits," not having the advantage of "educational wits." "God gave me some brains, and it's up to me to use 'em," she maintains. "If I'd only had a chance at them books that makes some folks so wise, I'd shake the lights out of hard times." Then, "Any times is hard times for us, though. It doesn't matter what wages we make, they take it all away from us. When I had six dollars a week in a gum factory, I spent it all, and when I have thirty dollars a week in the wash tub, I spend it all. I s'pose if I had fifty, I'd spend it all, too. There's some trick to get it back from us."

Ada lives in an abandoned red-light district house where the water tank bursts on occasions and inundates the rooms, and the rats are so thick that it is a problem to kill those that are caught. When they

try drowning, the howls are heartrending. The landlord's suggestion was that they burn them in a bucket. And the rent is sixty-five dollars a month for five rooms, rats included. "I can't see anything in my sleep but yelling, burning rats," she says.

Is it any wonder Heaven looks good to Ada? She insists that houses are turned over to colored people only after they are unfit for white occupancy, or because the neighborhood has run down below the level of decency. She said to me one day: "You don't know what it means to run into a prostitute every time you go out." Then, apologetically, "Excuse me for usin' that word: I s'pose you don't know what a prostitute is. I'll never be that," she went on, "if we all have to be burned like the rats. The Scripture says to put your trust in God and you'll come out all right."

The invalid husband in Ada's family is shown great consideration by men in his church, who are struggling with their own financial problems. Two of them go to him twice a week to bathe and shave him. It may be two coal heavers to-day, and two street cleaners the next time, but kind hearts make their rough hands gentle. And occasionally they carry him down the long flights of stairs in a wheel chair for a little trip outdoors. Ada says, "People is the outdoinest when they set out to be kind.

"I nearly lost my faith once, though," she told

me. "It was when I started out to work when the baby was a month old, and my husban' was in the hospital. There was no place for me to leave the baby, and I walked the streets of the city lookin' for a day nursery that would keep a colored child, and there wasn't a one. Oh, I cried all right one day. I wished I was dead, but that didn't help matters any. Then I found a woman livin' at home who said she'd keep her for me. I had to walk nine blocks in the mornin' and the same at night to take her there and get her. She felt heavy sometimes, carryin' her so far when I was tired, but she'd look up at me and smile and her so little, it just got my heart. She knowed her mother was workin' for her.

"Oh, I did that two months, then I took him home from the hospital and his mother came to look after him, and I left the baby with her, but I was always afraid somethin' would happen, so I carried the baby down to Missouri to my mother to raise when she was six months old."

The baby is three years old now, and the family reunited. Ada says of the baby: "She is as busy as a bee in a tar bucket all day, always sayin', 'Lemme do that, lemme try.' She feeds her father, and runs back and forth to the toilet when he needs things. She sure is a comfort to me. I may say she is an Adeline's lamp to my feet. Some people ask me don't I wish she was a boy to take care of me when I am old. I don't. I ain't so stuck on

men folks as that. Believe me; they don't do nothin' for you. When we got her, we didn't need either kind, but since she come, I'm glad she's a girl. Girls is so reasonable."

Ada is an extreme individualist. Some people tried to form a union of colored day workers and asked her to join. Her reply was: "Nothin' doin'. I ain't a-goin' to pay nobody nothin' to tell me when to quit!"

Of the three million negroes in the North at the present time, only about half of them came from the South in the recent migration. But whether old or new in our industrial centers, they all find color lines everywhere that interfere more or less with their economic advancement. Agnes Quick, for instance, was born in the North, and learned to be a stenographer, but it took her two years to get a job because employers objected to her color. In the meantime she had to wash dishes, peel potatoes or do anything else she could. Her father is a waiter in a hotel, and her mother takes in washing, but the two boys are out of work. The father, like his fellow waiters, has to "lay off" one dinner and two lunches each week in order that the staff may be kept intact. He thinks half a loaf is better than no bread. His wages are ten dollars a week with tips amounting to about the same. But that did not leave much margin when he was taken down with rheumatism. Now that Agnes has a steady job, the family feels more secure. They do not know that Agnes is plan-

ning to marry a hollow-chested young chauffeur in a couple of months.

The fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom seems to be implanted in the colored man's heart, but this does not keep Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Jackson from hating the immigrant with unholy zeal. "We are Americans, and dey take work away from us," they say. "We get de leavin's. Jus' as soon as dose Polaks and Swedes and Dagoes show dere faces, out we goes. Dey chase de cullud people from de mines and factories and stock yards and tenements, and we got de best rights."

For such reasons they are enthusiastic about the movement to establish a negro republic in Africa. The economic, political, and physical difficulties in the way of its achievement, they wave grandly aside with the statement that the meek shall inherit the earth. Africa is earth, negroes are meek, therefore. They have already saved two milk bottles full of pennies for the cause, and their eyes see over the rats and roaches in their dwelling into a future where the black man rules. They dream of the slogan: "An African Republic—Forty Million Negroes—One Republic."

The Collins family are not much concerned with Liberia; Harlem is more to their liking. When Tom has no work, Effie takes a hand, and between them they manage to keep things going, but they won't spend money on Africa. Effie says: "I likes

to live where I can go to church on Sunday. I loves to go steppin' down the aisle with this, that, and the other one greetin' me. I sure does feel somethin' grand." For that privilege she will willingly pay out pennies in the collection plate, even though the landlord must wait for his rent. And when eviction comes, she finds the church a very present help in time of trouble.

Tom, who is fifty-one, would rather buy clothes for Effie, who is twenty-six and gay, than pay rent, anyway. He always remembers that when Effie was a little girl she had nothing to wear but what was given to her deserted mother by kind ladies for whom she worked. And once it was a white elephant in the form of a bright red cashmere dress, which she and her sister Mary had to wear, turn about despite their tears, when other children wore white. "Dem young hearts wuz broke at dat time," says Tom, "an' I steal if I mus' to get clos' for Effie now. Come here, honey, to yo ol' man. He's got a hat in his pocket fo' yo. I laff till I bus' if yo doan take dis money away from me. Twenty dollars for a hat! Haw! Haw!"

In the black belt, wherever it is, ministers are preaching righteousness to their flocks. Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Jackson, beating his breast and the pulpit alternately, called out: "Brudders an' sisters, hell fire will sure lick yo up ef yo doan put yo minds on things infernal. Yo is wedded to de flesh while de spirit waits. Yo is no better dan white folks.

Yo is giben ober to vanities. De white wimmin stan' all day an' put kinks in dere hair wid hot irons, an' fix it till it bush out big. De culled wimmin stan' all day an' wid straightenin' irons take out de kinks God put in dere hair, an' make it lie down slick. An' white an' black paint de faces de Almighty gib 'em, when He meant dey should use soap an' water. Oh, wicked an' adulterous generation, what yo doin' adulteratin' yo'selves lak dat?"

And on the way out Tom is there saying: "Brudder Jackson, yo sho gib us de truth. Mortal man could ax no mo'. Wimmin is de great transgreshors. Dey is silly; dat is what makes 'em wimmin. Had it not bin for dem, we all'd be in de Garden ob Eben to-day, but de serpent, dat is de straightenin' an' curlin' iron, com 'long an' out we goes."

"Here you, Tom," calls Effie, "let's walk down de street where de hats is. Ah'm daid tired hearin' 'bout how bad wimmin is, huh!"

"Effie, lil' chile, we walk down de street lookin' up at de sky where God is, 'stead of in de shops where hats is."

"Tom, yo fool niggah, dat man jes' talk to hear hisself, not for folks to b'lieve. Doan yo bury mah till ah'm daid."

They are standing now eating ice cream cones and gazing hungrily at gew-gaws in a shop window while Rev. Mr. Jackson is making converts in another quarter. And Tom is singing:

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis' so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow."

Of all our compatriots within the boundary lines of poverty, none are more hopeful than the black people. In spite of the color lines that are drawn in so many places, their eyes are ever toward the morning, and when they sing "Swing low, sweet chariot comin' for to carry me home," they believe the chariot will come to carry them off from hard times and roaches and rats to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

CHAPTER IX

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

"WELL, whadda ya know about that?" exclaimed Zaida Ladau when she came home from work one night and found her household goods on the street. "Look at the childern an' the kitten asleep on the table. Of course, I'm back in the rent. I ain't paid fer four months. He didn't ought to charge so much, an' me with a sick husban' in the hospital an' four childern. I ain't got no money to pay. You wait till I ketch him."

"Him" to Zaida meant the landlord, who in her case was a thrifty neighbor. She pulled her few belongings together, talking all the time to the little group that had gathered around to commiserate with her. Some of them knew what it meant to find their household goods thrown out for non-payment of rent.

"Now," she said, "I'm goin' to see him. Come on."

On they went, and Zaida, bursting like a fury upon her landlord, screamed: "Ya put me on the street did ya? I'l teach ya how to treat a woman who ain't got no husban' to perteck her."

Blows from her big fists fell fast upon the unre-

generate landlord's head. He was no match for the Amazonian Zaida, strengthened by the moral support of her friends, and was soon limp on the floor.

"Take that, an' that, an' that, ya sheeny," she cried. "I ain't scared to kick ya, even if me husban' ain't here to perteck me. Look at me clos' ya tore off. Ya'll pay fer this, fightin' a lone woman ya turned on the street. Perlice! Perlice!" as the landlord continued to struggle. The others took up the cry, "Perlice! Perlice!" till a bluecoat appeared at the door.

"Look what this sheeny done ter me," raged Zaida, "me that's got a sick husban'. Pickin' on a lone woman. 'Rest him, 'rest him," she yelled, turning to give a few finishing touches to his other eye before the officer could interfere.

The case looked bad for the undersized landlord, as he was dragged out to the wagon to explain about it at the station.

"Now whadda ya know about that, pickin' on a poor, lone woman?" exclaimed Zaida to her admiring followers as they all went back to the pile of furniture. "Now we'll break in the door, an' put the things back. The nerve uv him!

"We'll see who'll sleep in the jail. Ishkabibbel what they does with him! He beat ma up an' tore ma clos', didn't he?"

It did not take willing hands long to restore to their accustomed places Zaida's few belongings.

Long before the battered landlord had made his peace with the law, and had returned to his home a sadder and a shrewder man, Zaida had said her last "Whadda ya know about that? Pickin' on a lone woman!" and was sleeping peacefully, her door barred, secure against intrusion.

John Polichek found his things on the sidewalk one night, too, and his three motherless children were crying bitterly, for it was cold. He had been warned three times that this might happen, but the rent was still unpaid. "Oh!" he said, "I'd kill de lan'lor' ef I find him." But his landlord was a company living far away, and windows and door had been barricaded by the bailiff against his return. "Where I go now?" he demanded. "Me wife lef' me tree mon's ago, an' never come back yet. She say she got tired, an' me so slow. She want clos' an' fun, not childs an' work. An' she die wit'out shows. She tell me she go. I come home one night an' she gone. Now I come home, an' me home gone. Oh, hell!"

Just at that moment, a woman with a shawl over her head came out and we heard her: "Mr. Polichek, ya bring de childern, an' stay wit' us to-night. Me man'll help ya wit' de bed clos'. We ain't much room, but we kin always crowd in a neighbor. Dey had no business to put ya out. How kin anyone pay rent, I want to know."

"Gawd, but youse kind, Mis. Sadowski. I didn't know where to go."

A little later, ten were seated around the Sadowski board, and Mrs. Sadowski was saying to her husband: "We only got two rooms, Georg, but what ya say ef we keep Mr. Polichek. He don't know where to go wit' dose childern. We might be put out some day, ya know."

"Ja, sure," replied Georg. "We bring in de tings, huh, John?"

"Hush up childern. Dere ain't no more coffee," in an aside from Mrs. Sadowski. Then she continued: "Dose childern uv yours, Mr. Polichek, needs a mudder. I'm home now, Georg has work, an' I look after 'em. We should help one anoder wit' rent an' tings so high, an' never knowin' how long dere'll be work."

"Jus' wen ya tink ya jump in de lake, an' ya ain't no home!" Then John's head went down on his arms on the table, and he shook with sobs. "Ja, ya tink ya jump in de lake—den—comes de door uv—heaven—swingin' open to ya."

"Gotta pipe?" inquired Georg. "Here's some 'bacca."

"Lay down ya childern an' go sleep," commanded Mrs. Sadowski, as she ostentatiously blew her nose. Then: "Jus' make yerself at home, Mr. Polichek. De house is yours."

Turning away, we want to hang over the door the old-fashioned motto, "Home, Sweet Home."

Here is a home in a basement room. There is water on the floor because it rained last night. On

a bed in a corner the mother lies ill with influenza, and a little dead baby is beside her. Two other children are fighting on the floor, while the father and three men are playing poker at a small table. The door opens and a visiting nurse from a nearby mission comes in. Then the mother begins to shriek: "Baby, baby, baby! Oh, baby! Dead—dead—dead! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The nurse said later: "I tried to clean up a little, the filth was terrible. Then I went for an undertaker. When I got back, the men were still playing cards, and the mother crying. I tried to shame the drunken father, but he would only say, 'Such fuss fer a kid. She'll soon get anoder.' "

Finally the other men slunk out, saying in very broken English that they "did not know the kid was dead."

The twenty-year-old mother followed her baby that night, and the children were taken to an institution, before the father was sober enough to know what had really happened.

In another home you hear: "Come in, Mis. Swanson, an' I'll make a cup o' coffee an' tell you about me dee-vorce. I got it all right, all right. You betcha I did." It is the voice of Julia Novak, who is twenty-three. "I married that gink three years ago, an' what has he done for me? I ask you. Lef' me in six months, me with a baby comin', an' I'se kep' up this flat with roomers an' workin' ever since. Three lumps? It's not been easy, I'll say.

Friends helped me with the baby or I couldn't'a done it. I found out that he had another wife, anyway, but I went to court, an' had it fixed so's the baby'll know when she grows up that her mother was dee-vorced good an' proper.

"Yes, it cost twenty dollars. That's what I'm comin' at. It seems a lot to spend on a man that lef' you, but, Mis. Swanson, Tom Creer that rooms with me paid it. An' Mis. Swanson, him an' me went over the state line last night an' was married! Have some more coffee? That's what I wanted to tell you about me dee-vorce.

"I just love Tom, an' I know he's on the square. He helped me nights keepin' the books in me little shop in front. Now he wants that I sell out the shop. It sure would be nice to have a reg'lar home an' stay in it. Tom has a good job now. I'll bring him over to see you some day. Must you be goin'? Well! S'long, Mis. Swanson."

"Now, wouldn't that get you?" whispers Mrs. Swanson on her way home. "She never had no husban' to get dee-vorced from. Apin' the rich, I say it is. Girls like that'll never come to no good."

There was crape on the hearts, if not on the sleeves, of two young homemakers in a big eastern city one night last June because the bride of a year was taken to jail. This is her story:

"I'm seventeen and I'm from the country. Last year I married Tom Jenkins from home. He hasn't much pay, but he has great lots of friends, and they

thought it was great to come to our little home. I'd cook dinners and we'd all go to a dance hall or a show. But we didn't have money enough for that. We got behind with the rent and in debt everywhere, so I took a job as cashier in a store at eight dollars a week. Things went better for a while, but the crowd of boys and girls kept coming, and we just had to go out with them and spend. Soon we were as bad off as ever.

"I got to thinking about all the money that went through my hands every day, and me getting only eight dollars a week. One morning I slipped a hundred in my waist, and in the afternoon, I took four hundred and quit. I told Tom my Aunt Ella died and sent it to me. Then we had the grandest time for three weeks. I never thought they'd find me, because they didn't have my right name or address or anything, but last night the police nabbed me at a dance hall, and here I am in jail talking to you behind bars."

There she was in the women's miserable quarters in the basement, crying as if her heart would break. But she finally continued the story.

"They wouldn't let Tom come. He doesn't know I did it. Oh, my heart will break if he stops caring for me!"

Then, turning, she said fiercely: "They shouldn't let us handle so much money, when we get so little. If we'd only been satisfied!"

Now she has time to think it all over. The gay

companions who were her undoing have scattered, and Tom, who finally reached his young wife, and found that the charge against her was true, swallowed poison and died later in the city hospital. The fires on their altar have burned out; their household gods are destroyed; all that is left is a broken home.

"What do folks want with so much room is what I'd like to know," said Rosie Schneider, as she shook out a sheet she had just wrung by hand over her washtub in the steamy kitchen. "Four rooms is all ve needs, an' six childern ve got. Janie, she alvays talkin' 'bout vantin' place fer her beau. I say 'Take him to valk yet, an' he take you to a show.' I don't vant no beaus settin' 'round here. The next two is boys, an' de rest is too young to be tinkin' uv beaus. Gimme boys. Girls is trouble, alvays fixin' an' vantin' someting. Janie's good girl, dough. She vork in box fact'ry an' bring me her vages reg'lar. De boys bring me dere's, too, and de ole man ven he has any. Drink's de curse uv him.

"Lady," she went on, "ef ever you know a man wit de drink habit on him, take de oder side uv de street. Let him go his way 'lone. Don't hear him ef he say nice tings to you. Looka me! Every cent me man earn he drink up.

"He can't git it now? Jus' as easy as ever he could, only it cost more, dat's all. I tink sometimes [shaking out another sheet] I b'lieve in hangin' men dat sells booze.

"Oh, ja, it vould be hard on dere fam'lies, but dey ain't got no right to fam'lies. Neder has men vat drinks. I tells me boys I'll beat dere brains out if ever dey drink. An' dat foolish Janie, vat you know, she come home one night mit a fella you could smell his bref across de river. I says, 'Janie, dat'll do fer you. You do dat once more an' I beat you.' A girl sixteen year old an' ain't got no more sense, mit de fader she's got.

"Sure, I beat her fader ven he come home drunk. He's me husban', ain't it?

"Why, I couldn't quit him, an' leave de childern mitout a fader. An' den he von't quit. Vat could I do?"

Rosie Schneider has finished her washing, gossiped with the neighbors, polished off her lares and penates, and is sitting down to await the coming of the lord and master of the home. "If he's sober, so much de better," she says.

Poor people come very close to one another in their family and neighborhood relationships. There is not room for reserve. Therefore, when a taxi drew up at Minna Hoag's door one day, everybody wanted to know about it. "How come?" said they. "A friend sent me home," said Minna. "I was tired when me work was done in the office, and a friend called a taxi."

"Did, huh!" said they, "an' does your husban' know your fren'?"

The husband knew all about it that night, for the

neighbors told him, and he and Minna had a sad quarrel. "You're jealous, you are," said Minna. "I don't even know me friend's name. I made a date with him for to-morrow, an' I never intended to keep it. I just wanted a ride—an' Joe, I was goin' to tell you—but they told you first. Joe, you love me, don't you? I wasn't doin' anythin' wrong. Don't believe 'em, Joe. I've been your wife six months an' ain't I been good? Don't believe 'em Joe, don't believe 'em."

This was the first quarrel in a little one-room home, but Minna and Joe managed not to smash their idols. They went to work as usual in the morning, and late in the afternoon a taxi again drew up at their home. Minna and Joe got out. "How come?" asked the neighbors. "Minna an' me had a ride, same's we was newlyweds," replied Joe casually. "Now we're gonna get supper, an' then we're goin' to a show."

"Ridin' in taxis," snorted one woman. "I'd ruther put me money in insurance an' hev an ottermobile fun'ral. Ten cents a week will get a swell one."

"That Minna'll never come to no good," said another, "leadin' her husban' 'roun' by the nose."

"You go to hell," said a man on the step, removing his pipe long enough to make this contribution to the neighborly discussion.

"Papa! papa!" and "God be mussiful! God be mussiful!" screamed to the accompaniment of a

noise like scantling falling from a pile, awoke me one night while I was sojourning in a dingy building that housed a miscellaneous population. We were on a very narrow street in a very big city. It was a woman crying, "Papa! Papa!" and a man calling, "God be mussiful! God be mussiful!" The sounds came from across the hall, and seemed to be coming nearer. I got up and, taking my big dog by the collar, went out to meet the worst. The man and woman were then in the hall in night clothes, crying out their slogans as each stepped nimbly to avoid the blows of the other. They were armed with laths from a pile left for repair purposes. These were my neighbors. Ann Pfeffer, fat and middle-aged, Mr. Pfeffer, tall, spare, and elderly, were the active combatants. Three children from ten to fourteen years of age were standing big eyed in the doorway when I appeared.

Smack, smack, went Ann's lath. "You beat my child, will you? Papa, take that, that, that, and that. I show you to come home drunk." Smack, smack.

"God be mussiful! God be mussiful!" Then seeing me, "Call off that dog. Call off that dog, I beg you," bawled Mr. Pfeffer, vainly beating the air with his weapon, and trying to climb the wall with wobbly feet.

"The artist feller" hanging over the stairs called down, "Sounds like someone's happy home was going smash."

"I called the perlice," put in a practical ice-wagon driver.

"You mind your own business," shrieked Mrs. Pfeffer, placing her two hundred pounds more advantageously as regarded the chastisement of "Papa." So nimbly did they jump and strike that I could think only of a dance on burning bricks. We remained spectators, for it was evident that mother needed no help and that something was coming to father. The dog, who had not taken sides in the family controversy, growled savagely when the officer of the law appeared. "Call off your beast," ordered the bluecoat.

"Mussiful God! call her off yourself," roared Mr. Pfeffer from his corner. "I'm a gen'lman bein' beat up by his wife."

"Officer, he's nothin' but a good-for-nothin' old sot," defended Mrs. Pfeffer. "He come in home drunk, and lay hands on my boy Tom here.

"No. He ain't the childern's father. We was married last summer out in the country. He made me sell our little place, but we et that up long ago. Then we come here to janitor, and this is the way he acts. I wisht my other man Moses was livin'. No such carryin's on with him."

"I wisht he was livin', too," groaned Mr. Pfeffer, stroking his shins.

"He can't come back in here no more," announced his wife, as he started for their own door.

"Throw him his clos'," came a voice from the stairway, "an' give him a fifty-foot start."

The policeman, coming nearer to me, asked, "Is that beast safe?"

"No, she ain't," yelled father.

I made my peace with the officer of the law on the basis of nationality by properly introducing my genial Irish setter. In the meantime, Mr. Pfeffer got his fifty-foot start, and the policeman said to Ann: "You git in home there, an' don't let me hear any more noise from you. Nice janitor you are, wakin' people up in the middle of the night."

Then, "Call the station, folks, if there's any more trouble."

"Another home broke," said "the artist feller" in a stage whisper.

"Dead broke," sniffed the ice-man.

I went home, but naturally enough could not sleep. At four o'clock I peeped out of the window and saw Mr. Pfeffer, in all his tall dignity, leaning against a tree across the street, looking earnestly at the windows of his former habitation, doubtless saying to himself, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

As "the artist feller" went out in the morning, he called through my door, "All's quiet along the Potomac."

The only reference Mrs. Pfeffer ever made to the episode was: "He ain't worth gettin' a divorce from. He knows better'n to come back."

The world seems to be full of broken homes and half-made homes.

A very human business man who employed much unskilled labor discovered one day that a furnace stoker, a lank, ungainly creature, had a caller every afternoon in the person of a young, dressy, and attractive girl. The difference in their appearance was so great that his interest was aroused. After some inquiry, he learned that the two were living together, without benefit of clergy, in a little flat in the neighborhood. In fact, the uncouth man boasted about their irregular relationship. Then the visits ceased for some time. Later the employer learned there was a baby, and determined that the curse of illegitimacy should be removed from the child. The stoker was obdurate when sounded upon the question by his foreman, although the girl was willing. "All right," said the employer when hearing the report, "we'll kidnap him, and marry him out of hand. Have him brought to my office, and I'll arrange details."

In due course, the stoker appeared at the mahogany desk, and in answer to the question, "Why don't you want to marry the mother of your child when you are living with her?" replied: "I wants freedom. Ya marry ya vife an' she stops treatin' ya right. She quits, but she's on the pay roll yet. Ja. I know. I had two vifes. I wants to be free."

After much persuasion, however, he consented to

have a ceremony performed on account of the child, and the knot was tied in the private office.

That business man would have it so because he thought of his own little children prattling joyously in their happy home. "Make a good home for them," he said to the stoker as he handed the bride a present.

"I hope I ain't got stung again," grunted the groom.

"There's no accounting for tastes," commented the employer. "What does that girl see in him?"

"A meal ticket," was the laconic reply of his secretary.

One more little home you must see with me, and that is the Jowelskis'. They are on the fifth floor of a building on a very crowded, filthy street, and their rooms are clean; the floors are bare and there is very little furniture; a bright picture from the Sunday paper is pinned on the wall; a sickly pink geranium is in a pot on the window sill; and children—oh, so many!—are crawling around. The father and mother get up as we go in, and give us a hearty greeting. Mrs. Jowelski is saying: "Your wash isn't did yet. I'm not feelin' so well."

"No, she's not," adds her husband. "Poor Mary, she's so many childern. She always has one pullin' her skirts, one in her arms, and another under her apern, and it'll be that way a good while yet, I s'pose. Come again. We always like to see people." Poor Mary!

Through all the ups and downs of poverty, it would appear that the poor are as happy in their family relations as are the rich. Evil tempers and unregenerate hearts hide behind fashionable apparel as well as behind rags, and are liable to come forth at any time; while sweetness and mirth do not belong exclusively to any class. Perhaps La Rochefoucauld is right when he says, "Bodily labor alleviates the power of the mind; whence arises the happiness of the poor."

CHAPTER X

ADRIFT IN THE CITY

ONE summer day a girl was standing in a little park on the shore of a big lake. Suddenly she waded in and, before anyone could reach her, she was up to her waist in water and had thrown herself down. She was rescued, however, and a discerning spectator, much interested in girls, had her taken to a nearby hospital. This is the story the girl told:

"I'm from a little town in another state, and I come to this city to hide an awful secret from me family. We are poor, but decent. I'm goin' to have a baby, and it would kill me mother if she knowed it. I come way off here alone to make way with it, and thought I could get work afterwards. Me beau gave me money for a ticket and some more, but it's all gone now. I'd been goin' with him for three years. I dunno, maybe it's wrong, but I thought I could make him marry me if he knowed I was goin' to have a baby. But he said: 'Nothin' doin'. You go to Chicago and get yourself fixed.' He said any doctor'd do it.

"Well, I went to four and not a one'd do a thing. The last one said this, which he wrote down for me when I ast him to: 'Young woman, the girl who gets into that kind of trouble must go through with

it to the end, and make something of herself in spite of it. I have a baby girl three years old, and I am telling you the truth when I say that if she ever got in your position, although I'd rather see her dead first, I'd not lift my finger to do a second wrong. She should go through with it and keep the baby, even if it broke my heart, because only in that way could she become a better girl.' He gave me the name of a lady who'd help me to get work, and be a friend to me. He called her up and I was on my way to see her when I came to the lake.

"I was so homesick and blue, I just thought I'd end it all. But here I am. Now what am I goin' to do? That doctor sure made me think. I never thought it was so very wrong to go with men so long as nothin' happened. Most of the girls did. But our mothers never knowed. They'd die. I worked in a store down home, and had a little money saved. I told my folks I was goin' on a visit. They must never know about this. Oh, please don't let 'em know!"

It was June Drew, twenty-three years old, who told this story when she was lying in a hospital bed more frightened than hurt. The wise woman whom the doctor had mentioned to June came to see her in response to a message, and promised to help her get work and to help her through her trying time ahead.

After the baby was born, and June had found a place to work amid new surroundings, she said: "I

just love me baby, and I go to see her every week where I'm boardin' her. I can pay for her now all right, and when she is older, I'll be earnin' more. Then I'm goin' to adopt her and have her with me. I don't care what they say. I don't see why it's such a disgrace to have a baby. Me baby is just as good as if I was married. I hate her father. I never want to see him again. He's no better'n I am. That doctor and the lady has certainly been good to me. They made me buck up. I'd a tried the lake again if it hadn't been for them. Now I'm goin' to live for me baby. I get twelve dollars a week. I'll soon get a raise and I'm goin' to live straight. I'm no fool.

"Of course, I knew what I might be up against. No girl's so green she don't know that, unless she's a saphead. But what gets me is why they're so down on us. We're just as good as the men, ain't we? No one looks down on them as I ever heard of. And some of them has kids runnin' 'round everywhere. 'Tain't fair. But I should worry. I love me baby, and I'm going to work for her. And I have friends now. That's what gets you—not to have friends. The lake is better'n that."

June Drew is not the only one who has felt that way about the friendless city. There was Jerry Geldert, who had worked in a coal mine since he was twelve, and at twenty-two found himself out on strike. The workless weeks dragged into months. At last he started for the city. This was his story:

"I sure felt like a stray chick when I landed. It was dark an' me with no place to go. I jus' sot in the station all night. In the mornin' I got a paper to hunt me a job. Some fellers told me that was the best way. I seen they wanted male nurses at a city institootion for insanes. I said to meself, 'That's your meat.' Forty a month with room an' keep looked good to me. I beat it out there, an' as soon as the head guy seen me two hundred pounds, he said, 'You're hired.' It was a soft job all right, not. I could trow any of dem nuts. I stayed a week. Gimme coal minin'!

"After that I set out to hunt me another job, but I was so doggone lon'some, I couldn't ask nobody for nothin'. Down in Norris, I knowed everybody an' lived with me mother. One night, I was moonin' along an' bumped into a guy. He said, 'Excuse me not bein' introdooced proper, stranger, but would you like to set in at a little game?' I'm a Rube all right an' look it, but not Rube enough to fall for that, so I ketched him by the waist an' give him a seat in the road. Now I'm gonna beat it back home, an' I'm gonna stay there, you bet yer life. I'll work on a farm till the strike is off at the mines before starvin'. Crazy people an' hold-up men is me sole acquaintance where the bright lights is. Good-*night!*"

"It's me that had the time when I left me father's mansion ten miles from the railroad an' then some, to make me fortune sellin' can openers in this burg,"

announced Huldah Swansen. "I had the address of a girl I know, so I thought I'd go there. But like the green boob I was, never sent her any word of me intentions. The train was about seven hours late, an' that got me in the city when the clocks was strikin' midnight, an' me gettin' cold feet. You betcha I hung on to that address. They told me where to get a street car. I rode an' rode for over an hour when the conductor told me to get off an' walk three blocks one way an' two another. Still as the cow pasture at night it was, an' me scared stiff. A kind looking man got off, too, an' thinks little Huldah to herself, 'I'll just keep clost to him.' He looked like a minister. He walked awful fast, but I kep' pretty near him. I seen him lookin' over his shoulder, an' he kep' goin' faster. I had to run to keep him in sight. Then he run, an' I run. I wisht I was home, I was pretty near dead. He turned the corner an' bumped into a policeman—smash. Then whadda you think he done? Told that bluecoat I was chasin' him to hold him up! I come the nearest ever of bein' run in. But when they seen the hayseed on me an' the address I was holdin' on to so tight, an' saw I was about to die chasin' all over a quarter section with that big suit case, they took me to the girl's home an' woke her up. Maybe I wasn't glad to see her! Gladder'n she was to see me, I'll say.

"She took me down town with her in the mornin' an' I got me a job sellin' in the basement. May-

belle's been kind of snippy to me since. She sells upstairs. It beats the world how little it takes to make some folks feel theirself big. Gettin' uppity about them's job an' them's clos'! I ain't never felt uppity since the night I buttoned on to the man runnin' to his happy home, an' like to been landed in jail.

"It's awful hard to get any nice friends. I been here six months now, an' don't know no one. It's easy enough to get pick ups, but no decent girl wants them kind. Just because youse poor don't mean youse not decent. A fancy dressed fella stepped up to me las' night when I was goin' home an' says as perlite as you please, 'Will youse come with me?' I says, fierce like, 'Beat it.' Believe me, he did. Nothin' like that in mine. But I get so lonesome sometimes. I cry meself to sleep. It ain't so bad if you was where there's nobody. But this bumpin' into folks every minute, an' knowin' nobody gets me goat.

"Oh, it don't do no good to go to church. Soon as they find youse workin' in the basement, they say, 'Pleased to meet ya, good-by.'

"I'm stayin' here so's I can help pay a three-hundred-dollar mortgage on me father's farm. I can't save much, livin's so high, but every little helps. I wisht it wasn't so lonesome."

When the Kohr boys arrived at the terminal on the last lap of their journey from the backwoods of Tennessee to the City of Great Wealth, there was

joy among the gamins of the district. Charlie was tall and thin; Jimmie was short and fat. They were dressed alike in a fashion antedating the gamins' recollection, and each carried a gay-colored carpet bag, stuffed full. Just as one of the gamins called out, "Pipe de high water pants," Jimmie's bag flew open, and before he was aware of the catastrophe, remnants of a lunch had rolled out, and pieces of underwear and a Bible were following suit. Youngsters, like evil spirits, were dancing around yelling, "Santa Claus is here. Come to de Christmas tree." Then Charlie, the tall one, calmly put down his bag, put his foot on it, and, reaching out, picked up the Bible. With unerring aim, he threw it straight at the head of the leader, knocking him down. At the same time he drawled out, "Ah'm usin' the Scriptures; Brother Graham said we-all'd need the Bible in the city. Ah reckon that's what he meaned."

In the meantime, Jimmie had gathered his clothes together; the gamins were giving first aid to their comrade who was temporarily *hors de combat,* while Charlie stood on guard. Grinning spectators called off the police, and the Kohr boys were allowed to proceed on their way to fame and fortune, Jimmie saying to Charlie, "Ah'm sure glad you-all used the Scriptures wheah they did good."

Three weeks later the boys were again at the terminal, but this time *en route* to Tipton's Gulch, and the paternal cabin. Charlie said: "Ah reckon

this place might be all right if ye knowed someone. 'Tain't sociable here. Even the houses is hurryin' by. Why does anyone stay here? Ah reckon they ain't money enough to get back home."

"Ah 'low," added Jimmie as their train pulled out, and the Kohr boys were on the first lap of their journey back to the familiar land of trees and great open spaces, and gun-toting neighbors. They had drifted long enough; they were going home to the old moorings.

"If the city would keep quiet long enough," said Helen Kendall, "you could hear girls sobbing everywhere, and if you could only look through walls, you would see men with faces buried in their hands, all homesick for company. I know, for I've been through it. I taught a country school in Kansas till the war broke out, then I went to Washington as fast as I could go. I got an office job, but what a time I had getting a place to live! I stayed in a basement room three months. The work was stupid, so I went to a gun factory. That was not so dull, and safe enough, but I couldn't save a cent. When that was done, I was stuck right here, and everybody belonging to me dead. My two brothers died in camp. I didn't earn my salt teaching in that little bit of a schoolhouse, but I knew some people. Here I am alone. And now I haven't even work. But things must be better soon."

"Mary Grimke an' me was always crazy to come to the city," said Mary Jelke one day. " 'The two

Marys,' everyone called us. We was always together. When I was fifteen, I had to go to work for meself. Me mother got married again then, an' me stepfather turned me out. Mary went with me. We got kitchen work in a state instotooshun ten miles away. You can always get work in them places. We was there two years. The girls there was sent from the city for punishment—reform school it was. We got real chummy with some of the kids, an' they was simply grand. The things they could tell! Alis Joveleski was more fun! I like t'a died listenin' to her. She was sent down for stealin'. Said if they ever ketched her again, it 'ud have to be dead.

"We was awful sorry when Alis went home. She give us her address. In a coupla months, Mary an' me decided to go there, too. The train got in at seven o'clock. Oh! it was noisy like hell. We found Alis after ridin' on street cars till near nine o'clock. We never seen a place like that. Dirty, smelly, everybody yellin'. 'Gosh!' I says, but we found Alis on the fourth floor up top of dark stairs. There was millions of Joveleskis. They was runnin' all over. Alis sure was s'prised to see us. They said we could stay all night if we was willin' to sleep on the floor. We didn't know where else to go, so we stayed. Some hard bed, I'll say. I thought in the night what my mother'd say if she could see me. I couldn't keep from cryin'. Mary punched me an' said they'd hear me. They was all layin' 'round on the floor. How could we know Alis lived in a place

like that? We'd always been poor, but not that way. We got work in a fact'ry next day, an' got a room to live in. It'd been back to the cornfields for us if we'd had the coin. I couldn't write to me mother. She wouldn't understand. That winter we worked in about ten places. We'd quit or get fired or laid off, an' then we'd start in again. But we never knew anyone intimate except the Joveleskis an' they was sure low down actin'. We got in with them an' couldn't get out."

The two Marys are eighteen now, and they have both been married a month. One married Tom Joveleski, who is a delivery boy on a truck; and the other Tom's friend, Joe Polenka, who oils machinery in a factory. They all live in the slums that were so terrifying to the two Marys at first.

"Tom an' I light housekeep in a room," explained Mary Joveleski, "an' I hope I get a baby right off. I'm crazy about kids. So's Tom. I wisht I could—see—me mother."

Mothers everywhere are wishing, too, when night comes. They wish for a sight of boys and girls who go away and never come back; boys and girls who have gone into the city's insatiable maw and are lost in the labyrinth; or boys and girls who write home for awhile and then forget.

It was evening when Vesta Knoki reached a big city on her journey into the land of opportunity. "I knowed a boy here," she said, "and I wrote him to meet me, but he wasn't there when the train got in.

Scared? I'll say I was. I waited a coupla hours walkin' round, wonderin' what I'd do. Then a cabman who'd been watchin' me, said, 'Lady (to me!) I'll take you where you wants to go.' Then I begun to boohoo! I didn't have no place to go, I said. I thought Joel would take me somewheres.

"I had me cat with me in a box. Ma thought it'd be comp'ny for me, and he commenced to howl when he heard me cryin'. I was outside walkin' and everybody begun meowing and meowing. I like t'a died. Then the cabman said nice and kind that he'd take me for seventy-five cents to the Y. W. C. A. which was a good place for ladies what was alone. Wasn't that a fierce price, though? What was I to do? I got in. When we got to the place, the nice lady give me a little room. I told her about Joel not meetin' me. She said it was very dangerous for girls to be ridin' round with cabbies at night. He mighta took me somewheres else, but I was so green I never knowed it. The room cost two dollars. Say! I near died. I only had four. When the lady heard that, she said she would help me get work right off and she'd keep me cat. She did, too. But, gee, I was homesick! I went 'way off from there to do beadin'. When I got back, the cat had run off, an' me heart was broke.

"Every night when I wasn't cryin' I was writin' to me mother, an' wishin' Joel'd come. After a long while, he come. Said I didn't write to him in time to meet me. Then he had to send word home for

me address. Next time I go way off, you bet I'll write in time to be met. But it's good they's always kind people about when you're a lady alone."

The great gray railway stations could tell stories of heartache and fear if they would. Or it may be they are not as austere as they look, and they would tell the tales if they could. They must know of the trusting youths who pass through their portals day by day seeking to better themselves amid new scenes, and who find the quest well nigh hopeless.

The Kohr boys went home. Others drifting into despair would gladly do that, too, if the way were open. The two Marys were swallowed up by their environment, and will never return to the cornfields. People of foreign tongue are also standing hopeless while the stream of humanity pours on. Jerry Geldert fled to his home on a coal dump, but Huldah and June stayed on.

Thus are they coming and going all the days of the years.

CHAPTER XI

PLEASURE SEEKERS

"I'D give me life for a perm'nent wave," announced Gretchen Loda to her roommate, as she was struggling with a curling iron one hot night.

"Serves you right for bobbin' your hair," replied Leta Zellner, manipulating a lip stick. "I told you your life work'd be cut out keepin' a bobbed head lookin' right. Hurry up, or we'll be late."

"Twenty-five bones it costs to be done perm'nent," went on Gretchen, as if no word had been spoken. "Thirty-five cents is all that's left of me wages, an' me pay check two days off. Nice chanct I have to get me hair done. Gosh, this slipper hurts me foot."

" 'Stoo small," said Leta. "Hurry up! Is me color right?"

"You look grand, just grand," replied Gretchen. "Do you 'spose they'll come?"

Two young girls started down the stairs in time to hear a man's voice asking at the door for Let and Gret, and to hear the matron of the home where they lived slam the door in his face.

"Cat," said Leta, "did you hear her say gen'lmen must know young ladies las' names if they was to

be received? Those are the names I give 'em. It's your fault. I kep' tellin' you to hurry so's we'd be down waitin' for 'em. Let's beat it out the side door. I'd know 'em all right."

Two slim young creatures were soon waving frantically to two men just starting off in a big automobile. In a moment they were recognized and taken into the car, the same car which had picked them up several hours before, and had deposited them at their door-step. It was then the evening frolic had been arranged with total strangers.

"Two fine gen'lmen," said Leta, "askin' us out. Ain't it thrillin'?"

"I could ride till the end of the world," added Gretchen.

"Get in front with me, honey bunch," ordered one fine gentleman to Leta, and "snuggle in back with me," said the other to Gretchen, "and lay your bobbed head on my coat sleeve."

The girls got in, Gretchen saying, "Fresh thing," and away they sped.

"Ain't it wonderful?" cooed Leta. "Go faster."

"Pass everythin' on the road," urged Gretchen, jumping up and down with glee.

On and on they went out of the city over roads as smooth as a table, on, on through the gathering darkness, the men growing more familiar as the car sped on, the girls intoxicated with speed they had never before experienced. At last they stopped. "Let's have some supper," said one of the men.

"Oh, Boy!" exclaimed the girls.

"I never seen such things to eat," announced Leta. "Nor me, but me head feels funny," added Gretchen, when they were nearing the end of a wonderful meal.

"Too much iced tea, I guess," said one of the men. Then they started homeward, an hilarious quartet.

"You dassent kiss us," tempted the girls as they danced up and down in the car.

"Papa wouldn't let us," answered the men, "but we'll stop the car to give an example of filial disobedience."

On and on they went cityward in the darkness, till suddenly the car stopped. The man at the wheel said, "Engine's dead. Looks as if we were here for the rest of the night."

"Maybe I can fix it after it rests a while," replied his companion, telling an old, old story. But the stars knew that engine was not dead, and the men knew it, too.

"Well, we'll have to do something to pass the time," said the driver. "Tell us what you girls would like better than anything else in the world."

Quick as a flash spoke Gretchen: "A perm'nent wave."

"Queer place to get it, but let's go and hunt for it," he answered.

As the two disappeared among the trees, the soughing of the wind made one think of Rachael

weeping for her children. And the angels in their high places, would they not put out a restraining hand?

"I don't care," said Gretchen, as the girls slipped into their home at five o'clock in the morning, "he gimme the money for a perm'nent wave, an' you jus' got to have things."

"An' how can you get 'em on thirty-five cents?" whispered Leta. "We gotta have some fun. I wonder what their names is?"

"Hush! I hope the old cat don't hear us," warned Gretchen. "I could ride forever, couldn't you?"

"Uh, huh. Hush!" returned Leta.

These girls, sixteen and seventeen years old, came to the trail's end quickly in their quest for pleasure and excitement, for news of their expedition reached the ears of the governing council of the home, and they were dismissed.

A day's journey from that club you can hear the sweet voice of Marion Titner saying to the janitor, from the kitchen door, "Do you know the ice-man?"

"Sure."

"Is he nice?"

"Sure."

"He wants me to go out with him. Would you go?"

"Sure. Get a fella if you can."

And Marion was all excitement when her admirer called for her at ten o'clock on Friday night with a

car. She sat in front. There was another couple in the back seat. That car, too, sped away in the darkness.

The next forenoon Marion had to appear in court, and early in the morning she made a clean breast of it to her employer: "We'd been riding awful fast an hour or so when everything went smash, and I thought the end of the world had come. A man come shooting in through the wind shield into my lap. And he was dead. Oh! it was awful. I begun to cry. Then there was two or three cars around and someone went back and sent for the police. I don't know what all we run into, but we was smashed up, and the motorcycle the dead man was on was twisted to bits. Someone else was hurt, and my man was knocked senseless. A lady and gentleman talked to me. Then they told the police they didn't think I had anything to do with it, and they would take me home if it was all right. The police said they could, when they showed cards, if they would see that I was at court the next day. Oh! Oh! Oh! ain't it awful? The ice-man stole that car, and he told me it was his. I didn't do anything wrong. I just wanted a little pleasure, and now I got to go to court."

"And I will go with you," said her employer.

After that ordeal was over, and it had been discovered that the ice-man was a married substitute, and not at all the young man the janitor had endorsed, Marion wept out: "What chance has a

girl to meet any men except the ice-man and the milk-man, and the rest who come to the back door? The very first time I ever went out with anyone, look what I got into. I'll never go again, never, never! I guess the doctor was right that time he said I had an ivory dome. But—a girl—must have —some—pleasure."

"Certainly," said her employer, "and I am going to take you for some drives with me," feeling all the time the ineptitude of the promise.

"Oh, thank you!" said Marion, vaguely aware of no thrill such as she had experienced in accepting that other invitation.

There are those among the poor who get their pleasures in more orthodox fashion and without any great spiritual upheaval. Here, for example, is a whole family out for the day. It is Sunday and hot. They are the Kluzaks—father, mother, and five children. Each parent is carrying a child, and the others are holding to their mother's skirt, running and stumbling along as the party makes its way from a street car to the beach. Their tongue is one of the many we cannot understand, but their joyous abandon we can all appreciate. It is the gay adventure of a family off for a gala day with fifty cents to spend. Wienies and peanuts and all day suckers have been purchased with an air of reckless abandon, and before the water's edge is reached the children's faces are sticky and dirty, and their erstwhile clean clothes fit for the washtub. But it is their first day

off as a family, and they are enjoying it to the full. They sit on the hot sand and eat and eat. The children narrowly escape drowning several times, and are thoroughly spanked on each and every occasion. At ten o'clock a weary but happy family fights its way to a seat in a car, and starts off on the hour's ride to the sweltering city.

And here is the Seaver family off for the day. Tall Carl, the father, is striding ahead with picnic basket on one arm and baby girl on the other, while Emma and the three-year-old boy are trying hard to keep up. "Hurry up, Em," calls Carl, "the car's a-comin'." Breathless and perspiring, they manages to fall into seats, just as the street car starts.

"Gee!" says Em, "ain't it great to have the wind blow on your hot face?"

"Um, um, da, da," gurgles the baby as she rubs a moist mouth on her father's face, and, "I wanta see a nelephunt," contributes the boy.

At nightfall, this family comes trailing home.

"Gosh!" exclaims Carl, "I'm tired, but it sure is grand to git away on Sunday with yer fam'ly. We went to Mount Hope Simmitry, an' rode thirty-one miles on the cars with the wind fannin' us all the time. Folks with automobiles has got nothin' on us. We go some place new every time. Simmitries is very interestin', an' there ain't no charge."

"You betcha," murmurs Em sleepily, "we're goin' to Cavalry nex' Sunda."

Not so simple, however, are the pleasures sought

by girls and boys who crave excitement after monotonous work.

"Nobody give a damn ting vere ve goes," said Paul Hoda to his friend, Ivan Kolator. "Let's go de limit. Vat is der to do in de night?"

"Notings," replied Ivan, "but bus' a bank or go to de movies. Me, I hate de movies. Settin' still ain't no fun. I wanta *do* someting."

"Me de same," answered Paul, "Ef ve knowed some girls——"

"Let's go to Pedro's Palace. Theys girls dere, an' ve'll dance," replied Ivan, with sudden inspiration.

"You dunno how," returned Paul.

"Dat don't make no difference," said Ivan. "Grab a girl round de vaist an' do vat de oders does."

Soon two young men were entering a gaudy place through a door on an alley.

"Gawd, ain't it grand," whispered Paul. "See dat girl wid yeller hair an' no clos' wort namin'? She's mine. Vatch me."

"Black hair fer me," returned Ivan.

Before very long the two boys had secured partners and were toddling around without rhythm or reason.

"Vere you live?" asked Ivan of his girl.

"On de avenoo," she answered lightly, winking at a girl she knew.

"Same avenoo as me an' Paul, I tink," retorted

Ivan, all embarrassment vanishing in the joy of companionship. "Ve take you an' your fren' home."

"Hev yer car wit ya?" she asked coyly.

"Ya betcha," answered Ivan. "Ain't we havin' de grand time? Let's get Paul an' yer fren' an' gwan home."

The boys bought peanuts on the way, and finally left the girls at their homes with much laughing and promising to meet again.

"That was livin' all right," said Paul. "Ya gotta know girls t'have fun."

"Ya, an' ain't dey de pizen tings, de vay dey makes a fella spen' his mon'?" replied Ivan.

"Uh huh, but dey's wort' it," said Paul.

Once I was invited to a "rest'rant supper" by half a dozen very young factory girls whom I knew. "We'll go after the meetin' at ten o'clock, like uptown folks," they said. And we did. We went to one of a chain of restaurants known everywhere for cheapness and decency, and it was located near our meeting place. "Ain't this simply grand?" said Ida. "Entertainin' is what I love."

"An' me," added Kate, "I could have comp'ny every night."

"Say, ain't this a be-ootiful place," murmured Fanny. "I could die settin' here."

"Yum, yum, what'll ye have?" inquired Giulia, the eldest, looking at me with shining eyes.

"Read it," said Josie, handing me a menu card. "You pick. We'll all take de same."

Rose added, "There's lot of time, don't hurry about it."

Then we deliberated much. I selected two five-cent orders, and the supper party proceeded without a hitch. Never did I enjoy a banquet more. When we had finished, Giulia said to me, "Is dere anyting we hasn't done?"

Before I could assure them that there was nothing lacking, Josie broke in, "De toot-picks," and reached for them.

When we got up from our white table, the girls said: "We'll take you to de subway—an' say, let's have anoder party. Ain't it gran' havin' parties?"

We all ran along in the crisp air, planning our next party which was to be mine. They decided then they would have "sinkers" and potato salad and "ice cream with red stripes." That is what we had the next week after our meeting. "I feel a queen," said Giulia.

"Me, too," said Josie, as they bade me good-by. "An' we sure had a feast," said all of them.

Not all, however, are satisfied with such innocent entertainments.

"I bin savin' money to buy farm in Sweden," said Benson. "Last week I put it in an automobile. I had to ride, dat's all. Fella must do someting at night. She fine car. I fill her up, an' off we go like millionaires. Sunday morning we got home at half past four. Dat's life. Why not? Fella lives only

once. Janitor got right to good time same as banker. Farm not so much fun as automobile.

"Oh, sure, we take girls. Girls is silly tings, but I like to hear dem gigglin' on de back seat."

"Silly ting yourself, pilt," said Selma Ohlson. "You have to coax awful hard to get us to go wid you."

"Ja, sure," returned Benson grinning broadly. "Dis car'll never go empty when dere's people to fill it. A big car drivin' off Sunday wid one person in it makes me mad like hell."

"Benson sure is good," admitted Selma, "he takes everybody out. Oh, it's life all right to go spinning along under de stars! If I was rich I'd take everybody out, all de ole people who sit an' sit wid no place to go."

"If you was rich, you'd be like de rest of 'em," said Benson. "C'mon, let's get de oders of de crowd."

Motoring as a form of pleasure has captivated the imaginations of countless young people among the poor because its delights are so obvious. Hattie Heller says: "It makes me mad clear through when I see just millions of people ridin' by an' me standin' like a stick. I used to just jump up an' down. Why does some folks have so much fun? You don't mind it so much when you can't see 'em, but everybody can see cars flyin' by. That's why Kathe an' me took to givin' the high sign for rides. We never

went in the night, though, just Sundays an' sometimes Saturday afternoons.

"Oh, we had to go with men, sure! The women wouldn't take us. Once a man an' his wife stopped an' the lady asked so nice what we wanted. When Kathe said, 'Just a ride,' she said, 'Let's take 'em, Ned.'

"Oh, Boy! that was some ride. Past green fields, an' trees, an' water, an' home to our door before supper. Perhaps we didn't feel grand gettin' out! An' we don't know who they was, nor they us. I b'lieve they was God.

"Another day we went with a fella who got fresh. When he wouldn't let us out, we begun to yell murder. He slowed down quick before someone'd hear us.

"But the day we went with a chauffeur was the fun. We sat in the back. The car was big as a house, with the door shut an' all. We pertended we was the President's fam'ly out for an airin'. We rode round with him while he was waitin' for his folks. There ain't no harm in that, is there?

"It does seem as if everythin' you want to do ain't right. When Kathe an' me got our hair bobbed, an' went to the office, along come an old crab an' said we couldn't do it. But we'd done it. Now we have to fix it up in a net every day or quit. Whadda you know about that? Seems 'sif some girls just go 'long doin' what they's told without ever givin' a damn. Not me. Some wouldn't care for our ridin',

but we do. Kathe an' me calls it the S. M. C.—Sunday Motor Club, now wouldn't that get you?—that we're goin' to."

"On with the dance," however, is the slogan of most young pleasure seekers in the city. The streets do for a floor in summer time if there is no other place available, but in winter there must be shelter, and, unfortunately, safety does not always go with that. "Seems 'sif they's always offerin' ya somethin' to drink when ya go places to dance," lamented Frankie Daker, one day when we were talking about a dance hall she frequented. "I don't want whisky, but the fellas all think you's an old maid if ya don't take it.

"An' who wants 'em to think that?" added Frankie with the full weight of her seventeen years upon her. "Where do they get it? Search me. Outen their hip pocket, I s'pose. They all has it."

Frankie's assertion seems to be indorsed by others. Tom Glatt said: "My idea uv a good time is to get drunk, rip-roarin' drunk, an' b'lieve me, ya kin get that way any time ya damn please. Who says we can't get drunk? The Gov'ment can't tell me what to do."

"Don't be so fresh, Tom," warned his companion, Ida Casper. "You ain't got no right to get soused when the Gov'ment says you ain't."

"That's what I'm gonna do. Now, to-night. A fella's got to have some fun," returned Tom.

"Well, I'll say you ain't goin' with me then," said

Ida. "Where do you get that kinda talk? Gettin' soused is no way to have a good time. You said you'd take me to a dance."

"Sunda school's where you wanta go," jeered Tom.

"Quit yer kiddin' or I won't go no place with you," answered Ida.

"After we's married, you won't talk to me like that," replied Tom, sheepishly.

"After we's married! Now, wouldn't that get you! Who said we was gonna get married?" demanded Ida.

"I was gonna make ya Mrs. Tom Glatt to-night, an' get rip-roarin' drunk to celebrate," announced Tom.

"Big idea," said Ida, "but you'd swear off before there's a weddin' in my fam'ly. It's silly, I say, all this talk about gettin' drunk. There ain't no fun in it. You boys just think it's smart. 'Tain't so funny when you get pizened. I'll tell you right now that little Ida don't wanta get her fun that way. I'll go to the dance with you, but nix on the whisky."

"Fer Gawd's sake, Ida," replied Tom. "I ain't never been roarin' drunk. I'm just sayin' it's my idea of a big time to get tanked up. So's buyin' diamonds, an' travelin' 'round the world, but I ain't never done dem tings."

"Understanding which," remarked Ida, condescendingly. "I may go out with you to-night."

That girls are not all as particular as Ida is

attested by a couple walking along the river front near a tobacco factory where they both work. It is early evening, yet the young man is intoxicated, and has his arm around the girl to steady himself. Suddenly he lurches forward and falls into the water, dragging the screaming girl with him. They are rescued by other strollers, one of whom is saying to the shivering, weeping girl, "Ain't you got no more sense than to go with a fella what's pickled?" And you hear a pathetic little answer, "I wanted to have a good time."

"Good time, huh," is the reply, "can't you do no better'n that?"

Thus are the sons and daughters of poverty ever beating their young wings against the bars of deprivation in an effort to get out into the gay fields of pleasure. But these fields are so hedged about with limitations!

Marion Titner, eagerly reaching out for joy, dimly visioned these, but Paul Hoda scornfully brushed them all aside, when he came out into the open and said, "Ya gotta know girls to have fun."

CHAPTER XII

DISCONTENT

"ONWARD men! All Hell can't stop us! Crush the Parasite!"

These were the words that were wafted down to Bo Arndost and Jeff Lalor as they walked aimlessly along a very dirty street in a western city one night not long ago. They stopped.

"Parasite, what de hell is dat?" asked Bo.

"Cooties, dontcha know nothin'?" replied Jeff.

"Cooties nothin'," scoffed Bo.

"Same thing," insisted Jeff.

Then came down to them loud and strong the words:

> "Down with greed and exploitation,
> Tyranny must fall!
> Hail to Toil's Emancipation,
> Labor shall be all!"

"Let's go up an' ring de door bell," said Bo.

"Hold on till we see what dey pull nex'," replied Jeff.

Listening, they heard the following with an accompaniment of hand clapping and feet stamping:

"So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When it don't mean life to you?
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When there's more in life for you?
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the system;
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing,
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,
When it don't mean life to you?"

"Dem words is beckonin' to me, Jeff. Did ya hear dat, 'Slow up, Bill?' dat's me. Dey's talkin' to me. Up we goes," announced Bo.

They went up a narrow stairway, and into a room where two or three dozen men and women were sitting on makeshift chairs singing wholeheartedly.

"Dat'll do, buddies," roared Bo. "Let's talk. I un'erstan' yer language. Get me? Break yer back fer de boss, huh. I'll say we won't."

"Come in, come in," cried welcoming voices, as hands were outstretched in greeting.

"Dose cooties ya was singin' about. Whadda ya gonna to do with dem?" asked Bo, amid roars of laughter.

"Kill 'em, kill 'em," yelled a thin-lipped woman.

"Boil 'em alive," said a gaunt man. "They're suckin' our blood out."

"Sic 'em, sic 'em," drawled Jeff.

"I'll tell de world I ain't breakin' me back fer no boss," announced Bo. "I ain't got no job! Fightin' Fritzi was me las' job."

"Ain't it de shame," commented a woman, "a man like dat widout work."

"Let the meetin' come to order," said a man by the table, "and Brother Zoinski will make his well-known speech which he has delivered every place he's been in, when he's been outen jail."

Roars of laughter and applause greeted this introduction, while the group settled back with pleasant anticipation to hear the noted orator.

"Comrades," he began, "the good things in the world are for us, for us [roars of applause], and capital has grabbed them. Now the question before us is how are we going to restore these rights to the laboring man? Capital hogs everything, ['hogs is right,' from the audience] and labor sits by and let's them do it."

Then followed an address full of invective which ended with:

"Sons and daughters of toil, the world is yours. Reach out and take it. Beat Capitalism! Beat it with bricks! ['Bricks and bullets' from the audience.] Yes, bullets. A man that wants work should have it. But why in God's name anyone wants it under present conditions gets me. [Roars of

laughter from the room.] No man should work more than an hour a day, and he won't have to when we smash Capitalism."

The speaker sat down, amid cheers long and loud which ended in,

"So whadda ya want to break yer back for the boss for,
When it don't mean life to you?"

"Fren's," said Jeff, "I ain't felt so much at home since I was fired from me happy job fer sleepin' at the switch."

"Hush-a-by-baby," said Bo, "why shouldn't a fella sleep when he's sleepy? Tell me dat."

"C'mon, comrades," interrupted the chairman, "let's have ten reasons why we's here."

These are the ten that were given:

"I ain't got no job."

"I ain't a-goin' to kill meself working fer nothin'."

"De system's wrong."

"I'm good 'nuff to fight Fritzis, but not good 'nuff to be handed a job."

"Capital's makin' money offen us."

"You have to work too hard to keep up with machines."

"I feel like shootin' up someone 'cause I hadn't money 'nuff to bury me baby, an' me workin' steady."

"I wants par'sites did away wid."

"The working man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"An' me 'cause I heard dem gospel songs," added Bo.

"And now, comrades, how are we to get what we wants? Let's have ten ways."

"Bust de system," solemnly answered one.

"Say dat ten times an' you got it," said another.

As this seemed to meet with general approval, the meeting was soon declared closed.

Then Bo said: "Put me name down fer service in dis delousin' station. Kill 'em, I say. Dis is de fren'liest place I ever been in. S'long."

Bo and Jeff, promising to be on hand at the next meeting, went out singing, "Onward men! All Hell can't stop us! Crush the Parasite!"

Far away from these men, and living very different lives, two women are stirred by the same futile struggle to make a living and are voicing their discontent.

"My man has been sick with consumption two years," said one, "and the doctors say he can't get better. With taking care of him and the four children, I can't earn anything. I tried taking work home for a while, but had to give it up. Now I'm getting help from the city. They give me just enough to keep us from starving. I wasn't brought up this way and it nearly kills me. We had a nice little home, but my man got sick and things went from bad to worse. My brother used to help us a little, but he died. It's all wrong the way things are, and we

oughtn't to stand for them, but what can we do? Think of taking help from the city!

"Oh! I suppose I married beneath me; that's what everyone said. He had consumption then, but I didn't know it, and I don't know as it would have made any difference if I had. You know how girls are. But what's worrying me is that I'm getting rebellious, downright rebellious. I see red. I don't believe in God any more. Sometimes I think I'll kill us all."

"I know how you feel," said her neighbor. "I'm goin' through the same feelin's myself. I've worked hard for thirty year, an' what have I? Husband dead. One boy in reform school, an' one in the hospital with a broken leg, an' neither one of 'em does a thing for me when they's out. It sure is rotten. I think sometimes, I'd like to feel the water comin' up an' up till it swallered me."

Three days later, this woman's clothes were found on the bank of the river, but her body had gone out to sea where human tragedies could no more embitter her. Pinned to her coat was a note which said: "I'm through."

The consumptive husband of the neighbor is dead now, but dark clouds are still hanging over that household, and the mother is saying: "I wish I could of died, too. Maybe the children would be better off."

A more vigorous cry comes from another quarter. "If anyone thinks I'm satisfied with this cut we got,

he's got another think comin'," sullenly remarked a man whose wages in the factory where he worked had been cut fifteen per cent that day. "How do they think we're goin' to live? Rent isn't down, is it, nor anythin' else as I can see except some clos' you don't want to buy nohow. It's wrong workin' your life out just to keep from starvin'."

"Starvin's better, I say," broke in his companion, "an' the sooner the better. Who ever fixed it this way is what I want to know. Who fixed it so's some folks drive all the rest like cattle? Who the hell owns this earth, anyhow?"

"My boss thinks he owns it since he stole a million in war time," added a third man.

"How'd he steal it, is what I'd like to know, so's I'd get some," contributed another.

"I'm willin' the bosses should have a million," said a fourth member of the group, "if they'd be fair an' give us work all the time an' not half kill us. Racin' with an iron horse all day ain't no fun. We should work about four hours, I'll say, considerin' what we have to do. The boss may like settin' at his desk twenty hours onct in a while, but *he don't have to do it.* If somebody was beatin' him all the time, four hours'd do him."

"Yes, an' his wages cut at that," added the first speaker. "No man's got a right to take the bread outen another man's mouth. Ef I don't do as de boss wants, den I'm fired. Ef I do as he wants an' he gets tired hirin' me, den I'm laid off. Oh, it's

fierce! I don't know as bustin' machinery does any good. Some of de men does dat. But you don't get nowhere dat way."

"De only way is to all strike at onct," said the second man, "but how the hell can you ever get 'em all to do dat at onct? When you got a job an' plenty to eat, you ain't gonna strike, leastways most won't."

"Huh! I t'ought we was all gonna be equal after de war. Dat's what dey was tellin' me," said another.

" 'Tain't right," said the last man to join in the parley, "but we might as well go huntin' jobs as stan' here chewin' the rag over it."

They went their several ways, but the tumult within them had not died. They were probing deep into the problem of economic existence, and they could find no solution.

Men with families have their grievances, but they are not voicing discontent more often than those who go their way alone. Perched on a bed for lack of chairs, four girls, in a room in a forlorn boarding-house, were one night talking about their difficulties.

"Look at me," said Leila Mondell, "I've got twenty-seven cents left this week after paying my bills. That's a great way to live. How am I going to get clothes or anything else I need? It makes me mad. But how can I help it? I went to school all I could, and my job's not so bad, but there's nothing

left any week. There's something wrong about it, I'll say."

"You betcha," said young Vera Lemberg. "There sure is something wrong when you work as hard as you can, an' then can't earn enough to live on. Looka me. Leila's got twenty-seven cents left. I got thirteen! How far can I go on that?"

"You're pikers, you are," announced Nella Loda. "I got a dollar lef' from me eighteen-dollar pay check. Ten years ago I was gettin' nine dollars, an' got along better. I b'lieve there's a plot to rob us. As soon as they see wages goin' up a little, they put up the price of things to get 'em back. I'm for doin' somethin' about it."

"What can you do but get married?" asked young Vera.

"Get married! That won't help you none lessen you can marry somebody rich, an' what chanct has a workin' girl to do that?" returned Nella scornfully.

"Who'd want to marry for money, anyway?" replied Vera with some heat, thinking of a young clerk who had been saying nice things to her lately.

"Oho! What's his name?" asked Nella. "I don't want to hurt no one's feelin's which is thinkin' of gettin' married. All I mean is that won't help us none. You may get married, an' Leila may get married, too, but we gotta do somethin' more'n that."

Then Leila entered once more into the conversa-

tion: "You know I've been thinking that we've got to stand together—office girls, telephone girls, factory workers, scrubwomen, and everybody—to get a living wage. It isn't a living wage when you have only twenty-seven cents left at the end of the week."

"Couldn't we take the men, too?" queried Vera.

"Silly," said Nella, "take him along. Who is he, anyway?"

"There's something downright rotten with the system," continued Leila.

"Who you been talkin' to?" inquired Nella.

"No one. I've been thinking," Leila replied, "but there's a bunch of girls meets Tuesday nights, someone told me, to talk over their troubles. Let's go. It's not too late."

"Could we take a friend?" asked Vera timidly.

"A feller needs one. I'll say," laughed Nella. "Anyways, ya can't take no beau. A man's place is at home."

Nella's witticism put her and the other girls in very good humor as they started off for their meeting place. They found it in a back room on the third floor of a rickety old house, not far from where they lived. Foul smells greeted them, but they were used to foul smells in houses and on streets. It was kindred spirits they were looking for, and they found them. In the middle of the room was a little stove with the top red hot, and around it sat half a dozen women, most of them between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

"A bunch of old maids. Now wouldn't that get you?" whispered Vera to her companions.

The newcomers were warmly received, and the speaker of the evening came in immediately. While taking off her hat and coat, she asked if they had "any kicks coming."

"For God's sake, don't take ya coat off, ya'll freeze," called out one.

"Kicks ya betcha," said another.

"Them's why we's here," replied still another.

"Fine," said the speaker, a comely young woman. "Now I'll tell you what we girls done in our fact'ry. We was starvin' to death an' workin' overtime four years ago, so we up an' starts a union, sayin' as how we'd fix some things to suit ourselves, an' if they didn't do 'em that way we'd quit."

"Gosh, but ya had nerve," commented a listener.

"What did your employers say?" ventured Leila.

"Say, you shoulda heard 'em. But the more they talked agin it, the more we thought it was a good thing," went on the speaker. "They thought we was just foolin', said only roughnecks of men had unions. I told 'em we was roughnecks, too, and we was gonna have a union. We'd had it a good while you know, but they'd just found it out. Now I'll tell the world the only way for us to get on is to hang together."

"But we couldn't go in with you, could we?" asked Leila.

"No, but you'd go in with unions in your own trade."

"That won't go," said Nella, "we all gotta stan' together whether we stick tags or sew gloves or rubber pencils or address envelopes like Leila."

"Sure," resumed the leader, "but we stick together in our trades first."

"Not on your life," replied Nella. "I bin in three trades this year. Which one would I stick to?"

"Keep still, Nella, you're interrupting," whispered Leila.

"If you had a union," argued the leader, "you wouldn't have to do that. Things 'ud be better an' you'd stay in one. Now let's all talk."

They all did talk till the fire went out. Some of them were very bitter over industrial conditions they could not control. "Something sure is wrong," said a thin little girl, "when you work your head off an' then starve."

On the way home, Leila said: "They've got the right idea, and I say let's meet with them and get somewhere."

"Do ya 'spose they'll ever have a dance, an' ask men?" inquired Vera before committing herself.

"Sure thing," answered Nella.

Once home, the three girls were soon asleep to gather strength for the morning with its hardships and discontent, but they had a new hope in their hearts.

Leo Howda and his wife who lived in a small city, had no hope, only gray discontent in their

hearts when they faced their last eleven cents and a "lay-off."

"Who'll trust us?" Leo asked in despair. "Look at dose four children. Who's gonna feed dem? We don't know no one. I tink I steal. A livin's comin' to me. Else why was we in dis world? Swedish fella says, 'Bohunks can live on noting'. I'll show him Bohunks won't live on noting. We're American. In free country, tings should be equal. In ol' country, we starve. Not here. We steal first."

"No, no," said Minna, his wife. "We got bread for to-morrow, an' I'll go beggin' after that."

"It's better to steal," answered Leo. "They all stole what they got, anyhow. Everyting belong to everybody an' a few's got it. How did dey get it? Dey stole it. How did our boss get the fact'ry lessen he took it way from de rest of us? Dey got me guessin' how dey got it. Dere's some trick."

The next day Minna, keeping her own counsel, went forth to beg. At a back door she told a story of sorrow and want: "Me husban' was killed in de mill; me with four childern an' noting to eat. Just some bread, lady." And the tears were in her eyes. An old-fashioned woman believed her story, and gave her food and a dollar. At the next house and the next she was not so fortunate, but her excursion netted her four dollars and an armful of food, which she exhibited triumphantly to Leo in their one-room basement home: "Look what I done. It is not to starve in free country."

"'Tain't right, dough, dat a woman should do dat," he said.

That night Leo went on a foraging expedition of his own. "I'll take what b'longs to me," he said as he smashed a window in a grocery store, and went in to help himself. He managed to get home with his loot that time, but he was so frightened by the experience that he never tried it again. He grew more bitter as the weeks passed, and Minna was obliged to continue her begging.

"It is not right your wife mus' beg in free country," said Leo. "Tings is everybody's."

Just over the bridge to your left and around the corner, a very shabby-looking man is standing on a box talking to a little group as bedraggled as himself. He is saying, "You are fools to let things go on this way. Working all the time and getting nothing. Be men! Demand your rights! Every man should have a job, and every woman stay home! ['Stay home yourself,' spoke up a girl on the edge of the group, 'an' see how you like it.'] As I was saying, why do you go on living and never getting anywhere? Bring on the revolution, the workers' revolution! Take what is yours, men."

"How can we get it?" asked a hearer.

"Take it, take it," went on the orator.

"Yes, an' get pinched," replied another auditor, moving away.

"Let every man refuse to work till all property is divided," replied the speaker.

"Now dat sounds wise, ain't it?" muttered another listener.

"He ain't got nothin'. He's just talkin'," said still another. "C'mon home."

The little crowd soon melted away, while others stopped a moment to listen, hoping to learn of some magic which would turn the bonds of poverty into riches.

The ignorant and poor are groping for the light. They know vaguely that there is hope somewhere. If this were not true, democracy would be imperiled.

CHAPTER XIII

LITTLE CHILDREN

"No siree, yer don't git me ter do nothin' of the kind," said a small boy one day in response to an ultimatum from his boss. The boy was one of ten, supposed to be fourteen years old, employed at a certain task in a big factory. The boys' small fingers had become quite skilled in sticking tags, and they felt correspondingly important.

"We're gettin' five an' a half cents a hundert, and' he's axin' us to take five," said one.

"He don't come no dodge like dat on us'ns," said another.

"Nope, yer bet yer jeans he don't," piped a third.

"Fellers, let's stan' fer our rights an' not take cut. We's worth five an' a half or de divil'l show us why not. Fellers, let's be men, an' show him we won't buck down."

This attempt at oratory by a fourth boy was greeted with "Hully Gee, dat's de hot stuff you'se givin' us." They sat down on some boards to await developments.

"Are you coming in, boys?" from the boss.

"Nope," from the boys.

"All right, I'll get other boys," was the reply.

"He dassent," said the boys to one another.

Later on, some sheepish-looking little strangers passed in through the gate to take up tag sticking where it had been dropped. But the cries of "Scab! scab!" "Look at 'em scabbin' on us." "Thieves, thieves," and "Takin' de bread outen me mouth dat's got a mudder an' baby on me han's," soon disconcerted the new boys, and by the time an irate Bohemian child yelled, "Them men ain't got no honor; they're a measly lot of damn scabs," some of them were ready to join the colors of the strikers. At last one boy said, "Kids, we ain't a-gonna be a frost on yer, we're men of honor."

Thus it happened that there were twenty pairs of lusty lungs instead of ten to hurl invective at the next group that came furtively in to work. Each crowd of scabs eventually sneaked off and joined the original strikers, until by afternoon fifty wild youngsters, tattered, uncombed, and with set faces poured a torrent of abuse upon the management, and dodged the "cop" around the corner. The boss, who from his office window had seen what was going on, melted before closing time, and going out, called: "Here you kids, come back to work and I'll give you five and three-quarter cents a hundred. You are good fighters."

"Honest to goodness, cross yer heart?" asked one.

And "Yer not puttin' anyting over on us?" inquired another.

When assured that all was well, they yelled,

"What's de matter wid the boss?" adding by way of explanation, "We was standin' fer our rights under de flag."

Ten dinnerless youngsters, too young to work, too old not to know the value of a half cent, too childish to fear defeat, and too brave to forsake one another, trudged into the factory with cheers for the boss, and settled down to tag in earnest.

The wheels of the great factory kept turning, unconscious of the fact that a group of children had won a victory over the corporation; and the great world outside never knew that the corporation had a soul.

The children who won their toy strike were supposedly old enough to be fighting their own industrial battles, but there are hundreds of thousands of children at work to-day who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered old enough to be wage earners. They are found in city streets and in tenement homes, in cotton fields and beet fields, and on truck farms everywhere. The records are open to all; the shame is national.

It is the children of poverty, of course, who are at work—little children with poorly nourished bodies and famished spirits. Sorting beads or pulling basting threads may be play up to a certain point for a five-year-old, but after that it is cruelty. Little Gladys Devorin, sitting on the floor, points with pride to a pile of yellow beads on one side, and blue

on the other, as she lisps out, "Me fix 'em for mama," but after a while she is in tears. "Me wanta go out an' play," she says; and you slip away before your heart breaks.

Then you hear young Mrs. Poloski saying: "What is the kids for but to help support you? Joey and Louie help me a lots pullin' out bastin' threads from these neckties.

"Yes, Joey is five; Louie is the youngest. It don't hurt 'em. They got to be doin' someting. They ain't old enough to go to school."

"It don't do to let children grow up lazy," says the mother of six-year-old Jennie, who is sweeping the floor.

"After school, she mus' do the housework. I gotta make these flowers.

"Oh, she don't need no play. I never had none. Play makes 'em lazy, I say."

In another tenement, little Eva and Paul, who are eight and nine, are doing some coarse sewing under their mother's direction. They are sitting on a filthy-looking bed with a gas jet sputtering above them. "I'm so tired," Eva is saying, and Paul is replying: "Girls is always tired."

"Stop yer talkin'," snaps the mother. "Yer wastin' time."

Somewhere else, a tot, about the size that mothers rocked to sleep at night before rocking to sleep went out of fashion, is hawking newspapers and calling, "Wextry! all about de great murder!" A

heavy bundle of papers is resting on his hip, and he looks old beyond his years.

"I don't live nowheres," such a boy told me once. "I sleeps anywheres." Here was a veritable waif, ready to be swept into the crime of city streets.

Away from the glare of the lights little Joe and Lewis and Hughie, five and seven and eight years old, work all day in a cotton field, and you are amazed that such things can be. And Vera and Faynie are bending their little backs pulling beets to make sugar to sweeten the world, while Tillie and Tom and Anastasia are running, running all day with spindles over hard factory floors. These children haunt your dreams, and you seem to hear from out of the past:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?' "

Seemingly, the children of poverty develop shrewdness beyond their years. Well do I remember the day four little girls between three and seven attached themselves to me on a trip "uptown." Arguments were unavailing. You never asked

mothers to go places. The idea! Mothers were sewing on "pants," and it was wise policy to keep out of sight. Hats were not needed. How absurd! Nor clean clothes. Such matters were settled before we reached the street with car lines, and trucks, and elevated tracks, and all their jangling noises.

"Has you got car fare?" demanded Eva. "All right. Now you take the han's of Gladys and Marie in your left han', an' hold tight cause they're little. Jennie an' me will hold on to yer arm, an' yer oder han's free to take hold of de car." Thus did the little general direct our movements, and the system worked without a hitch. When it came to paying fares, and I in my unenlightenment was about to contribute five nickels to the street car company, Eva's restraining voice was heard: "You pay two fares. Two of us goes fer one, an' de oder two fer nothin'."

"Oh, but we had de gran' time!" said Eva later, when reporting the trip to wide-eyed friends. "We went in a bank an' was all over de place, an' we rode up in lelevators, an' was in stores, an' we et!"

It was a memorable expedition for at least one of the party, and seemed to afford amusement to some onlookers.

"We wouldn't lose yer," remarked Jennie, "not on yer life."

"Don't be 'fraid," said Eva, as I hesitated before starting with my crew over a crowded crossing, "we'll hold on."

"Watch out fer de cop," admonished Eva at one time, for in that sea of humanity he was her only peril. We got home without coming in conflict with the strong arm of the law, but had we become entangled, doubtless Eva would have promptly suggested a way out. Such children seem ever on the alert to give assistance.

Once I undertook to distribute Christmas tree tickets in a very poor neighborhood. Owing to difficulty in locating families, the task proved discouraging. People had moved, or the street numbers on my list were either wrong or non-existent. In my extremity, I turned to some children who had been watching me as I darted in and out of doors and alleys.

"Marie Crist! Dat's me," said a small girl. "Dem tickets, lady, what was dey for?"

"A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!" they shouted.

All those children were not on my list. I tried to be diplomatic; we would find the ones whose names were on the list first—and then!

The children solemnly attached themselves to me, and we raced upstairs and down again through front houses and rear tenements, along winding streets, and back to our starting point, having located all but two families. By that time my followers numbered fourteen boys and girls, the eldest not over nine. The girls were taking turns carrying my

muff, staging a little fight now and again if one kept it over the allotted time.

"Now we'll take yer home," said those competent babes. And they escorted me to my door, ten blocks away.

"When you comin' down to Flower Street again?" they chorused.

"Soon."

"This afternoon?"

"Hardly."

"To-morrow?"

"Maybe."

"Dis was a good time," they said, as they turned homeward.

Those fourteen children, thinly clad, undernourished, and uncared for, showed a strongly marked spirit of helpfulness and joyous abandon. They were ready for any adventure, and in that way was happiness. Moreover, they were not hampered by such conventions of childhood as asking permission of elders, and washing hands and faces.

I well remember three little friends of mine who were crowded in a doorway trying to cheat the cold November wind which had been playing pranks with their rags. They had small shawls over their heads and shoulders, and were drawing up first one foot, and then the other, in an effort to cover the gooseflesh on their little legs. As I was standing talking with them, a young woman attractively dressed in brown with blowing veil walked briskly by.

"I wisht I had a brown veil," said one shivering child.

"An' a brown feather," said another.

With eyes hungering after the retreating vision in brown, they went on telling me about the measles in the Cohen family next door, but they had had a fleeting glimpse of beauty that chill winds could not blot out.

If the love of childhood is in your heart, you will be enthralled by dirty little waifs of the slums as well as by clean children on well-kept avenues. And you will, of course, try to abolish slums, and wipe out conditions that make waifs. But you will love the waifs. If not, the goblins will get you!

Look at that dirty little solemn-faced three-year-old standing absolutely nude on the blistering sidewalk on an August day. A foppish youth walks by. Without a moment's hesitation, the infant steps out and gives a perfect imitation of the youth, and, without change of countenance, retires to the semi-seclusion of his doorway. The next passer-by is a girl with queer little tight braids of hair tied at the end with ribbon. Quick as a flash, the babe has the ribbon in his hand. At three, he gets thrills from the passing throng. His little shirt is on the sidewalk; he removed it himself in order to be free. "I beat him for he should take his clos' off," said his mother apologetically.

There outside a basement window sits a baby, the color of the ground, fondling a large lump of coal,

and gurgling contentedly. "Her mudder gone off fer while an' lef' her," explains a neighbor.

Over there is a four-year-old taking care of a one-year-old who is delightedly sucking a "wienie," while a five-year-old brother is administering knockout blows to a boy larger than himself, because the larger one said, "Yer baby ain't got hair mit her head."

Once during a very hot summer when I was living where thousands are obliged to live through the sickening heat, we invited little Janie of the tenements to spend the night at our house as a reward of virtue. She trod on air in the glory of anticipation, because we had promised her a bath in the bathtub. When the night came, she arrived subdued and happy, and was put to bed in orthodox Christian fashion, a clean little girl in a clean little bed where she "could hear the tree." Janie had a very bad cold in the morning owing to our zeal with unwonted ablutions. She regarded it as a badge of distinction. "Dey'll know I had a bat' in de bat'tub when dey hear my hearse voice," she boasted proudly at breakfast.

Down on the East Side of New York, where swarming humanity was sweltering in summer sultriness, I made friends with a motley throng of children. One day they were arguing over the respective merits of the family baby of each, in whom they took great pride. The conversation turned upon a wonderful rattle Ikey had bought

for his baby sister. Ikey was nine, and he was swollen with pride over his gift. In imagination he could hear the baby gurgle with joy. "It cost twenty-five cents," he said proudly. "Where did you get the quarter?" I asked. Thrusting his stodgy little fists into his trousers' pockets, he entered into a series of gyrations that made me dizzy, before he condescended to tell me that he got it in his business.

The other children eagerly told me, "Ikey is the smartest kid in de bunch, and he can pick pockets like an angel."

Turning his shrewd little face toward me he confided, "It's easy as anyting." Then, "Want me to pick yer watch to show yer?"

I hastily begged to be excused, but before I knew what was happening, my watch was gone, and Ikey was standing sphinx-like and proud. After enjoying my surprise for a suitable length of time, he restored my watch, saying with a very superior air: "Don't wear yer watch hangin' that way or some kid what doesn't know yer will pick it an' never give it back! But," he added, warming up, "I likes yer, an' I'd never make offen yer, even to buy a rattle fer de kid."

Ikey was a prince; he would not "do" his friend. Flattered though I was by his announcement, I felt it necessary to remonstrate with him for plying such a trade. His eyes grew bigger as if he were trying to comprehend my meaning. Finally he explained:

"It's heaps easier'n carryin' knee pants from de fact'ry fer me mudder to sew, an'," he added gleefully, "de hauls is better, an' I kin take care of de kid."

One hot day in another summer, I was on a train running in to Chicago from an Indiana town. It was a cross line, and the coaches were dilapidated and dirty. The hours seemed very long. But suddenly the whole atmosphere changed. At one stop, thirty homeward bound "fresh air" children swarmed into my car, each supplied with a lunch. After settling themselves, they at once began to eat regardless of the fact that lunch time was still two hours away. Then it was that they were destined to make a heart-rending discovery. There was no drinking cup. The Illinois law abolishing the public cup had gone into effect since they made the trip countryward two weeks previously, but they knew nothing of laws, nor cared. They wanted water. Sad-eyed, they crowded around the ice water tank until it became known through sharp-eyed inspection that I had a glass in my possession. Then they literally swarmed around me: "Lady, I should have a drink." "Give it to me." "No, gimme it first." "Give it to Stella, she's the littlest." And from a boy in the rear, "Tightwad," and from another, "I hope it chokes her."

In vain did I try to expound the law. Individually and collectively they wanted a drink; I was the monster keeping them from it. Reasoning, cajolery,

blandishments, all failed. "Gimme it," "Gimme it," they howled. There was no hope in sight, their courier was seeking momentary relief in the smoking car; science, law, sense, all went down before them; they got the glass; they emptied the tank. Then came the inquisition: "Lady, why should dey say it isn't right to drink?" "Germs, what's dem?" "Dere ain't no worms on it. Look." "For why should we be t'irsty?"

Thus did they evidence the sweet unreasonableness of childhood; and thus did I become a contributor to childish delinquency. I furnished a common drinking cup, contrary to the mandate of a great commonwealth, and incidentally became a friend of thirty infants for two hours.

"Lady, for why does dey take us to de country?" queried an eight-year-old boy.

"Hush yer mouth. It's good fer you," said a seven-year-old.

"Lady, does ya love mit pigs?" inquired little Stella.

"She ain't been on fresh air. Maybe she don't know pigs," answered sad-eyed Sallie.

"Nor calves?" asked Johnnie.

"Nor milk from cow?" added Janie.

"Nor hens mit eggs?" contributed little Annie to the investigation.

"How much dat cost?" inquired Fannie, aged six, affectionately stroking my erstwhile clean collar with a jam-besmeared hand.

"I wisht I had a grand hat," sighed Linnie, looking rapturously at my last year's *chapeau.*

"It is not right you should paw mit ladies," rebuked a seven-year-old mentor.

"I'm hungry," complained a boy.

"You dun et yer lunch," came from another boy who was hoarding in his pocket a hard-boiled egg minus its shell.

It was an eventful journey. The "fresh airs" and I were practically alone in the car when the guardian gathered his brood about him to be ready to alight when "Chicago—all out" should sound. We parted the best of friends, in spite of my seeming stinginess at first. "You was jus' doin' it fer fun," one explained. And may I be forgiven for the germs I spread that day!

These children had been well fed, at least while they were "fresh airs," but many children of the poor are not.

"How can mudders who work take care of babies?" calmly inquired Mrs. Jarve, when asked about her nine-months-old child who looked so sick and thin.

"Me an' me husban' goes to de fact'ry early, but we feeds 'em all first. Den I leave a pot of coffee an' bread. Philip here is nine, an' he puts coffee in de bottle fer de baby when she cries.

"No, dere ain't no milk. It gits sour in summer."

I became acquainted with Philip in a playground where he had his baby in an old carriage, without

even a cushion in it, and the baby was getting what comfort she could out of a nursing bottle containing a brown liquid. Philip was a good nurse, too. Once in a while the lure of a swing would lead him to call out, "Here, kid, watch her a minute, will you?" I offered to watch her one time, but Philip, although looking with longing eyes at various kinds of apparatus, politely refused. But that was before he knew me. Afterwards he said, "I t'ought yer might kitnap her!"

Some ladies from a pure milk station found Philip and his baby one day, and after that the baby had sweet milk in her bottle instead of cold coffee. Soon she began to look better and did not cry so much. Mrs. Jarve said, "Now wouldn't dat get you?"

"My childern like coffee, too," said Mrs. Zujewski, as she gave her four-year-old a second cup. "He don't care for milk. I never t'ought much of milk meself—lacks taste. De childern eats jes' what we do. Dey ain't no trouble, an' dere's five."

"I got six," said Mrs. Beinlick, "an' they's all sick. I ain't never had no luck with 'em. They eat nothin'. There's Nellie. I got some bolony for her to-day, an' see her pick at it. When I was a child, I ate anyting. You can't be buyin' tings jis' fer childern."

"No, of course not. Ya gotta buy what yer man likes," replied Mrs. Zujewski, "an' men's hard to please, too. Sometimes I wish I'd never saw one."

"Same wit' me," agreed Mrs. Beinlick, "but I wish de childern'd eat."

Then you see Thalia coming over with her two-year-old sister to whom she has just given a salt herring and a piece of rye bread. "Eat it, baby," she says, kissing her.

"Now look at dat," says Mrs. Beinlick. "I'm gonna make my childern eat."

Three of the Beinlick brood are dead now, and the mother mourns over the others who are growing up frail. "I ain't never had no luck with childern," she keeps saying.

But perils other than malnutrition menace the children of the poor who live in crowded districts. Parents are busy or grow careless, and little lives are snuffed out in a second as they play on streets full of danger. The honk of a car is often unheeded, and a child sometimes darts out with swiftness no driver could match, and a little toddling thing is maimed or killed.

There is little Anton Tunigo just out after many weeks in the hospital. He is on crutches, for one leg is gone.

"It was a truck run me down," he says. "I didn't see it comin', an' ran for me ball. Dey was nice at de hospital. Dey gimme candy."

Joe Turski has both legs, but a hand is gone. "I kin sell papers," he says hopefully.

Mary Zitzevitz is in the hospital now, and it is

feared she will never walk again. "I was playin' when somethin' hit me," she said.

There is more than this. Listen!

"Oh! my God, dey kills Ikey," shrieked a mother as some men carried in a child limp and still. "Dey kills him!" she yelled again, rushing past the men with their burden, and down to the street.

"Who done dat?" she cried in a frenzy. Then seeing an automobile standing in the street, she ran over and commenced to kick it frantically, vaguely realizing that it was the cause of the trouble. "Let's burn it, let's burn it!" she screamed. But the police were there with restraining hands, and some women coaxed the half-crazed mother upstairs to her home where her little boy lay dead.

"Oh! Ikey, Ikey," she moaned, "dey kills you when you plays." And all through the night she mourned, screaming at times: "Dey got to give him back to me. Dey mus', dey mus'!"

"I tink de man dat done dat mus' be killed," said a man on the street.

"It was not his fault," said another, "de child run right in front of de car, for I seen it. But ottermobiles mus' not be on streets t'ick mit chil'urn."

"Well," said a woman, standing near, "I gotta vote; you gotta vote; ve all gotta vote. Ve gotta right to say it. Vill you do it? Our chil'urn'll be de nex'. Dey gotta be on de street."

While she talks, little Willie Kruesi is running right in front of the street car we are on. Screams

fill the air. "Oh!" you shriek, "such things cannot be," as you see them lift a little, legless lad from the tracks. And you cover your eyes. But you saw his curls, and covering your eyes does no good; the memory remains; it is with you now.

"He is dead," one says finally, and you get off the car because you must find the mother in one of those dreadful tenements, and try to comfort her. You pick your way through countless children and, you, too, think it should not be that street cars should be permitted to run along where children must play. And the words of the woman who saw another child killed are wafted to you and you are saying, "I have a vote; you have a vote; we all have a vote, and such things must not be."

CHAPTER XIV

THOSE WHO FALL BY THE WAY

SICKNESS of any kind is terrifying to the poor, but that which comes insidiously and stays is the hardest to meet. No one is ever prepared for such a visitant. There was Louis Batek, who worked at the "Yards." He was in bed the first time I saw him. He said then: "The doctor says I have consumption and must go away from here. Four of us sleeps in this room an' my coughin' disturbs 'em. My wife has to work now, so there's no one to take care of me. I bin in bed two months. We got along all right when I could work, but now it's so hard. I don't want to go to the hospital, but I'll go if it's right. Maybe I get well there."

"Sure ya get well," responded his wife. "We take him to-morrow, an' in t'ree week he be home well. Won't he?"

The next time I saw Louis, he was in the tubercular ward of a big free hospital.

"Oh! I hate it. I hate it," he said. "Nothing but rules. The bed's too short. I'm six feet an' over an' they tuck the clothes in tight all round, an' tell me to leave 'em be. I kick 'em out an' they scold me. Please ask 'em to give me more blankets. I nearly freeze with all the windows open."

Then his wife came in, saying: "Ain't dere some way to make 'em give him bed clos'? I bin round everywhere an' dey tell me noting. I want my husban' home. Dis is an awful place. I take care of him myself."

There were rows of neat, white beds as far as the eye could see, and coughing, twisting patients tucked in tight. "God, ain't it a sight!" said Mrs. Batek. "Why don't dey let 'em kick?"

Some influence brought to bear upon the powers procured an extra blanket for Louis at night, but it was removed in the morning because "it did not look well." The next week Louis was too ill to talk, and his wife was with him all the time the authorities would permit. She did scrubbing at night in order to have her days free. Then one day Louis died while his wife was beside him, and the last thing he said was: "This—bed—is—too—short." After the wife's first wild weeping was over, she said: "I tink if dey takes care of us, dey should do it right. Why should dey have all fer show? Don't let 'em put me in a hospital if I get sick. Please let me die home where I kin stick me feet out if I wants to."

Abe Drube felt quite differently about hospitals. He was in a free ward for many weeks after his operation, and he grew morbid when the subject of his going home was broached. The doctors and nurses were kind, and besides, he said: "I ain't got no home. Me wife—I don't know nothin' 'bout where she is. She left me before I got all broke up

that night. Said I was a dead beat, an' I told her I wisht I'd never saw her. She was just as much for the booze as I was. Women's got no right to booze. I ain't never thought it was right for women to be drinkin'. Men's diffrunt. I ain't fit to go back on the job. I wisht I could stay here all winter. I like the folks around, an' the victrola, an' everybody so kind."

Abe was kept on and on, till there was no legitimate excuse to keep him longer. It was arranged that he was to leave on a certain Tuesday forenoon. All arrangements, even the securing of a job, were made for his departure, and it was generally understood the day before that he was to go. On Tuesday morning before seven o'clock, Abe jumped from a seventh-story window, and was dead when he was picked up in the courtyard below. The note he left under his pillow said: "I cannot go way from here. It's heaven. I'd only get drunk an' get broke up again."

Quite naturally, Maggie O'Brien could compass a short, sharp illness more easily than a serious chronic ailment. She said: "I had the pneumonia onct, but I got over that all right and went back to work in a month. But look at me now. Four years I been layin' here with rheumatism. It's seven years since I was first took, but I kep' goin' as long as I could, first up and then down. Then the doctor brought me to this hospital, and it don't cost me nothin'. Oh, he's good like Jesus Christ! I'd be in

the poorhouse but for him. My father and mother's livin' in the country, but what could they do with me like this, and them poor as Job's turkey?

"No, I ain't gettin' no better. They've done everythin' for me, just like I was rich—tonsils out and teeth, and legs broke up four times. Now my legs is all drawed up again. I can feed myself, that's all.

"I done housework for eighteen years, but all the money I saved went into the farm at home. My father never was much good, and the boys was like him."

Maggie was the star patient in that hospital for several years. She was invaluable material for experimentation in a field devastated by ignorance. "I tell 'em I'm better'n a guinea pig," laughed Maggie in one of our many talks. Then she would look serious and say, "But what's goin' to become of me when they're through wantin' guinea pigs?" Others wonder too.

Then she went on: "No one should have a disease like this—layin' for years without movin'. The doctor says I'll get better, though, and to keep up my courage. Sometimes it's pretty hard to believe him. If it wasn't for God, I couldn't stand it. But I know as sure as you're settin' there that the twists'll be all out of my body on the bright and shining shore, and there'll be no pain, neither. It's that that keeps me up. What else could you live for?"

Thus Maggie with her simple faith is buoyed up

through years of torturing pain, while old Mrs. Cohen, bedridden and penniless, calls down curses on everyone. "For why should I be pair'lized?" she complains.

"An' why shouldn't youse be?" inquires her neighbor in the next bed. "Youse ain't no better'n no one else. I be pair'lized, too."

"Aw ye ain't," retorts Mrs. Cohen, "the nurse said you had mototaxi."

"Yer a liar," shouts the neighbor. "What's that? I'll tell the nurse yer be callin' me names."

"Well, ye ain't pair'lized," mutters Mrs. Cohen between her teeth, for she saw the doctor on his rounds approaching her corner.

Then the doctor says genially: "Good morning, ladies. I've brought a woman with me who is going to rub you paralyzed people to make you well."

"Thank God for that," piously replies Mrs. Cohen.

"Thank me," says the doctor, winking at his interne. "I'm paying for this."

"There," says the neighbor triumphantly, "I be pair'lized, too. He said so."

The hospital machinery went on regardless of little tempests among "chronics." There were so many serious things to be attended to.

Joe Mazorga made things lively one day in the hospital where he had been a patient for two months. And it was all on account of a gift. In Ward G, the convalescing men were not as modest as the rules

required, and often paraded around scantily clad. The Social Service Department, therefore, presented bathrobes where they were needed. Joe got one and was overjoyed.

"Look at me grand coat," he said to his wife when she came to see him.

"It vas dirty," she announced, viewing the faded colors with disdain. "Dey shouldn't give ya dirty clos," and she descended upon the office in a fury. "For vhy vas ya give my man dirty clos' to put on?" she demanded.

Vainly did they try to convince her that the garment was clean. Failing utterly, they exchanged it for another whose colors were new and bright. This she carried triumphantly to Joe, who donned it with pride.

Two weeks later, Mrs. Mazorga decided the bathrobe needed washing, and took it home with her. "I clean it good, dem hospitals is dirty," she told her neighbor, as she put it on to boil. But some way or other the boiling did not agree with the woolen robe, and Mrs. Mazorga was again in a rage. "Dey can't put over tings like dat on me," she muttered, starting for the hospital.

"Here," she said to the clerk, "ya gotta take back dis coat. It ain't no good. Look at it, all shrunk up an' faded. Ya gimme a new one fer Joe. Givin' us tings like dat 'cause we's poor, huh!"

Joe got another bathrobe and, moreover, took it home with him when he left the hospital. And Joe

never paid a cent for anything. "Hospitals is de stingy tings," said Joe's wife as they were leaving.

Louis Hoernle is a happy man now, because after two years of indescribable suffering he is earning his living. He is in a wheel chair all day, but he can use his arms, and he tats. A large man is Louis, and the shuttle looks small in his big hands as it flies in and out through loops of thread. "The teacher at the hospital found out I could do this," he explains. "We tried a lot of other things first. It's great I can do it. I've made miles of this [looking proudly at his work]. A comp'ny takes all I can make.

"Blest if I know what they use it for. They sell carloads of it, they say."

Nineteen-year-old Minna Hecht makes tatting, too. She says: "I make this for sheets, and a woman pays me twenty-five cents a yard for it, giving me the thread. I've had rheumatism three years, I can only walk a few steps, but thank God I can use my hands.

"Oh! yes, they're awful swollen and twisted, but they don't pain so much. I'm so glad I can help my mother. She works."

Poor Ellen Murphy cannot do anything. "For fifteen years," she says, "I've been helpless. Sometimes they pull me up on the side of the bed and I sit a little while. I can't even feed myself. My mother takes care of me and does some sewing at home, and my sister works in an office. I wish I could die; it would be so much easier for the others."

This is the burden of so many last words. Fred Purvis who died last week after an illness of three years said, "I'm glad I'm going; it will make it easier for you, Nellie, and the children." And now Nellie is saying, "I miss him so I can hardly stand it." The flame of affection burns just as brightly in homes of poverty as of affluence; perhaps more brightly because it is tended by personal sacrifice.

Johanna Elsing goes out washing by the day now because Edward can no longer work for her and the children. She says: "I'm only glad I can do it. He took such good care of me since we was married. Two years ago, he fell from the scaffolding where he was painting, and broke his back, they said, but I guess it couldn't have been broke or he'd been dead. They operated and operated. The insurance paid for it, and we got thirteen dollars a week for a year, but now we get nothing. But so long as I hold out, I'll take care of Edward. It's the rent that's so awful. I couldn't pay it all this month. Johnnie had to have shoes. I don't understand about rent. We lived in this place nine years, and now the rent is forty dollars. It used to be twenty. The place ain't as good as it was. Now why do we pay more? It ought to be fixed some way."

And Edward is saying: "Maybe I'll be well some day, Johanna, an' then it'll be easier for you. You sure is the nerviest thing. I'd a died long ago if it hadn't a been for you, an' I guess I ain't worth keepin' alive."

"Don't you ever say that, Edward," replies Johanna, "if I was to lose you I'd just lay down and die."

Love gives strength to Johanna and courage to Edward, and who knows but the doctors are wrong, and Edward may again be well?

"With hope and love huggin' each other in your heart, most anything is easy," is Johanna's philosophical way of stating the case. Women do not all feel this way about affliction. Huldah Bopp's husband has been in bed four years, and she says: "It would sure be a proud day for me if the Lord would call him home. He's nothin' to me. Just lays there. We was only married two years when he was taken.

"I only got one baby of me own. You know Laura. But there's five of his'n. He was married before. That's where I was the fool, to marry a man with childern, but how was I to know he was goin' to get sick? He's twelve years older'n I am. He was took sick quick, just fell over dizzy like. I think he's gettin' crazy. We had him at the hospital for a long time. The doctors said it was some blood disease that would affect his brain. I got an idea that he wasn't any better'n he'd ought to been an' I kinda lost interest in him, though of course he's me husban' an' I'll take care of him as long as I can. But I do feel as if the five hunderd dollars insurance would do me more good now than a husban'. I got all the childern insured since two of 'em died on me

without a penny on 'em. That was awful. Mrs. Bovey got forty dollars for her boy.

"No, no, I couldn't manage by myself. The church helps me with the rent, an' the Ladies' Aid gives me groc'ries. I never saw much use in churches before, but me husban' belonged. I always thought they just give things way off on the other side of the world, an' that seems silly when there's so much sufferin' here. I send the childern to Sunday school; they don't learn no harm there. We got along all right when me husban' was well, but we never saved nothin'. Seems as if there ought to be a way to support a fam'ly when a man gets sick without his wife havin' to go out scrubbin'. The childern has to wait on their father when I'm away, an' who's takin' care of them? I ask. It don't seem like he could last much longer. Of course he ain't wearin' himself out just layin' there sick. Well, it'll all be over some day, I s'pose."

Two thousand miles from the home of the Bopp family live the Possadas, Eulalia and Hugo. The husband does odd jobs by the day, and the wife is an invalid.

"I fall down de stairs before me baby come, an' I never walk since. De baby was dead when it come," Eulalia, who is only twenty, tells us. "I work in de mill too long, de doctor say. I been layin' here six mon's, an' Hugo is so good to me, tender like de Virgin Mary. He work aroun' de

mill an' run in often to see me, an' wait on me like a mudder. I love! love him! love him!"

Then Hugo, big, slouchy, and dirty, comes in, and, going over to the bed in their one room, kisses his sick wife, and sheepishly pats her hand. "How's me lil' baby girl?" he inquires. "Here's an ice cream cone a fella send ya. It'll cool ya off. Here I'm gonna wash yer han's and face so's ya'll feel better. It sure does me good to see ya smilin'. Ya gonna get well 'fore long, baby."

"Oh, Hugo, you're me one an' only!" she says. "Layin' here ain't so bad when ya come in. I jus' lay here an' tink how good youse to me. Some day me back'll be well, an' I can work an' take care of youse."

Then Hugo replies: "I gotta go now, but I be tinkin' of ya all de time. Soon I come home to me lil' girl."

You hear this, and for a moment you forget the ugly tenement room and the filthy street, and the great gray mill in the distance. You think of young hearts beating in unison and of sacrificial love, and the sweetness of it encompasses you. But soon you remember the poverty and the misery there, and beautiful streets and affluence elsewhere, and you determine to put your shoulder to the wheel in the effort to make the world a more comfortable place for everyone. If Eulalia and Hugo could know about this, they would say their misery and suffering had not been in vain.

Adam Hauslein, too, is suffering to-day. He says: "My daughter Kathe was all I had in the world, an' now she's dead. She was crippled for two years by an awful disease they give big names to. They called it rheumatoid arthritis. Some people told me she would get well if I sent her to the hospital. She had to set in a wheel chair all day, but she was always happy when I come home from work, and her only nineteen. I took her to the hospital, and the big doctors said they was goin' to cure her. They done all kinds of things to that girl, cut her most to pieces. Then a feller said her teeth was awful, they must come out, twenty-two of 'em. When they got ten out, her heart went bad—after that, she got pneumonia. They was awful good to her, put her in a room by herself, give her a special nurse, and everything, but in four days she was dead. They done what they could, I s'pose, but oh!—I want my girl. I took care of her in our two little rooms. We live near the fact'ry where I work, an' I was home to fix things for her to eat. Kathe's eyes was so blue an' smilin' in spite of the pain she suffered. It don't—seem—to me—I can—live—without her!

"There ain't no God. There can't be or he wouldn't'a let that happen."

Now on Sundays Kathe's father carries a few flowers to her grave, and he has no interest in anything else. He still has his job in the factory and

his two little rooms, but there is no sunshine anywhere for him.

While dark clouds are hanging over Adam Hauslein, brightness has come into the life of the Dorschlag family. Peter, the father, was hurt by a truck more than a year ago, and will never be able to do much work again. Yesterday the court awarded him six thousand dollars damages; to-day he is infested with relatives. Like flies around a honey pot they have gathered, and the indications are that the fortune will soon dwindle. Peter says, "Ya know the lawyers get half."

"Yes," puts in his wife, "he signed de paper sayin' dat de first day at de hospital."

"Ya," answers Peter, "dey was dere when I come to, an' say dey would get money from de comp'ny dat own de truck, but I must sign up fifty-fifty since I hev no money to pay lawyers."

"That didn't ought to be the way to do," remarks a neighbor, "but poor people can't get their rights."

"How much will ya have, Mis' Dorshlag, when all de claims is paid?" inquires another caller.

"I dunno," replies the wife. "We was jus' talkin' about dat."

"Seems like everyone was puttin' in a claim," says Peter, "und only yesterday ve know ve got de money. My brudder wants now ve should go to live mit him; und my cousin, too, she say, 'Come mit uns.' Las' vinter ven ve tink de landlor' put us out, no one ask

us to go mit dem, but my vife's sister, Hannah, an' her mit t'ree childern."

"Hannah was good all right," adds Mrs. Dorschlag. "We had de hell of a time when he come home from de hospital an' had to lay abed all day."

"Someone's at de door," says Peter. "Oh, come right in, Emil."

"Vell folks," announces brother Emil. "Ve got de great news," nodding at everyone in the room. "You got dis money, Peter, vat you gonna do wit it? In'trest ain't no good to poor people. Dat's for de rich. In'trest on t'ree t'ousan', what's dat? No, de ting is to spen' it, an' get de good out of it. Now, a man tell me dat in California, ya can buy an orange farm for tousan' dollar, an' all you got to do is pick de oranges. How ya like ve all go, huh, Peter? Ya'll jus' lay in de sun, nobody vork."

"Is dere a house?" inquires Mrs. Dorschlag.

"Ve build a house. See! Ve got t'ree t'ousan', ain't it?" returns Emil.

"California, vere's dat?" asks Peter. "I like best to go back to de ol' country."

"De ting to do is to buy propaty here in dis city, an' live on it," states the neighbor who was there first.

"I vill take care of dat money, an' dem too," responds Emil belligerently. "No need you buttin' in."

And so the discussion goes on endlessly while Peter basks in the distinction of riches. When the

money is finally turned over to him, after all the vultures have been satisfied, there are only eleven hundred dollars left of the six thousand, but that seems a fortune to the Dorschlag family. They will go neither to California nor to the old country, but they will have plenty to eat for a while, and everybody will be neighborly.

The blight of sickness falls with shocking severity on those of our friends who are picking their precarious way along the highway of poverty, and they are looking everywhere for help. But when disaster comes, they meet it on the whole courageously.

CHAPTER XV

WHEN CHARITY ENTERS

"WHAT's dey doin' in de line, buyin' op'ry tickets?" genially inquired Dan as he slipped into a line of men forming before a closed door near the riverfront where all was squalor and dirt. Dan was a regular patron of such lines, and he knew perfectly well that hot coffee and a roll would be handed out when the big bell boomed midnight.

"Op'ry tickets nothin'," replied Tom, turning up the collar of his ragged coat, and stepping in behind Dan. "It's a meal ticket I want. I ain't had nothin' to eat since I can remember. The trouble with these folks is that the grub gives out too soon."

"They's better'n most," spoke up a third man, "because you don't hev to set in meetin' to git a ticket."

" 'Tain't so bad to set in meetin' when yer roomin' on de street in de winter," added a fourth.

"What's yer hotel, bo?" asked Dan amiably, although shivering from cold.

"Same's yourn. I seen yer name on de reg'ster," was the reply which brought a general laugh.

Then the door opens and we go inside to help pass out the coffee. It is a very large cup steaming

hot, and the roll is a big one. The director says, "You know we are supposed to give out only a thousand cups, but if there are men still in the line, we squeeze the tank a little."

It is an orderly line we face through that opening in the door, and we marvel that this is so. Outside the wind is biting, and those men are homeless. We are scanning a thousand pairs of eyes, trying to read the secrets of their lives, when Dan is again before us saying: "Did ya ever hear so many 'God bless yas' in ya life? Take it from me, men, God ain't nothin' to do with this. It's a man 'at was hungry hisself once before he made his pile dats doin' dis."

"Some guy, I'll say," adds Tom.

"I knows ev'ry life line in dis town," continues Dan. "Reg'lar life savin' stations dey is. Some gents what comes to such places is drunks an' dead beats in course, but workin' jus' nat'rally don't agree with some. Me, meself is de same."

"Dis ain't a meetin' to talk in," interrupts Tom. "Say 'God bless ya' an' move on."

"I ain't in de way," defends Dan. "De line's passin' in front of me." Then, continuing, "When ya get down an' out, seems like ya don't wanta get up. I ain't worked a day in four year, an' I never will again, s'help me." And he disappears under the elevated station.

"Jus' hearin' hisself talk," is Tom's comment.

Most of the men were not garrulous, merely sullen and silent. What they were thinking no man

could fathom. It was enough to know that they were cold and hungry.

"De saddest sight in de worl' is a bread line," said a thrifty workingman to me one time. "I get fightin' mad when I see one, an' ev'ry night deys formin' somewheres. Dat don't do no good."

"But ya can't let 'em starve," said his companion.

" 'Tain't no democracy when ya ladle out soup to bums. Der didn't ought to be no bums, an' dere wouldn't be lessen rich people trew 'em out of work. Dere's someting wrong when dere's bums. Some fella lost his job one day or didn't hev de right kind of job an' quit, an' he's never no good no more. Dat ain't de right way. I know inside of me it mus' be wrong in free country dat men should eat like dat, but I dunno how to say to fix it."

"Nor me," agreed his companion. "Ten tousan' bums could shoot up de town if dey ever got started."

We think of this as we go from slum to slum, from city to city, and meet human derelicts everywhere, fawning for food and shelter.

We hear a man in filthy rags saying: "It's me fer de 'Come to Jesus camp' to-night. I gotta have a bed ticket. 'S too cold to sleep out." And another is telling us, "At two o'clock dey gives away bread at de bakery down yonder," and someone else is saying, "I wisht dey give away dhrinks," as he sidles into a soup line.

And every night, through wintry weeks, we can

go the rounds where men famished and shivering congregate to be fed, and we will move away exclaiming, "The images ye have made of Me!"

As far as the east is from the west, so far are these dregs of humanity from the worthy poor who sometimes call on charity for help. There is Marie Sokol, who got along very well with her four children till rents went up so high. "I moved from one place to another," she said, "till I spent more moving than I saved in rent. That wasn't sensible. Then I thought I'd try scrubbing at night as well as sewing in the daytime. Lots of women get on that way, but I am not strong enough I guess, and got sick. There was nothing left but to ask for help. It nearly broke my heart. I wasn't brought up a beggar. The lady from the Charity Society came out, and was awful nice. Now they help me with the rent every week, and I can do the sewing. But the children must never know their mother had to do this. I keep them in school, and want they should grow up independent."

When Hedwig Zwink had to ask for aid in keeping her little family together, she said: "I should worry. The city has a right to take care of me. It don't sound well that people should starve. I can't go out to work on account of the childern. I make lamp shades for the fact'ry, but I can't earn more than six dollars a week, and what's that? It's right the city should help me."

Axel Stahl worried greatly over his inability to

keep his four motherless children together. The struggle was too much for him; he called for help, and the children are now in an institution where he contributes a very small sum each week for their support. He says: "Tings is goin' grand now. Nex' week I get a new mudder for de childern. Man can't live alone forever. My wife she been dead four mont' now."

Kitty O'Toole got her children into a home, too, because she couldn't support them. "A woman didn't ought to try to keep up a home alone," she stated. "'S too much, an' it ties a woman down awful. Now I can go out nights a bit." Last week Kitty married a man she had met twice. When he heard about the family he had unwittingly acquired, he took four dollars of Kitty's money and left for haunts unknown. Kitty says, "Men ain't no 'count nowadays!"

"No 'count? I'll say they is," announces her friend who has just driven up in a yellow taxi-cab. "My man got killed where they was fightin' an' the Gov'ment is payin' me for him. Every month I get de money. He ain't no 'count, ain't he?"

Then, lowering her voice, she says: "Mis O'Toole, don't say nothin' 'bout me havin' the money. Some ladies is payin' me rent on account of de childern, an' dey don't know nothin' 'bout my husban'. I didn't neither tell the Gov'ment sent me de money. I never had no money to spend, so I jus' thought I'd have a good time on it myself. Shows

respec' for the dead, too, I think. I couldn't give him no fun'ral, so I'm jus' tryin' to enjoy myself in other ways."

"Some women sure is lucky," mutters Kitty as she watches her friend's disappearing figure, and goes forth to proclaim the good tidings to the neighborhood. "But men ain't no 'count, I'll say—leastways not lessen they's dead."

Mella Birk thinks she would be better off if her husband were dead. He is in the penitentiary. She says, in speaking of this: "You know it's better to be a widow than to have your man in jail. You gets more respect. That woman that comes ev'ry week from the s'ciety that's helpin' me would be more impressed like if he was in the cimmitery. But I should worry about her. I've thought of askin' 'em to move me to another place where I could start out fresh as a widow if they'd give me some black clos'. I wonder would they do that? Don't seem much to ask, but I ain't got me nerve up yet. Perhaps you'd ask her. Here they all know about him. The childern is too young to know such things. The lady's awful good to me. She pays the rent for my room an' sends me things to eat ev'ry week, not but what I'd ruther have the spendin' of the money myself, but you can't have ev'rything to suit you. If I could only move to the west side, an' had some nice mournin' clos', I'd be perfectly happy!"

Mrs. Hurley did "have the spendin' of the

money" herself. It was during the early part of the war when government clerical forces could not handle accumulated work, and the monthly money for soldiers' wives was slow in coming, that Mrs. Hurley applied to the local Red Cross for help. The evicting hand of the landlord was stayed on two different occasions and food was furnished for the family, together with many lessons in thrift. The overdue money finally came, ninety dollars in all, and was handed to Mrs. Hurley with full instructions to pay her rent within an hour. As soon as the agent's back was turned, she burst forth: "Pay rint! I'll say I won't! I ain't had no money to spend since I can think, an' I'm goin' to spend this," and off she started for the shopping district. When her time of reckoning with the agent came, she explained: "I'd always wanted a sanit'ry couch, so I just got one for twenty-eight dollars, an' a big rockin' chair to rest meself in for fourteen dollars, an' a set of dishes for thirty dollars. That wa'nt so much. They was a hundred pieces in it. What'd I want of all them dishes? What does anyone want of anythin'? I bought things for the childern with the rest of the money. That rockin' horse, an' the cart an' that big doll.

"I dunno as it's the Red Cross's business what I does with my own money. Can't you pay the rint like you bin payin' it? Tom's money's mine, to spend. How'd you like not havin' any money to spend?" Mrs. Hurley's subsequent dealings with

her landlord and the local charity were tinged with unpleasantness, but she had had her great adventure, and her blood tingles now, she says, "with the mem'ry of it."

"Them was the good old days," remarked Ada Segrist when speaking of a very hard winter some years ago. "Them days, a poor person could really make something. You could get things from different societies and sell 'em. They're gettin' so close now, you can't do nothin'."

I well remember the year that Ada was a member in good standing of three churches of different denominations, and "was cashing in" on her religion, as she herself explained. "I got rent from the Baptist, groc'ries from the Methodist, and coal from the Presbyterian, and clos' from all of 'em. I sold clos' and groceries, used to go out peddlin' 'em. I'm sure I worked hard enough to get what I got. Goin' to church and gettin' the childern off to Sunday school took time, I'll say. Where was the harm? Ya can't live on rent. But them good old days is gone. There's no Christ'anity any more."

Some years ago, a man known to be much interested in charitable enterprises showed me a card which had just come to him through the mail. It read:

"Dear Sir:

I address you because my children are starving. We have had nothing at all to eat for two days. What I ask of you is this. Will you please let me

go to your club and get the scrapings from the plates to take home for us to eat? I only ask for what would be thrown away. If you cannot let me have this, then please give me some of the very cheapest food that can be bought.

Yours in the fear of God,

MABEL COLVIN."

With the card in my pocket, I went out to call upon Mabel. Seeing a stranger at the door, she waved me off, warning me that her two children had scarlet fever. "But," she said, "the health department has not put up a sign yet. It'll be here this afternoon." As it was no part of my program to dally with scarlet fever germs, I agreed to talk to her through the window, since she lived on the first floor. "We have no food at all," she maintained, "and please buy cornmeal because it is so cheap, and get the very cheapest cut of meat."

Going to the nearest grocery store, I bought some food and delivered it at her door, deciding to make inquiries later. "Oh, thank you so much!" she said sweetly. "We have had nothing to eat for two days."

Mabel's children did not have scarlet or any other kind of fever, and their shrewd little mother had plenty to eat. A judicious distribution of cards like the one that came into my possession had brought many dollars' worth of good groceries to her door during the year that had passed, and these she was in the habit of selling at a nice profit. Mabel was

a good psychologist. She knew no one would send her plate scrapings, and she knew that so modest a request would bring returns. As Kitty O'Toole would say, "All the grafters ain't among the rich; there's just as many among the poor—more 'cause there's more of 'em."

The desire to get something for nothing is not confined to any social group; it seems to be inherent in the human species. Hilga Holmes went home one night and said: "I was tired working in that old office, so I quit. Then I put on my things and went over to a big store to look around. I'm thin and pale, you know, and I heard a lady say, 'That poor girl standing there looks tired out.' That gave me an idea. I just fell right over. Somebody caught me, and there was quite a fuss. I came to, enough to say I was sick going without food since I was out of work. In no time, they had given me fifty dollars, and took me up to the store hospital. After a while some of the ladies came up again with thirty dollars more. Now wouldn't that get you? What's the use of working yourself to death? More than five weeks' wages I got in five minutes.

"What am I going to do with it? Buy a one-piece dress. I saw a peach of a one in a window to-day for eighty dollars."

"You should give the money to your ma," said her father. "It's awful hard gettin' money to keep us goin'. You should be able to pull that stunt again without gettin' caught."

"Maybe I'll do it again, if I don't get cold feet," replied the daughter.

"You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves, temptin' Providence, I call it," said the mother rebukingly.

"You should worry, ma," replied the daughter, "those people who gave me money had it to burn."

That is the way Bella Laurence felt about Thanksgiving dinners one year. "They've got 'em by the barrel," she announced one night, "and I'm gonna have some. I got my name in three places. They don't know I got work. I'll have to take the day off to go get 'em, but it'll be a nice change for me."

Bella got her three dinners as arranged, generous baskets with roast beef and many other things. She said later: "I sold 'em all, for I decided I'd ruther have turkey. Manage. That's me. You gotta manage to bring up a fam'ly. Those dinners was to give away; they had to give 'em to some one. God knows I'm poor 'nuff. Christmas time, I'll plan better."

"How ya mean, plan better?" queried a woman at the next washtub in the basement where they were both working.

"Get the dinners from the City Hall," answered Bella.

"Does de City give out dinners?" asked the woman in astonishment.

"Sure they does. They gives out anything. My alderman is Johnnie on the spot with dinners.

They're better'n the others—chicken. I just found out about 'em."

"Ya give me an' idee, Miss Laurence," said the companion, shaking her head wisely.

"Beats all how you find out things when you start lookin', don't it?" replied Bella. "The Lord only helps you when you're on the job yourself, I'll say."

Poor little Rena Mallek could not "manage" like Bella Laurence. When she had burned her last lump of coal on Christmas eve, and faced a dinnerless day on the morrow, she just fell on her knees, and prayed aloud, "Oh, dear Jesus, send someone to help me," and then she wept. A woman in the next room heard her, and went out to tell the neighbors that "Someone's a prayin'. They must be in a bad way." The word was passed along till it reached a policeman nearby.

"What the hell is she prayin' for?" he asked good-naturedly.

"Help," came the answer.

"That's easy," said the officer, "the town's full of help to-night."

Before long some young people were knocking at Rena's door, and in a moment more were drying her tears and hearing: "I spent me las' cent to-day, and I couldn't ask for help. I didn't know what to do, so I ask Jesus, and He has heard me prayin'."

"Shif'less, just plain shif'less, I call it," says Bella, "but then 'tain't all who can manage."

Some kind people are managing little Rena now and she has work and a comfortable place to live. And every night she offers up prayers of thankfulness. She is one whose lips can say "God be praised," as well as "God be pitiful," for she has gratitude in her heart.

Some of the women you see in that station where winter wraps are being distributed show a different spirit.

"I doan' want a black coat. It looks like mournin'," one is saying as she tosses aside the first garment that is offered to her. "Ain't you got no green ones? They has tone."

"It's a blue one I want," says another, "bright blue."

"This one's ol' style," you hear a third say. "Ain't you got no this year's ones?"

And then a little woman comes along and says, "Lady, these coats seems too good to be givin' 'em away."

"Yes, I got a ticket to get a coat," a fourth is saying. "Who's givin' us these coats anyway? I'll take two, one fer me daughter.

"Ya don't give two to one person? Now, what sense is there in that? She can't quit work to come here an' get a coat, can she? Not meant fer girls with work? Ain't the people who's givin' 'em away glad to get rid of 'em? Ain't it house-cleanin' time? Oh! well sence ya's so pertic'lar, I dunno as I wants one nohow. Looks messy."

As this woman turns to go out, you see an angry-looking woman enter, and she is saying: " 'Tain't right that women should have to go beggin' for clos'. I wouldn't have one of them coats if I froze on the street. Gimme work, an' decent wages, an' low rent an' I'll buy me own clos'. No charity in mine. Put me out if you want, but I've had my say."

"What's that ol' crab talkin' 'bout?" inquires the woman who wants a green coat. "Take everythin' you can git, I say."

"The Meth'dists has better coats," comments another woman, "but I ain't got a ticket there."

"A sportin' event," says a man going home from work, as he sees what is going on inside the building, "same as a rummage sale or bargain sale or what you call 'em. It's fierce."

"Well," says his companion, "it's good fer de rich. How else dey gonna get rid of der ol' clos'? An' it makes 'em feel good. I give a pair of ol' pants to a guy onct, an' I feel like de President!"

This man knew from his own experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive, while the angry-looking woman was quite sure of the cursedness of receiving. Those of the poor who do any thinking for themselves feel the same way about it. "Of course," as Arby Sordyl says, "most people don't do no thinkin' anyways, an' the poor ain't gonna work their thinkin' machinery overtime no more'n the rich. Head pieces is scarce. If they wasn't, nobody'd be starvin', an' I guess nobody

could get rich, an' there'd be no givin' things away, for everybody'd have what he needed, an' what more do you want?"

You listen to Arby, and you seem to hear coming down the long corridor of time the voice of Saint Augustine saying:

"Thou gavest bread to the hungry, but better were it
That none hungered and thou hadst none to give him."

You tell this to Arby and his reply is: "Well, whadda ya know about that? I s'posed that was my big idea! My God! I wisht that was true an' there was no one hungry nor needin' clos' in this whole country an' no one was squanderin' or makin' fools of theirselfs. But that's too much to expec'. It'll come some day. Things is better'n they was, though."

CHAPTER XVI

"OVER THE HILL"

THOUSANDS are wending their weary way each year to the homes provided by the taxpayers for those who have been unable to provide homes for themselves when their sands are running out. Jerry Clark says: "It gives you a comfortable feelin' to know that, come what may, there's a place where you kin go when no other place is open. It's life insurance."

Fred Slocumbe responds: "I don't want any of that kind of life insurance in mine. I'd ruther starve."

"Maybe if you was eighty instead of forty, you'd feel diffrunt," replies Jerry. "Take me. I spend summers with my gran'daughter, and winters in the poorhouse. In summer I can do odd jobs, but my rheumatics is too bad in winter."

The first day of November, Jerry presents himself at the door of his winter home and cheerily announces: "Well, here I be back. How's the fam'ly? Good day, Mis' Allen! How do, deacon? Holloa, Nathan!" and he passes on to the men's room to settle himself in his accustomed corner. "Ain't it great to have something to come back to?"

"Better to come back to then to stay in," comes

the old thin voice of Sam Harrahan, as one shaking hand pours some tobacco in the other from which he fills a dirty-looking clay pipe. "Most ev'rybody's dead sence you went away," and his voice dies out in puffs of smoke.

"Who's dead?" demands Jerry.

"I ain't fer one," comes from Mark Pellett, who is making a fire.

"Nor I ain't fer 'nother," from Tom Maguire.

"Twan't nobody but two or three women that's dead," says Andrew Bolby.

"Oh, 's that all?" from Jerry.

"Well, seems like ev'ry time I look out, there's a fun'ral," in Sam Harrahan's quavering tones. But Sam is ninety-four and feeble. Besides, he does not see very well, and he forgets how many years it is since he came.

"You should chirp up a leetle, Uncle Sam," Jerry is saying. "You'd feel better. Livin's nothin' great, anyhow, but it sure goes better when you can crack a smile."

"Hey? What's that?" says Sam. "I bin chirpin' nigh on a hundert year. I be gettin' tired."

"He'll soon croak," in an aside from Tom Maguire.

"The sooner the better," adds Mark Pellett.

"Speakin' uv politics," says Andrew Bolby, "how's you boys goin' to vote Toosday?"

"Who's runnin'?" asks Uncle Sam.

"They's all runnin'," replies Jerry.

"If my rheumatiz wan't so bad, I'd like to git out an' vote for Cleveland," announces Sam. "He give us good gov'ment."

"He ain't a match for Lincoln," says Tom.

"Lincoln, he ain't livin', be he?" inquires Andrew.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout that," replies Sam. "Cleveland's my man." And then the old man nods, and sleeps in his corner.

"I'm goin' to vote for Wilson, myself," Mark states.

"Wilson! He's dead," scoffs Andrew.

"Go 'long! When?" inquires Jerry. "I never heard nothin' 'bout that. The Sup'rintendent ast me to vote for the 'Publicans."

"Ast you? Invited you, you mean?" asked Tom, incredulously. "Invited you, jus' like you was somebody?"

Sam opens his eyes long enough to say, "Fight? Where's the fight?"

"*In*vited is what I said," answers Jerry, "but I don't know as I b'lieve in a tarruf."

"Tarruf, what's that?" inquires Tom Maguire. "I'm goin' out to git *in*vited." And Tom stamps out with the full vigor of his eighty-seven years.

"He ain't posted on the ishes uv the day," sneers Mark.

"I wonder ain't dinner ready," interrupts Jerry.

Then the noon bell rings, and questions of politics are laid aside for the day while more important "ishes" come up for consideration.

The men sit on one side of the dining room, the women on the other, like an old-fashioned prayer-meeting, and the meal progresses silently save for occasional grumbling about the quality of the food. This particular institution is small, only a hundred all told, and two-thirds of these are men. One year there was an exciting elopement. Out of the back door slipped Adam Pryor, seventy-six, to meet his *inamorata,* Mrs. Huldah Lyons, seventy-four. It was Adam's fifth venture, and he was charmed with the prospect. A clergyman tied the knot, and the happy couple returned to the poorhouse for their honeymoon. "You kin call me Mis' Pryor now," announced the bride, "an' this is me husban'. A woman needs a husban'."

"Humph" came from the woman's corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Pryor soon ceased to be on speaking terms. They awoke quickly from love's young dream. And it was over the question of tobacco. Adam did not want his wife to smoke, and, waving her pipe in the air, he said quite dramatically, "Choose between us." She chose. The men were solidly in favor of Adam, and the women were, too, for that matter, not because they took sides on the smoke question, but because they thought "Mis' Lyons was a silly fool to git married at her age 'thout betterin' herself." The women themselves smoked, but that, they held, had nothing to do with the case in point.

These old people were quarrelsome. Petty argu-

ment would soon develop into bickering. One day some women were knitting, and out of a clear sky came Mrs. Jellak's, "You didn't ought to hold your yarn thet way, Mis' Eller."

"Didn't ought? It's the way to hold it," came in reply.

"You're a liar," was the response, "give me thet knittin', so's I'll show you how to do it."

"Show me, will you? I know more 'bout knittin' than any woman in this house," said Mrs. Eller pugnaciously. And the fat was in the fire. Within five minutes, ten irate old women were calling one another names and uttering dire threats, until the matron's calming presence diverted their thoughts to other matters.

"Women is the fightinist things," commented Jerry. "They's as bad as the men."

"Well, can you blame 'em?" answered Tom. "Never had nothin' in their whole lifes, an' endin' up in the poorhouse. I dunno what people's born for lessen it's to keep up the poorhouses."

In another institution an old woman weeps all day. When she finishes her chores, she puts on her bonnet and shawl and sits by the door, waiting for the son who never comes. "I know he'll come today," she sobs. "He'll take me away—he has a nice home—I know he'll come for me—my little boy I raised. His wife sent me here—and he said he'd come and get me. I wasn't brought up to live here. My little boy'll soon come for his mother."

"She's batty," someone tells you. "Didn't ought to be here. Her son's been dead these ten years. They let her stay here 'cause she don't hurt no one. Poorhouses is bad enough, but crazy-houses is worse."

And someone else is saying: "It's a good thing to have some place to end your days when you ain't a penny in the world, or a friend. But it does make you mad to have the Sup'rintendent eat up everything an' give us the leavin's. That's what he does. I guess our taxes pays for this. The beds is hard, too."

"The more these people get, the more they want," someone in authority tells you. "They think it belongs to them by right, and are very critical of the management."

John Haggerty and his wife joined the long procession going to the last resort of the homeless poor in the winter. John said: "We had a little farm, not much, but it give us a livin' when we was younger. Our son took it when I got too old to work, but him and his wife never took to farmin'. They'd been livin' in town. Things went from bad to worse till our son died." Here Mrs. Haggerty slipped a thin, wrinkled hand under John's arm, and wiped her eyes with the other, as if she feared that he, too, might get away from her. Her husband awkwardly pressed her hand against his side, and continued: "His wife was no manager and lost the place. They foreclosed on her, and there was nothin' left for ma

and me but to come here—nothin' left—nothin' left —but—the—poorhouse."

Now "ma" is patting John's arm and saying gently: "In my Father's house are many mansions, an' He said He was goin' to prepare a place for us—for us, pa; for you an' me."

"Yes, ma, it don't do to forget that," replies John. "We been married nigh on to sixty year, and you been a good wife to me. I couldn't stay here without you. Let us pray that we go to the mansions together—that's it, together."

Reverently, we turn away, hoping that their prayer will be granted, and, since life has held so little for them, we are glad that they have so glorious a hope. What can a poorhouse or a prison signify to those who can really believe that there is a home prepared for them?

A thousand miles away from the place where the Haggertys are to spend their remaining days, is a very large institution where the flotsam and jetsam of a great city finds its way. I seem to see it on a summer day, and underneath the trees, on both sides of a walk bordered by flowers, are ninety-six wheel chairs in two rows facing each other. They are all occupied, and I am sure you never saw so many human derelicts all together. Some are too aged to walk with certain step; others are lame and halt and blind; some can propel their chairs by hand; others must be wheeled out by someone else; most of them are grumbling. Old Andy Dakin is saying:

"I don't b'lieve in lettin' Jews in here. They 'nopolize things."

"Jews vas too smart to come to dis place," replies Abram Levy.

"An' why was you here yourself?" inquires Steve O'Gorman.

"I vas lookin' 'round," answers Abram. "It's de Irish dat should be kep' out."

"I'd smash yer face if oi could git up. It's the Irish that's the loife uv the place," replies Steve.

"Always fightin'," grumbles Jan Hansen. "Keep 'em bot' out, I tink. I don't tink Niggers should be here neder."

"Ef you'all calls mah a Niggah again, Ah'll draw mah razor," threatens Frank Prince from his chair.

"De city's run by Niggers, I bane told," continues Jan, secure in the knowledge that Frank cannot move his poor paralyzed body. "Dey pays de Niggers to vote."

"Cullud men's votes is wuth payin' for," returns Frank, somewhat mollified.

"Who's payin' for vat?" asks Abram Levy, straining to catch the conversation. But his question goes unanswered. The men's thoughts have passed to other things, for these after all are only pleasantries.

Now one man is saying to a stranger: "How long you goin' to stay here?" and the answer is: "Oh! a few months. My daughter has gone visitin'."

"Hope you'll like it."

"I tink so. Looks sociable."

"Rheumatiz?"

"Nope."

"Par'lyzed?"

"Nope."

"You got me guessin'."

"Broke hip."

"Dat so. Hurt much?"

"Like hell."

"Dat so!"

"Ya."

Thus is one stranger made to feel at hor chatter goes on throughout the group.

In another part of the grounds Janie is limping along, looking over the tops of he and complaining: "I doan want to work w dem paupers. I come here to end me days i not waitin' on Polacks and Swedes. What r dey got here? Let de nurses wait on dem wait on demself, I say."

"What ya growlin' about?" inquires Ann son.

"I ain't a dog," snarls Janie.

"I ain't said ya was."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I tink you is a dog."

"I'm goin' to tell Mrs. Jenkins you ca dog," and Janie limps off in high dudgeon.

A man comes along and says: "Them old girls is always scrappin'. No wonder their folks sent 'em here."

Now and then the "folks" do send their relatives away because of the unreasonableness that sometimes goes with old age and feeble mental equipment, but in the overwhelming majority of cases they are sent because of economic wreckage. I visited the Miller family the day the aged mother and invalid daughter were going to the county home. The brother, feeble of body and mind, could no longer keep them and his own family. Everyone in the house was crying aloud, heart-piercing cries too, and representing genuine sorrow. "I'd share my last crust with 'em," the son was saying, "but there ain't no more crusts, an' there's nothin' to do but send 'em over." And his wife said, "Don't take on so, Granny, we'll hev you back here yet."

Once I met a youngish colored woman in an almshouse, and I asked her how she came to be there. Her answer was: "I worked my head off an' got sick. They took me to the county hospital, an' I stayed there till they wouldn't keep me no longer, an' sent me here. I been here four months. Now I work around here helpin' with the others.

"Oh, I used to make as much as thirty dollars a week.

"Of course I didn't save nothin'. That would be a piece of tomfoolery. The way to git the good out of money is to spend it, not to save it. Savin' is the

redic'lousest thing to do with money. Workin' people couldn't never save enough to do 'em no good, so what's the use tryin'? Money was made round coins to keep rollin' or light bills to fly off, not heavy blocks to stay in one place. Besides, what's this place for if not to take care of us?

"I don't expect to stay here always. I'll git good an' rested an' then I'll go back to work."

As I turned away, the last I heard was: "Savin' your money! Wouldn't that git you? How could I save enough to keep me? Them nitwits can ask the foolest questions. Save, huh!"

Many of the poor seem to feel the futility of saving. Another poorhouse resident says: "When I got sick, I had three hundert dollars in the bank. My cousin say for me to stay with her, an' she take care of me, an' we all use the money. In one month, the bank went bust, an' she sent me here. Now what for did I save that money? 'Twas better I spent it, an' got something for it. You can't get nothin' out of your money lessen you spend it. I tried savin'. I'm through."

"I'm through, too," another woman tells us. "I saved a hundert dollar once. My son took it an' sent me here."

"Me, too," still another adds. "When my husban' died I had two hundert insurance. I put it in the bank and it busted. I should of spent that money. I could of bought things."

"Old age is awful for the poor," a small wrinkled

woman is telling us. "If you saves a little money, someone gits it away from you, an' you comes here; if you doesn't save, you comes here anyway. No one wants you when you's old an' poor. An' they treat us like dogs here. Nothin' fit to eat."

"There they go, always complaining," whispers the person in charge. "Angels from heaven couldn't please these old women. If it isn't one thing, it's another. One woman complained to me yesterday because there is 'no young comp'ny' here."

The lack of young company is doubtless a hardship to people in charitable institutions for the aged. Many seek to fill the void by calling back achievements of their vanished youth.

"When I was a young feller," you hear Grandpa Giles saying, "I could break any colt in the county by drivin' 'im onct."

And Grandpa Hiller contributes, "I could ride any horse on earth bareback when I was a boy—any horse at all, I'm sayin'."

"Them things don't do you no good now," from Grandpa Allen.

"Oh, yes, they does," answers Grandpa Giles, "jus' thinkin' of 'em does you good."

"That's right, that's it," nods Grandpa Hiller.

"And, after all, mem'ries is a good deal to git from life when you's old an' friendless," sagely adds Grandpa Giles.

There is one other place where we must go to meet our unfortunate fellow travelers who are in

homes provided by public funds. Here the grounds are large, and there are buildings for men and others for women. It is winter, and the residents are indoors. First we join a number of women sitting in stiff-backed chairs in a bare and cheerless room. The women are talking.

"I hed nine childern an' raised four," Mrs. Billik is saying. "I was born in de old country. We was awful poor dere, an' we's always bin awful poor here. All your man earns, you eat up. I lost two men in my time. Bad luck I calls it."

"Didn't ya get no *in*surance?" inquires Mrs. Halyard with some show of interest. "I knowed a woman who got two hundert dollar on her man."

"Two hundert!" ejaculates Mrs. Billik. "I got nothin' on one an' fifty dollar on de oder. I used it fer mournin'."

"Dey wasn't much for insurin' when I was young," says Mrs. Tusick, joining in the conversation. "It's a good way to git a little money, ain't it? A man should be wort' someting when he's dead."

"Always talkin' 'bout yer men. Throwin' it up ter me thet I ain't never had none," says Miss Linda Mulligan. "I'm tired a hearin' 'bout yer men. What did they done fer yes? Yer here jes' the same as I am," and she stamps out in high dudgeon.

"They do say that old maid's had five childern," says Mrs. Tusick in a low tone.

"I heerd she hed six," whispers Mrs. Halyard.

"What ya talkin' 'bout?" inquires Miss Jerusha

Tighe, coming over and standing before the gossipers. "Ya seems to be enj'yin' yerselves."

"I was sayin' me rheumatiz is awful bad," lies Mrs. Tusick. "They do say as how it's the weather."

Mrs. Halyard, aged eighty-six, snickers, as Miss Tighe, of ninety summers, with a feeling of disappointment, limps back to her chair.

Then Mrs. Tusick, eighty-four her last birthday, confides: "Ya can't talk about all tings wid' old maids, ya know."

"No," agrees Mrs. Halyard.

Then the dinner gong sounds, and the talk turns swiftly to fish, as the long lines form to the dining hall. And it is fish they have for dinner, and tea and potatoes and bread.

"Ya'd tink we was all Cat-licks de way we has to eat fish," complains Mrs. Tusick.

And Miss Mulligan is on hand to say: "You might be proud to be a Cath'lic, but you ain't good 'nuff."

Complaining about the food provided is not a whit less popular where it is a free gift than where it is paid for. Besides, as Miss Mulligan says: "They has a right to give us a place to stay. 'Tain't charity. They has to do something with poor folks, doesn't they?"

Over in the men's quarters there is much smoke and talk after dinner. As a rule there are not so many venomous personalities introduced into the

conversation as one finds on the other side, but there is more boasting.

Tom Ortel, for instance, is saying: "I was a gran' bricklayer in my time, but I los' out with the younger men, an' the unions, an' everything. Then I jus' done jobs till I was wore out, an' everybody dead. I come here, though I ain't so old. Jus' seventy-six."

"Lor', I calls that old," says Barney Loucks. "Take me, now, I'm only seventy-three."

"My Gawd," interrupts Jacob Letts. "You both ought to be dead. Now me; I'm sixty. Young 'nuff to git married again."

They all laugh delightedly, and Barney asks, "Who the hell 'u'd hev you?"

"Lots uv 'em," Jacob responds unabashed. "There wasn't never a man thet couldn't git married if he wanted to. If he was dead set on it."

"Ja," Tom Ortel adds, "but wives is a lott'ry."

"So's husban's," contributes William Chellak, who has just come up. "Me brudder Henry's wifes all t'ree of 'em had an awful time wid him, drinkin' an' gettin' in jail an' shot up. I ain't never had no wife, tank Gott."

"What ya tankin' Gott for?" inquires Barney. "It's a man's dooty to git married an' raise childern. I hed t'irteen."

"Raise hell you mean," from William. "What good's yer t'irteen?"

"Dere's a man here as hed seventeen," announces Tom.

"Seventeen! Jail's where he'd orta be," replies William.

"Aw, let up on childern," says Jacob, eager to lead the conversation again. "Dey don't do you no good. Gettin' married's what I was talkin' 'bout. Now if I could git me a nice little widdy wit' a farm."

Derisive laughter greets this remark, and Jacob walks away from such frivolous company to dream youthful dreams in a corner by himself. Those remaining proceed to talk over details of a gruesome murder which agitated the country some years ago. And while they talk, Tom Ortel chokes a little; his head falls forward; and there is a slight struggle. That is all. "He's done fer," remarks Barney, while William simply says, "Ja." Joined by Jacob, they walk out silently to report that another has come to the end of his journey. Later, Jacob says, "Seems s'if ev'ryone's dyin' "; and William replies, "Looks thet way."

" 'Sawful to die in de poorhouse," Barney adds, just as Jacob is saying, "I dunno's it matters where you die, s'long as you lived right."

CHAPTER XVII

DARK CLOUDS

"THERE is not one atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not an obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution through every order of society up to the proudest of the proud and to the highest of the high." Anyone who is aware of the situation knows that this is as true in America to-day as it was in England when Charles Dickens wrote it.

It was something like this Rose Binder had in mind when she said: "Dey'll be sorry sometime if dey don't fix decent places fer people to live. It's gonna hurt ev'rybody. De kinda house I live in is a shame. It's gonna fall down on us if dey don't do someting. You come see it."

You go, but you wish you had not gone, because you cannot get the place out of your mind, and you hear Rose: "Look at de holes in de plaster, an' dat hole in de floor. De rats jes' swarms in tru dat. An' de mice is t'ick. Don't mind 'em, dey won't hurt you like rats. An' look at de roaches like a carpet. You don't see de bedbugs now, but dey's here, millions

of 'em. I don't like it no better'n you, only I gotta stay here. Gosh! I pay t'irty dollar for t'ree room. 'Stoo much. Nobody didn't ought to live here. Dere's six of us. De childern's little. I wrap 'em all up so's tings won't bite dere faces. But tain't right we should live here."

Then she turns fiercely and tells us to "fix it! fix it! It ain't right we should live like dis in free country."

Her words have hardly died away when we hear Joseph Hinkel cursing fluently in the tongue of his adopted land over the place in which he lives. An expurgated version of his story is: "We has two rooms in a basement an' de water's in dere half de time. It's fierce. De rats an' tings makes so much noise ya mos' go crazy. Comin' home from de fact'ry to dat! I mos'ly used to stop by de corner fer a drink where it's pleasant. Not now, ya can't do dat.

" 'Tain't good fer de healt' to live dat way. Seventeen dollar I pay. Where kin I get a place?"

Joseph's neighbor upstairs says: "My flat ain't no better, only de water don't come in so much. De plaster's all broke off, an' Gawd, de rats!"

Such is the story of bad housing that darkens the day for many of the poor. How are we to answer Rose's question, and Joseph's? Perhaps we could find better rooms for two or three or four, but what of the hundreds and thousands who have not spoken?

"It ain't good dat we should live like pigs in America," Rose insists. "We gotta have place to live so's we'll be Americans. We gotta live like folks."

That is it. These neighbors of ours must "live like folks" if they are to fulfill their destiny in the new land. It is not enough that they should work to keep themselves from starving and to provide a shelter. There must be decent homes unshared by rats and vermin. Pestilence breeders and carriers interfere with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Rose and Joseph and his neighbor only typify a numerous body of the poor groping in the dark, reaching out for help.

We cannot forget about the shocking homes some people have, because Joseph is at our elbow saying: "It's a damn shame to live like dat. De Gov'ment should do someting."

It is not only bad housing that disturbs the serenity of our sky. There are other menacing conditions which force themselves upon us. From among the very poor comes many a girl who goes on the street for hire. Poverty alone does not drive girls to such a life, it is true, but the wretched environment that accompanies dire poverty often weakens the will and dulls the moral faculties; and when, in addition, the original mental equipment is poor, the chances are that they will go the way of least resistance.

There was Anna Feldmar, whom I met on a visit to a reformatory for women, whose able and gifted

warden told me her story as follows: "She was sent here for killing her husband, because there were extenuating circumstances. He choked her baby to death, saying it was not his. It probably was not, since they had been married only a few months when it was born, and she was known to have been leading an irregular life. She is only seventeen now. She always lived in unspeakable surroundings, and seems to have no moral sense."

Anna was big and fat, and blonde, by the grace of chemicals. She ran her tongue out at me and thumbed her nose as I passed. Save for this, she was impassive, looking with dull eyes on her world. Bred in poverty and obscenity, she had come to a sharp decline on her downward road with surprising, bewildering suddenness. I see her now, standing sullen with her back to the wall. Several college girls were with me that day, and one said: "She is younger than any of us, and she has committed murder. Perhaps we, too, would have done the same if we had been brought up as she was." It was their first contact with a criminal, and they saw in her a human being ground by the iron heel of circumstance. No theorizing could have taught them that.

Another girl we met that day was Hester Crippen. She had too many husbands at one time, and was "sent up" for bigamy. The men of Hester's acquaintance were not fastidious, certainly. I have rarely seen a more repulsive-looking girl of twenty. Her story as she told it after her arrest was this:

"I was married to them men good an' proper. Whatcha makin' such a fuss about? De two of 'em brought dere money home to me an' we all lived togeder. 'Smy business. When I wanted extries I went on de street. I'm not gonna work. I won't work in a fact'ry. I wanta live home. Me mudder an' fader turned me out when I was fourteen, because I was lazy, dey said. But it was nothin' to be turned out of. Starvin' was what I had, an' sleepin' on de floor wid all de boarders. I never seen 'em since."

Hester made many scenes at the Reformatory and had to be placed in confinement sometimes, because she was constitutionally opposed to doing anything she was told to do. She was a pathetic product of feeble heredity and vicious environment.

Anna and Hester and their kind rarely learn anything from experience. When the girls' terms expired, they would be quite likely to drift back to their old haunts, to be re-arrested and re-punished and re-discharged, a constant menace to their neighbors who would be decent if they had a chance.

Similar to these are the girls of the streets, who are arrested almost daily or nightly and taken to the courts, where a fine is exacted and they are off again to their venomous trade. One of these wretched creatures once said to an officer at the Night Court: "Why can't ya lave me alone? I ain't hurtin' no one. Ya gotta pick on me. I gotta make me livin' same as ya."

"Ten dollars," the Court said, and the woman went away, trying to squeeze a tear from her brazen eyes.

Another said: "Yer honor, I'll promise to do better if ya lemme go this onct. I ain't bad but I got no work. If some one 'u'd help me, yer honor—"

It is an old, old story, and she, too, skulked back to her dim corners to await her quarry. She was a loathsome creature, fit only for those who seek her. Of her and her kind we hear Ada Taylor saying:

"I'd never be that. I'd burn like the rats first. It's a crime to have such things goin' on in a free country where ev'ryone is supposed to have a chanct to make hisself decent. Them poor things has no sense. Look at their faces, an' look at the men that follers 'em. There ain't no good in finin' 'em except the city's needin' money, which is a poor reason. I b'lieve in arrestin' 'em all, men's well as women, an' sendin' 'em to prisons where they'll be learned things. Keep 'em there a long time, an' learn 'em to work, ev'ry las' one of 'em. An' they don't never need to come back lessen they behave theirselfs. An' while they's cleanin' up the streets, they might clean 'em out of flat buildin's where decent poor people has to live.

"I have to live on this street," she goes on, "an' look at them sights for me childern to see. Look at that bun'le of rags humped up there. That's the

Katoni woman up stairs. Dope fiend she is. Beggin' money fer dope, she is."

The Katoni woman turns a pale, drawn face with a look of indescribable anguish toward us, and, holding out a thin, shaking hand, begs for money.

Far from that spot, Jim Tolloff and Andy Christ on their way home from work one day were talking excitedly:

"I'm so damn mad every night comin' home from work that I can't see straight," said Jim. "The things we has to look at is a fright."

"I was t'inkin' so meself," replied Andy. "Ev'ry night of de worl' dat ol' dope is settin' shakin' under dem steps. Why don't dey let 'em hev dope ven dey's like dat?

"It's de senselessest law I ever heerd tell of. Dey might as well dope 'emselves to death. Dey ain't no good dat way. Keep it away from de young, I say, but let de old uns die in comfort. I see dose awful faces in me sleep."

" 'Tain't right that our children should see such things," added Jim. "We must live where we can. That's what makes me mad. Ev'ry street had ought to be decent. Sometimes I b'lieve we should blow ev'rything up, startin' with the City Hall."

"You said it," agreed Andy. "T'ings'll never be better'n dey is till dere's a rev'lution. I got vork to-day; I dunno 'bout to-morrow. Rents is awful. Ve mus' live in place like dis; dirty, low-

down t'ings on ev'ry corner. I see not'ing but dat I t'row a bomb."

"A lot of fellas is talkin' that way," responded Jim. "But what's the use? We'd get put in jail, an' things 'u'd be no better."

"If 'nuff of us got mad, ve'd do someting," said Andy.

"Some day, we'll be so mad, we'll do it," replied Jim. "We could raise hell anyway, an' that's better'n nothin'."

Misery and vileness are forever on parade where some of our neighbors must live. It is not meet that they and their children should become hardened to such sights. Bestial creatures creeping and crawling along slum hallways and streets are worse than rats and vermin. Jim thinks so and ought to know. He says: "It's somethin' awful to have the police backin' their wagon up to your door all the time. If they ain't raidin' for one thing, it's another. It's women or moonshine or dope. I ain't claimin' the poor has all the vice; they ain't, only it's more showy than among the rich."

The more enlightened poor feel the blighting influence of ignorance and crime in their midst, but they seldom know how to shake it off. Moving is usually out of the question. Those who are not enlightened do not bother about such matters; neither do they think that they may be a menace to others.

Maria Neeser had no idea she was a danger to

everyone she came in contact with when she had tuberculosis and kept on working. "I gotta work," she would say after the doctor had told her one lung was gone. "I don't bother 'em coughin'." But her employer was sure she must go, on account of the others as well as herself, and offered to help with expenses.

At home Maria says: "There's only me mother an' sister an' two brothers. Yes, we have two rooms. No, we don't open winders. It's too cold. Anyway, the rest wouldn't stand for it. Me sister an' one brother coughs somethin' awful. They're workin', too. She's in a little bakery round the corner, an' he's in a fact'ry."

It is a hopeless little home she is in. The rooms are on the top floor of an old house with a sloping roof, and there are only two small windows with rags stuffed around the sashes to keep out the cold. The heat is supplied by a small stove used for cooking. A wretched place, indeed, but Maria is determined not to leave it. "I'll get well here," she insists. Finally, she agrees to go to a sanitarium, saying: "I didn't know I was hurtin' anybody else. Will they take care of me brother an' sister, too?"

The three are dead now, and the mother mourns: "For why did dey take 'em away from me? We was gettin' 'long all right."

When Jane Winkleski hid her little sick baby under the pile of rags which served as a bed the day the health officer came around looking for smallpox

cases, she did not know she was endangering the lives of people about her. She said, only in very broken English: "I won't let them take my baby away. They shall not, shall not, shall not have her! They took my brother's baby away to the hospital, and it died. To the pesthouse they took it, and he never saw it again. They have no right to take your childern from you." Jane's baby died the next day, and she paced up and down the street like a wild woman, holding the little dead body tight in her arms, till an officer of the law interfered.

A Syrian family I knew hid three sick children in a closet through a diphtheria epidemic. "No child, no child," they insisted, and then they would pour out a torrent of Syrian words. By some strange prank of nature the children got well, and the parents were sure the recovery was due to the deception. They merely shrugged their shoulders when it was hinted that their conduct placed their neighbors in jeopardy. And all such conduct springs from a combination of poverty, ignorance, and disrespect for authority.

Crime brings its trail of hopeless sorrow to the poor. Sonya Pulaski sits in terror at home this morning. "They're hangin' me man to-day," she says in a half whisper. She is beyond tears, for has she not cried every day since Adolph came home to hide four months ago? "He say he kill a man in a fight, but I was not to tell. He beg me to save him. But de police was after him, an' I could do

noting. He broke tings all up before dey took him. Crazy drunk he was when he done it. Dey got fightin'. When I tink—of Adolph—I mos' die." Her screams frighten us, and we try to calm her, but what is there for us to say? What is there for us to do? She knows her husband is being punished for a crime he really committed, but, as she herself says, "Dat don't make it no easier."

The foundations of democracy may well rock when even young citizens' idea of morality consists in "dodgin' de cop," which is too often the case. Louie, Abie, David, and Frank, four boys who lived in a big manufacturing city, playing together illustrate this attitude. Said Louie, "Fellers, watch de cop while I grab some pennies from de pushcart man."

"Will ya divvy up wid us?" asked Abie.

"Sure ting," replied Louie.

The three watched while Abie grabbed successfully. Then all four ran to another block, where David and Frank pilfered candy while Louie and Abie stood on guard.

"You kin do anyting," said David, "if youse kin git by de cop."

"An' 'tain't so hard to git by him," replied Frank knowingly.

This is the training that begets holdup men and burglars. In fact Louie said boastfully, "When I get big I'm gonna rob a bank," while Frank added, "Put me down fer a Gold Coaster."

After this we are not surprised to know about

Irene Mulligan and Pete Delaney strolling together on a side street one night. They saw a well-dressed woman approaching. "I wisht I had clos' like dat," murmured Irene.

"Ya kin have 'em," answered Pete, and quick as a flash, he pointed a pistol at the woman's head, saying, "I'll take dat fur coat." Terrified, she took it off as Irene reached for the handsome garment.

"What else ya want?" inquired Pete.

"Dem rings," answered Irene.

Off came the gloves and rings. Then Irene continued: "Dat dress looks good to me. Likewise de hat."

"Shed 'em, lady," commanded Pete, and a woman too terrified to disobey soon stood on the sidewalk bereft of her outer clothing. In a moment, she was around the corner entering a restaurant where she was known, and where a man's coat soon covered her discrepancies in costume. Irene and Pete in the meantime disappeared completely into their own haunts to enjoy their loot. Pete was a hero to his lady love, but the streets of the city were more menacing than before. It is an ominous sign when people must go about their city fearful of their personal safety.

Helma Benson said last winter: "I'm frightened to death whenever I'm out after dark, and me job takes me out nights as well as days. I do beauty work. A month ago, a man ordered me to give him my money. I only had $1.58 an' I handed it

out, beggin' him to leave me car fare since I was a poor workin' girl. He give me a dime sayin', 'I wouldn't take yer money only I need it.' I like to died of fright. There's never nobody 'round when you want 'em. Then last night, that same man (I'd know him anywheres) an' a woman with him took me fur coat which isn't paid for yet, sayin', 'We workin' people should help each other.' Oh! I told the police, but what good does that do?

"A girl I know was held up, an' yelled for a policeman. He come, but turned his back long enough for the robber to get away. It's fierce, all right, but what we gonna do about it? People should have work, so's they wouldn't wanta steal. If they did anyway, then lock 'em up. Nobody's safe the way it is now. All the men that says they're soldiers out of work of course isn't. Any excuse goes. But I want me coat. Am I gotta keep on payin' for months for something I haven't got?"

Helma wants her coat, of course, but she also wants safety, just as any right-thinking person rich or poor wants it, and she knows there is no security when poverty and vice together flaunt themselves before the world. Dark clouds of misery, vice, and crime frequently obscure the sun of freedom in our land.

"Rough wind, that moanest loud
Great grief too sad for song;

Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail for the world's wrong!"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SILVER LINING

"THINGS is not near as bad as they might be," Otto Volker is saying. "Look at the places where folks kin hev a good time 'thout costin' 'em anything. When I was a boy, you wasn't supposed to hev a good time."

"I should say not," replies Maria, his wife. "My pa beat me de first night you come home wid me; oderwise I wouldn't of married you."

"Soun's reasonable," retorts Otto, "wid her chasin' me round fer mont's. Anyway, as I was sayin', dere's much more places to go. Look at all de piers an' dancin' pavilions fer girls an' boys wid someone to watch out fer 'em. When yer poor, it's awful hard to bring up childern right."

"You said it," answers his wife. "Dey wants ev'ryting like dey was rich."

"Well, you never gets anyting lessen you wants someting," replies Otto. "You never'd'a got me lessen you'd wanted me, huh!"

"Huh!" ejaculates Maria.

"As I was sayin'," continues Otto, "tings is better'n dey was when I was young. Den it was noting but de saloon."

"Now," says Maria, "to hear de men talk, it's noting widout it."

"Well," Otto goes on, "I ain't one dat misses booze, an' dere's oder places to go. Dey can dance der feet off widout payin' a cent, an' dere's always somewheres to go."

His daughter takes up the happy refrain "Dere's always somewheres to go," as she dances in saying: "Our Settlement Club meets to-night. We have a dance an' eats, ain't it grand?"

"Who's goin' wid you?" her mother asks. "Don't go gettin' in any bad comp'ny."

"You don't get no bad comp'ny there, mother," replies the young girl.

"That's what I was tellin' you," gleefully says Otto. "Dere's nice safe places fer yer childern to go to."

And a day's journey west, Leo Seaver is saying the same thing. "Where else do they have a Municipal Pier? No matter how poor you are, if you only have carfare you can sit there an' let the wind blow through you, same as you was a millionaire. They're learnin' to do things for poor folks. Whose country is it, anyway? Most of us is poor. We're a lot of nuts, jus' findin' it out. It's grand, jus' grand to have such places to go."

Leo says: "Poor men's doin' some thinkin' on their own account now. I'm a Socialist myself.

"No, I don't read books. I read one onct—small book, red cover. Readin' books don't get

you nowheres. What some gink thinks don't give me more wages an' a better place to live. It's what I think about it that matters. I jus' got onto that las' winter. Now a lot of us poor dicks that live like hell get together an' *talk* about it, not *read*. Some day, we'll know how to fix it. Rich people shouldn't have everything. But I ain't for revolution. We've had too much war now. Everyone should talk out what he thinks, an' vote as he likes. Talkin' things out is great. I always feel fine after a meetin'."

Michael Roser coming up at this time adds: "I b'lieve in talkin' things out, too. Not readin' so much. Free Forum's good. Let a fella talk an' then make him tell why he said it. I could set all night hearin' 'em. But dere ain't nothin' in Socialism. Single Tax now——"

"Cut it out, Michael," commands Leo. "Nothin' in it."

"Single Tax," insists Michael, "if adopted would make a heaven of America."

" 'Tain't neither Socialism nor Single Tax that'll make a heaven of this here country," announces Frank Lingle, who has joined the party. "It's bein' free to b'lieve either one or neither. Thinkin' what you please makes a man of you, rich or poor."

"You said it, that's what I mean," says Leo. "You can be free even if you're poor."

"Of course, Single Tax——"

That is all you hear, for the men have gone on,

but their illuminated faces help to dispel the dark clouds we have seen gathering.

It is not only men who find themselves despite an environment of poverty; girls from the industrial treadmill are discovering larger interests, too. "Come on over here till I tell you about our book club," Rea O'Dowd is saying one evening to some girls she knows in the little neighborhood park. "It's in the store where I work. No, it don't belong to the store; it's ours. We all chip in, five cents a week, and buy books at the secondhand store, and read 'em turn about, some of the grandest stories you ever heard of. You can hardly wait to finish 'em. This one I got here now is all about a rich girl lovin' a poor fella. I cried and cried over it."

"Love's grand, ain't it?" murmurs Georgie Lomax. "I wish I could read that."

"There's a dook in it, too," continues Rea. "I don't care so much for books about common people."

"Nor me," agrees Sadie Loria. "There's too many of 'em 'round. When ya read, ya want something diffrunt. That's what books is for—to give ya a change."

"That's it," says Rea. "This dook's a bird. Wouldn't you like to see him alightin' from his limousine right here?"

"Uh huh!" they all agree.

"I'd'a never met this dook," Rea goes on, "if it hadn't been for the book club. Taking books from

a lib'ry ain't so good. You get stung on 'em, not knowin' which to take."

"I like to read serous things," announces Georgie's sister Fanny, who had been listening in silence.

"Y-e-s," replies Rea, guardedly, "if they ain't too serous. What was you thinkin' of?"

"Well—po'try's good," answers Fanny.

"Gosh," says Sadie, "for why should ya read that?"

"It makes you feel—feel—feel all kind of wobbly in the stummick. It makes you see sunrises—an' trees—an' birds—oh! an' love; an' you forget there's work, or — or — or — anything," replies Fanny, with her eyes on the sky.

"My Gawd, Fanny, ya gimme the creeps," answers Sadie. "I ain't gonna b'long to no book club. Let's go see a movie."

"All right," chorus the girls, while Rea adds, "Book clubs is great when you manage 'em yourself," as they go off to follow the fortunes of heroes and heroines on the screen.

"It's grand to be doin' a little thinkin' on your own even if 'tis about silly things like dooks and po'try," Madie Windbloom said when she heard about the young girls and their discussion of books. "As for me, I'm more interested in unions an' votin'. You can't expec' young things to care about such matters. They ain't old enough. But it's life to me. I wore out all kinds of shoes in 'votes for women' parades, an' now I'm wearin' out shoes

gettin' women out to vote. I just nat'rally take to it. After workin' hard all day, it sure is grand to have something worth while to do at night. Minnie Winchell's just like me, ain't you, Minnie?"

"You bet," agrees Minnie, "we was made to get votes."

"We'll get the Mayor out, first thing he knows," Madie goes on. "He let 'em arrest the girls when we was picketin'. Peaceful picketin's all right. We'll show him. Maybe he thinks workin' girls ain't much, but he'll find out."

"You bet he will," responds Minnie, the ally. "I'd ruther hev a vote than anythin' else. The men comes dancin' around now askin' fer our vote, an' we give 'em an icy stare."

"Well," replies Madie, "we do count now. It's worth workin' for all right. There's more to life than movies an' beaus an' foolin', though they're all right in their place, but feelin' you count's the thing."

"You said it," responds Minnie. "Work's not enough; you gotta live, too. That's the big idea."

"Mercy, we're talkin' as if we had all the time in the world," says Madie. "It's time to go to the union."

The two young women walked briskly from their tenement home to a hall where thirty of their friends had already gathered, and they passed a pleasant hour with business and friendly chat.

"Reaching out for the larger interests of life is

what'll make men of us" is the way one
puts it. "Since we've had the night co
have looked better to me. We go dow
think, as well as learn out of books.
a chance at an education when I was a b
I'm just guzzling it."

And another says: "I never feel tired
in them classes. Discussion's what I
Learnin' out of books what other feller
makes a hit with me. One of our te
good one, gets back at you every time,
it to you. Startin' schools for adults is
best things the unions ever done."

"You're right," his friend replies.
workingman stops being ignorant, he
poor. Great business!"

"You're not the only ones," chimes i
derson. "The girls has colleges, too.
mer, I was away at a wonderful sch
weeks. Had a scholarship, of course, o
have gone. College girls and working
there all teaching one another. Live
were, too. I'll never forget it if I live
dred."

"The unions here has classes, too
Crouse announces with pride. "I'm t
speakin' an' industrial hist'ry. Most
takes public speakin'. It's a useful stu
the good of knowing things if you can
right about 'em?"

"There's English classes, too, springin' up everywhere for them that can't talk the language," adds Mabel Cusick. "It's fierce when you can't talk English. Imagine livin' like that! I tell my mother she should go to school, her talkin' like a furriner all the time. Oh, she understands us all right. She'd have to learn if she went out to work."

As I listen to these eager people from the tenements tell about the good things they are finding in life, I think of some of the more fortunate who for years have been giving themselves to the districts where city toilers dwell. Manna has fallen from many a social settlement, under whatever name it is known. I seem to see one now on a densely crowded and narrow street in a city of enormous size; the house is old and unpretentious, but the women who live there radiate helpfulness. The calm head resident is a steadying force, and she has gathered many people about her. Once upon a time, I lived in the old house on the narrow street where the hum of human voices never stops; and even now I can hear Fanny close to the front door saying to some other children, "Stop yer pushin'," as they were crowding up the steps to get some flowers that had been sent in from the country.

"Yer pushin' yerself," answers Floria, digging her elbow into the child ahead. "Dem flowers is fer all of us. De lady say so."

"De lady?" queries Etta in amazement. "I t'ought it was de teacher."

" 'Twas de teacher," explains Fanny. "She's a new girl an' tinks it's a lady."

"Dose flowers isn't fer you lessen you get offen my feet," continues Fanny. "I'll tell teacher yer crowdin'."

"Girls is always pushin'," interjects Otto, whereupon he is generously slapped by the offended girls, who at once make common cause of hostile male criticism, in the meantime forgetting their own grievances.

"For why don't dey hurry?" inquires Rosie.

"It is not dat you should say why," comes in reproving tones from Sadie.

Then suddenly all is animation and prolonged "Ohs" indicate that the supreme moment has arrived, for the children had been waiting over an hour for the women whom they called "teachers" to open the door. The line is long, but each child upon receiving a bunch of flowers returns to the end, hoping he may have another turn.

"I should have two," Sadie is saying. "Me mudder is sick, an' I should bring her two pinks."

"Gimme a red flower," Abie asks; then he adds, "Please."

"Teacher, white is fer fun'rals, gimme de blue," requests Fanny.

"They are wild about flowers," the young woman in charge is saying, "yet they trample them under

foot in a moment and then ask for more. Very few carry them home. I sometimes think it is not so much the flowers they want as a chance to get in the house. Coming here is a bright spot in their lives.

"Now, children, the flowers are all gone," she tells them, "and you must run along home."

They go out reluctantly to wait until "lib'ry hour," which comes at eleven. Then you see them at the desk demanding books.

"Gimme someting wid fightin' in it," from Levy, aged ten.

"An' me one about jog'fry," from nine-year-old Abie.

"Here's a new girl, teacher, she should have a card," the librarian is informed, and she proceeds to fill one in.

"I'm a 'Merican," answers the newcomer.

"She ain't, she ain't. It's a lie," they insist. "She's a Jew."

"So's they Jews," the eight-year-old newcomer retorts in self defense. "I'm a 'Merican. Me fader's Jew."

"Teacher, she's jus' sayin' she's 'Merican; dat don't make her 'Merican," says Fannie Cohen dictatorially.

"It does, too. I come here when I was so big [indicating size with her hands] baby," answers Rosie Max, the newcomer.

"She jus' say dat for it sounds big to be 'Merican.

Teacher, put it on all of ours card dat we's 'Merican," replies Fannie with an air of finality, and Rosie is permitted to select a " 'Merican hist'ry book," which she carries off proudly.

Then an older girl whispers confidingly, "Please give me a book that's a love story." She, too, is new but her claim to be an American goes unchallenged. A new boy wants a book also "All about electricity," while his friend asks for one "on de Gov'ment."

It is a happy, hopeful place, where, as one mother looking on said, "Ya forget de sadness of de worl'. De ladies here is so fren'ly."

They are friendly in another place I know, where men and women who could live elsewhere have cast in their lot with a factory population. Mrs. Weitzman, one of the neighbors, said to me one night at a back-yard garden party: "It sure is grand to come here on a hot night, an' set around an' eat ice cream. Jus' look at dose Chinese lanterns. Grand, ain't it? The girls an' boys is dancin' an' de men's talkin'. Beats all how men likes to talk 'bout tings dat ain't of no int'rest. An' dey mos' talks der heads off. Foolish I calls it on a hot night like dis. Oh, dey talks about work an' carfare an' de Gov'ment. Gettin' het up over nothin', I say. But what kin you expec'? Men ain't got no sense noways. Talk, jus' talk. 'Sall dey do."

Then, excusing herself, she calls to a neighbor,

"Oho, Mis Glueth, who is dat dancin' wid your Bertha?"

"Leo Winck," answers Mrs. Glueth. "Lives over by de river. 'S fader's rich; has four push-carts already."

"Dat so?" replies Mrs. Weitzman coldly. "I ain't never much on marryin' fer money."

"Oh, I dunno as Bertha wants to *marry* him," defends Mrs. Glueth. "A girl has to have a fella."

"Huh!" says Mrs. Weitzman, returning to her conversation with me. "As I was sayin', men is de talkin'ist. Take mine. Dis minute if you could see him, he has de floor, wavin' his arms 'bout sayin' who to vote for. Dat's him. 'Snice, dough, to have a place like dis to come to. Someting goin' on all de time. Awful fren'ly people.

"Well, I mus' be goin' home. I mus' get my man. He ain't sense enough to quit talkin' an' go home."

Mrs. Weitzman, still talking happily, disappears up the stairs to gather in her lord and master and take him home to their hot tenement. Then Mrs. Glueth adds her testimony to the kindness of the neighbors who live in the house with the garden: "I dunno what we'd do 'thout dis place; it's somewheres to come to, an' de childern's safe here, an' it's fren'ly."

The head of the house speaks apologetically of their poor equipment. But we know that the spirit of himself and his wife is worth vastly more than

costly architecture and the most modern equipment. Our industrial cities have many a friendly oasis like this whose value no one can measure. The young librarian patiently selecting books for the children says, "I like to think we are doing something worth while in just being good neighbors." And the head of the house with the garden would add: "There is no higher social function than being a good neighbor. It is the extension of neighborliness that will make us one people and weld us into a strong nation."

We see the dark clouds of poverty, ignorance, and woe obscuring the light of democracy, but, as we watch, we see the silvered edges showing, even though faintly, and we know that all is not gloom.

CHAPTER XIX

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

THE burdens of industry seem to fall heaviest on those least able to bear them—that is, upon the poor and ignorant. Those who live constantly near a bare subsistence level are in a bad position to make fair terms with the world. As Ruskin says: "Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle." To make this spectacle less tragic is the task laid out for America in this twentieth century. Our neighbors are staring wide-eyed on every side watching for help to come, and we must not fail them. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Many have only to know the situation, and to be told the needs of the weaker brother to use their influence to make things better. Such people instinctively recognize the principle of *"noblesse oblige."* Others must always be cudgeled into fair dealing; but these will eventually yield to an articulate enlightenment.

All I ask you now is to listen to the needs of our neighbors whom I have led by the hand to you. I am summoning a few of them here to a council to tell us how we can aid them. They know their needs better than you or I.

The first to come forward is Jerry Clark, out of the shadows of the poorhouse, and he says in tones that carry weight: "It's all very well to have a place to go to when yer down an' out, but no honest man who's worked hard should ever be that way when he's old. Old-age pensions is the cryin' need. Then we could pay our way. When you done the best you could, what more could you do? 'Sall right if you die before yer worn out, but some doesn't do that. An' some doesn't have a fam'ly to take care of 'em, an' I dunno as a fam'ly ought to have to do it. Decent, workin' men's what I'm talkin' about. Bums is diff'runt, you can hang 'em if you want to. Yet you don't never know what made 'em bums. But when you work till you're sixty year old as hard as you can, when you can get a job, an' then have nothin', it's hard lines. It ain't so clear in my mind how we'd get the pension, but it's puffec'ly clear that we should have it, men an' women alike. Workin's good as fightin', ain't it? Workin' *is* fightin'. Everyone who works as good as he can should have a pension from the Gov'ment, payin' in what he can while he works. It wouldn't cost any more than keepin' up so many institootions, an' it 'u'd be more self-respectin'. To be old an' fren'less an' a pauper—God, it's fierce! Tell 'em so's they'll hear it round the worl' to give us old-age pensions!"

Jerry's voice has hardly ceased when we hear Maggie O'Brien from her wheel chair—Maggie,

who has been in the hospital four years helpless with rheumatism—saying: "Oh! please, there should be some kind of sickness insurance, too. When you get down sick, your little savin's is nothin'."

Vinnie Jarol from the western country gives her assent to this: "My poor husband would have been so much happier in his last days if he had had something coming in, and I could have taken better care of him if I had not had to work so hard. Something we can be sure of is what we need. If our present industrial society makes it impossible for most of us to save enough to support ourselves in time of prolonged sickness, then I believe the Government should provide a disability insurance to take care of us. That would be better than a lot of the senseless things the Government does. A person who works well when he can ought to be worth something to the country."

"That's it," agrees Maggie O'Brien. "What in the world am I goin' to do if I keep on livin'? I worked hard for twenty years an' have nothin'."

"That's a damn shame," we hear Jerry Clark say.

And Vinnie Jarol goes on: "I'm going to work just as hard as I can from now on for state sickness insurance, and I'm going to fight to keep it out of the politicians' hands. As it is, if you haven't relatives to take care of you when you get sick, you're

an object of charity. You're an object of charity, anyway."

"That's right," comes from Jerry, nodding in his corner. "We had no say about gettin' here; we have no say about gettin' out, an' do the best we can, most of us can't lay by enough to take care of us when we get old an' sick."

"Therefore," adds Vinnie Jarol, conclusively, "the Government must do it. Of course I know that workmen's compensation acts and accident insurance and sick benefits take care of some of us, but you mostly have to fight for what you get from these sources. I am sure a plan for government disability insurance could be worked out that would be fair to everybody. It's got to be done, that's all."

"An' there is unemployment," we hear Ralph Troutman say. "What ya gonna do about dat?"

And the ghost of poor ignorant Jan Ivanhoff, who in his miserable hovel shot himself before his wife and little children when he was laid off and faced starvation, is waiting for an answer.

"I'm no bum," Ralph is saying. "A man who's willing to work should have a job, an' I say dat industry should be regulated so dat ya couldn't be t'rown outa work. I gotta stake in me job. No one can take de air away from me. Why should dey take me bread? I'm fer askin' for a Commission on Unemployment, wid branches every-

where, which would decide if men could be laid off or not, an' if dey could, den find 'em oder work. De country is best off when all men is workin' an' happy.

"Where is de sense in layin' men off an' lettin' 'em beg or steal? Dey gotta be taken care of, ya can't kill 'em. De employer who lays 'em off is only passin' de buck. Why, a job's yer life. People can't come 'long an' take yer life 'thout someone doin' someting about it, can dey? If a man can't keep his business goin' fer de good of everybody includin' himself, den he ain't got no right to own it. He didn't ought to run tings for himself alone an' get away wid it."

"Now yer talkin'," we hear Bo Arndost say. "Dere's too many par'sites suckin' de life out of industry. Everyting's for profits, when men's de ting dat should count. I ain't had a job for so long, I wouldn't know one if I seen it. Fightin' Fritzi was me las'. I don't give a damn now if I have a job or not. But dat ain't right."

"Ya bet it ain't right," resumes Ralph. "A well man who wants ter work should have a chanct. An', by gosh, de Gov'ment's gotta give it to him."

"That's all good an' true," we hear Theodore Titloff saying, as he comes out of the treadmill at night, "but there's some things most as bad as not havin' a job. I'm thinkin' about girls workin' for so little they can hardly live. Men kin look after theirselves better. My girls has to work; I wish

they didn't. I b'lieve in a minimum
women, based on what it costs to live.
twelve dollars an' it costs fourteen to li
twelve ain't a livin' wage, an' no one sh
with payin' it."

"You said it." We hear from Els
"Look what happened to me girl frien' I
had one skirt, an' when she tore it had r
buy a new one. Her wages is redic'lou

"So's ours," adds Georgia Cohen.
our heads off an' then starve to death
It's fierce.

"A girl was tellin' me 'bout this min
business. She says dey got it some pla
it a big idea. But we all gotta stick to
ever get anyting."

Then we hear the voice of Eva Th
married Joe after coming through grea
tribulation: "The Bible says the labor'r
his hire, but someone must see that we
ain't fair hire when you work as hard
and then have to sell your soul to buy a
of shoes. I b'lieve in a minimum wa
must be established by law and adjus
changes in livin' costs. That is a goo
women to work for, now they got a vot

"That sure sounds good to me," ann
"As I was sayin', I kinda feel inside
work together. The strong ones mus'
their han's to the weak. Take Ivy,

bin if we didn't gone after her? Minimum wage fer mine."

"I'm glad so many feels that way," Theodore Titloff is saying, "but there's one other thing I wish the girls would do more'n they've done yet, an' that's organize."

"You took the words outen me mouth," interrupts Louise Mondell's friend, the ardent unionist. "I'm just longin' to tell 'em that. What we do for ourselves is worth more than what other folks does for us. Anyone who b'lieves in right, justice, honor, and democracy should help us to get the things we're strivin' for. We want a chanct to work and to live. We don't want ten hours and overtime with a pittance, but an eight-hour day with adequate wages. We'll give skill and loyalty in return. This is our world as well as the capit'list's, and we claim our share in the joys of life."

"Huh! will you listen to that?" comments Theodore. "That talk sounds good to me. I ain't so keen on women workin'; but since they has to, give 'em a chance I say. Take 'em in the trade unions; it gives 'em backbone to work things out theirselves."

Now from the audience comes an objection: "But unions are so tyrannical and viciously managed, and are under such bad leadership."

Quickly answers our trade unionist: "Sure, their leaders is often bad. That's true of all organizations, but it don't ruin their principles, does it?

There ain't never been but one good leader in the worl,' an' they killed Him two thousan' years ago. If you'd foller His teachin's, there wouldn't be no need of trade unions."

"Holy smoke!" ejaculates Jerry. "Some gal, that. But she's dead right. Jesus Christ told 'em what to do. He knowed. If I wan't so old, an' my rheumatics wan't so bad that I have to stay in the poorhouse all winter long. I'd go out an' tell 'em Jesus Christ's fer all dese things we's askin' fer, an' all His followers should help us get 'em."

"He was on the square all right," agrees Theodore.

Then our unionist goes on: "Us workin' people can't go it all alone, though. Other folks who has power mus' help. That's where the Woman's Trade Union League comes in."

"While all this talk's goin' on you notice me crowdin' up to get in my word," says Mrs. Sadowski, wife of John, and good angel to the dispossessed Polichek family. "I don't un'erstan' quite all that's bein' said, but I know it's true. I t'ought I'd like to say someting 'bout de houses we has to live in an' de rents we has to pay."

At this our whole industrial population becomes vocal, and it is with difficulty that we get a hearing for anyone.

"Fierce," "outrage," "damn shame," " hell of a deal," are a few of the words we hear. This,

indeed, is a vital question, and Mrs. Sadowski will find many to support her in her protest.

"Someone should fix de rent," she continues.

"An' hang de lan'lor'," someone adds.

"We ain't but two rooms," she goes on, "but I can't keep 'em clean, de buildin's so old and dirty. How can you raise childern right in a place like dat?"

"Ya can't," from all sides.

"I t'ought maybe de Gov'ment could do someting," she adds. "Take Mr. Polichek now, he couldn't pay an' dey run him out. I t'ought if de city own de houses, like dey own de streets, dey could say how much we pay, an' fix it so's we could have a place to bring up de childern right. You'll 'scuse me for takin' de time, but if someone would tell me. I dunno what de Gov'ment's for, if it's not to help us."

We straightway have a vision of all the legislators in a great nation rising in their might, and, after battering down every technicality that exists between them and the erection of suitable homes for the poor, reaching out their hands to Mrs. Sadowski and all her kind, and assuring them that the Government does exist to help them. The only thanks these men will want is a message reverberating through the ages saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But this vision beautiful vanishes, and we realize

that we are facing a vastly different si
that it will take the united efforts of th
induce our legislators to act.

Theodore Titloff realizes this, for he
awful hard to get the Gov'ment to do
the poor, but they got to act about this h
osition or there'll be the devil to pay.
things is so high now, my wife an' girls
work to keep things goin'. I'm in fav
housin' laws everywhere an' committees
power to enforce 'em at once. No lan'
be allowed to charge unreasonable rent,
reasonable when it's more'n your wages
to pay."

"You said it," says Leo Seaver, arri
moment from his own meeting. "I'm
myself, an' am lookin' forward to a
there'll be no injustice. I ain't votin' fo
ures to make the capitalistic system bett
I'm in favor of lambastin' it out of the
the meantime, if you want anythin' that
work, call on me."

"My! ain't it great to know so much?"
Sadowski, bewildered by words she has
before. "De're meanin' we should
houses, I s'pose. Tank God. Now I
home an' feed me childern, an' de comp'

All the poor from the rat and vern
dwellings where disease and immoralit
horrible shadows are looking eagerly

morning of a better day, and it were well they should not look in vain. Many are crying out for their children's sake because, like Mrs. Sadowski, they want them "brought up right."

"Housin' conditions is awful; dere's no use disputin' that. People's crowded beyond de limit, an' someting's goin' to happen sure," comes the voice of Selma Ohlsen. "It don't do to let tings get too bad. What you was sayin' will help in dose ways. But dere's someting else I like to ask for an' dat is to help de immigrant. Dere was dat poor Veronica girl dat kill de fader of her child. Whoever tried to help dat poor ting? Sure she was half baked, but de Lord made her dat way, didn't He? An' she was took in here, wasn't she? Keep 'em out if you want, although de country ain't no right to do dat, I t'ink, but if dey come in, den look after 'em. An' sendin' 'em back! Such foolishness! Why don't dey give 'em de once over on de oder side an' save 'em de trip? Dat poor gink dat comes from Czecho-Slovakia wid his fam'ly an' was shipped back leavin' 'em here because he couldn't read! Why didn't dey find dat out before he come? Wouldn't dat freeze you?

"Dose dat are let in should get de glad hand," she continues. " 'How do, Mr. Pulaski, welcome to our city!' Dey'd die of shell shock if dey heard it. 'Here, get in dat line,' yelled at 'em, is what dey get. I'm strong for teachin' 'em, too, not only de language, but all dat dis country stands for, leavin'

out crooked politics. Just because you're an immigrant don't say you ain't nothin'. Just because some people got here first don't mean dey's de whole cheese. Some immigrants don't need help; oders do. It's up to America to help de ones who need it."

There is one other cry of helplessness that we must heed, and that comes from little Philip Jarve, the boy who was afraid I wanted to "kitnap" his baby sister. He is very serious as he stands on a chair to tell us the needs of children who live in industrial centers and never have a real childhood. Your heart comes up in your throat, and you swallow hard as you hear him, for you think of your own unshackled childhood, happy at school, petted at home, and free as the air in play. You are sure any child's rightful heritage includes memories of chasing a pup through a daisy field and hiding behind a big beech tree from his brother, only to jump at him later. But it does not include hiding under a pushcart on a filthy street, only to have a policeman jump at him when he ventures out. However, you must come back to the present for Philip is talking:

"Kids should have roller skates, an' lollipops widout number, an' not have to run all day in de fact'ry or carry tings. Oh, gee! I dunno what else. Dey should have grass to roll in, an' dinner ev'ry day an' a mudder home."

"Darlin'," whispers poor emotional Hannah Hassel of the understanding heart, stretching out her arms to him.

Urged to tell more, he goes on shyly: "I ain't so partic'lar about school, but ya gotta go dere ya know, but I wisht I could play widout de p'lice hittin' me on de head, an' I wisht me baby sister had a buggy an' a great big doll what's eyes opens an' shuts, an' oh gee! all de noodles an' wienies I could eat, an' a barrel of ice cream."

Now Hannah's arms are around him and she is saying, "Darlin', I wisht you could make yerself sick eatin' fer onct, 'stead of bein' sick starvin' all the time."

"Oh, yes!" Philip adds, as he wriggles away from Hannah, "I wisht all de kids could have some fun, an' holler an' yell all dey likes 'thout anyone hittin' 'em."

A beautiful and fortunate boy of nine is at my elbow as I write, asking for a story. I tell him about the children of the tenements, and he says at once, "My father and my mother should know about those children." And that is what we want. All the fathers and mothers in the land whom the gods have favored should know about the little boys and girls who live in poverty, and out of their knowledge effect a remedy.

My little visitor then adds, in a very solemn tone, "I would give Philip my Irish Mail." Surely human generosity could go no further; the Irish Mail is his most treasured possession, and is even now parked beside my desk.

Suddenly, as though bursting with the importance

of a secret, he rides away home on the Mail, returning soon with a scrapbook in his arms, saying breathlessly: "I know what to do for poor little children who work and have no fun. The first Christmas present I ever got in my life, when I was a teeny, weeny baby, was a member's card in a society that helps children. Look, it says so," and he triumphantly showed me a letter in his book, stating that he was a member in good standing of the National Child Labor Committee at the tender age of three months. I read on: "The probabilities are that you will never have to work when you should play, and I am going to ask you now that you will never, when you grow to be a man, allow self-interest or any other thing to permit you to employ little children. I know you will not, because you are beginning early to take an interest in others." Then he turned to last year's letter from the "nice man" and said: "I wish all the children, even the teeny, weeny babies, whose daddies could pay for the card would belong. Think of all the money that would give to help! Don't you think that would be good for Philip? You tell them about it, and—perhaps—[and his head goes on my shoulder]—maybe—that would be —[in a whisper] better than my Irish Mail!"

Now I pass his message on to you, since it is the wisest suggestion that I know anything about. Once more out of the mouth of a babe has come strength. There is no worthy civilization in a land that grows rich on the labor of children. Many of

our prosperous citizens know nothing of the conditions that exist. They would lend their influence to improve them if they did, because it is not conceivable that thinking people who understood the situation would permit the continuance of a national menace of this nature. This is the reason I am telling you about it, at the behest of my nine-year-old friend who has limitless faith in the power of fathers and mothers like his to transform the world. I feel that way about it myself, especially if they are assisted by uncles and aunts and all the other people who love little children and their neighbors as themselves.

We have traveled far among the poverty stricken, participating in their sorrows and joys, their hardships and pleasures; and we have heard them tell us about some of their immediate needs much better than anyone else could tell us, and we are standing at attention. Responsibilities are ever crowding upon those who have had opportunities, and it is cowardly not to accept them. Can we leave our less fortunate friends to fight their way alone? We know Ruskin is right when he says: "Life was never a May-game for men; in all times, the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore." It becomes the task of the privileged minority to assuage the pain of the sore sinews, and to soothe the

sorer hearts. Those who love their land can do no less.

There can be no righteousness where girls are driven to the brink of hell by low wages; there is no justice in a world that overworks women and leaves the aged and the sick hopeless derelicts on a human dump; there is no honor where industry exploits children and absorbs all of labor's waking hours; and there is no democracy where one class battens on the handicaps of others, and gives them no share in the joys of life.

"All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

CHAPTER XX

E PLURIBUS UNUM

"WHENCE came all these people? They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed that race now called Americans has arisen. . . . Here, individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle!"

It is this that we read in J. Hector St. John de Crevecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer," published in 1782, and each decade since someone has arisen to ask again the question, "Whence came all these people?" while we ever wonder at the answer. One hundred and forty years later they are still coming, and we are casting about for the meaning of the term American, as if it were to be found in something apart from those who have been flowing into the country as the generations have passed. We are forgetful that "here, individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men."

We have heard the march of many feet as the years have passed beyond the century mark, while the rich and the poor alike have gone their way and died. Yet the nation lives and grows stronger with the passing decades, because it is a sublimation of the aspirations and achievements of all who have come. Only time can evolve a complete homogeneity out of the heterogeneity that is our population, but a reasoned effort can aid in the process.

We are a varied people; our interests are divergent, yet we have the elements of strength, because the way is open from the bottom to the top of our social structure, and a ladder is there for those who can climb. Most of the men and women who people these pages are looking up. Some of them have not the strength to try the ascent alone, but they have endeavored to show us how to help, and the response will indicate the strength of the national tie.

All along the way are groups absorbed in themselves, thinking their own thoughts and singing their own songs, mutually exclusive groups that need to be brought together. In imagination, we can hear a misty-eyed veteran of the Civil War humming gently, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," while rollicking Bo Arndost is shouting, "Onward men! All hell can't stop us! Crush the parasite!" Eva Thomas, in spite of her suffering, is chanting, "Praise God from whom all

blessings flow," and we hear a great multitude singing anthems in strange tongues.

From all of these there must arise a mighty chorus of varied voices to sing in unison, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." For this is the song of a united people, and the music is sweet in our ears.

There are many vantage points from which to view our people in the making:

First, we may stand at a gateway and watch them pouring in. Right in the middle of the gallery in the big hall, facing those who are coming up the slope, we will take our position. For many years, the newcomers wearily climbed steps, but now there is only an incline. We can stand there as the years pass, for the procession is ever moving, and made up of diverse peoples from the Eastern world. These are the pilgrims, seeking their promised land. They are passed from one inspector to another, and each chalk mark is mute testimony to the change they are undergoing. They are being welded into a new people. All sorts and conditions are there. It is as if all the nations of the earth passed in review. We are beholding the greatest movement of people the world has ever known. We see a nation growing before our astonished eyes. Whence came all these people? They came from the ends of the earth, but they are being assimilated into one race, and that is the really significant thing about it.

Leaning over the railing near us is a woman say-

ing: "When I came to this country twenty years ago, I was all a-flutter with excitement. I could hardly wait for the ship to come up the harbor to the station where we had to be examined. I felt I was entering heaven. I was in the crowded steerage, and I wondered if everyone there felt the same. We could not talk about our feelings because there were so many different languages, but I kept thinking, 'Some day we'll all be one.' As we neared shore, they were all pushing, eager to be the first to land, and I remember now shivering a little as they touched me, because I felt better than the most of the people I was with. Now wasn't that awful? Just because I had an education, and could speak a little English, I looked down on the rest of them! I was poor enough, goodness knows, but I expected to earn my way through college, little dreaming how hard that would be. I knew there were chances for women in the New World undreamed of in the old, and I could hardly wait to land. But, think of me feeling snobbish! How inconsistent, because underneath was a feeling of pride that we were all to be one people in a new country."

Another woman on that ship had seven children, and all their possessions were in their hands, but their faces shone with joy, for they were coming to meet the husband and father who had sailed away from them three years before and had prospered in a small way. She tells us now: "I had a shawl on my head, an' a funny ol' dress on, an' the childern

looked queer, but I never knew that till afterwards. My husban' was all dressed up gran', an' t'rew pennies for de childern to catch. Perhaps we didn't tink we'd reached heaven! We've had some hard knocks since, but I never been sorry we come. We got de childern all educated, an' settled, an' now tings is easy for us. I gotta washin' machine, an' clos' to wash in it, an' I gotta vote."

And a man remembers the early days in a sweatshop and his miserable dwelling, but it was better than anything he had ever had before, and therefore he was content. As the years passed, he prospered, and now he says: "I feel like I was born here, and my children *was* born here. They got an education which I didn't, and they're an honor to their country."

Now a boy is coming up with hope in his eyes, eager for the new experiences. He is passed by the various examiners and goes out to meet the New World face to face. We hope he will find a welcome.

A red-cheeked girl down there has come over to meet her lover. A few words transform her not only into a wife, but into an American citizen as well, since the man she came over to marry has been here five years and is now a full-fledged American citizen. A Russian yesterday, an American to-day, we wonder as she passes out if her eyes will see the glory.

We have watched this stream as the years

pass, and we are sure its coming has not been in vain.

Now we look away to the army of workers trudging to the treadmill day by day, enduring unbelievable hardships, and feel that they, too, have gained by coming here. They absorb the language and the spirit of the country as they labor. It were better for the nation if more consideration were shown them. As it is, the weak ones lag behind, and grow discouraged. The poor and forlorn who have never prospered may love their country, even though bewildered by the speed about them. They also have their unspoken longings for fuller participation in the national life; they are waiting for a neighborly hand. The welding process goes more swiftly when it is conscious. Surely, as a nation, we are old enough for reasoned behavior.

There are so many people passing in review all the time that our vision blurs, and we do not always see the ones who stumble, but we must watch the poor and weak and help them to their feet again, for we are one people. We know this for a certainty because we hear the tramp of armed men, young men, all of them, marching, marching to help to save the world from greed. Four million men are marching from the remotest corners of the country. The tramp, tramp of their feet will never leave our ears. They are entering training camps and moving onward to the sea. It is a wondrous spectacle, but whence came all these people? They have come from hovels and mansions, from roach-ridden tene-

ments and gold coast palaces, from comfortable residences and humble homes all over the land, and they have touched a note of sympathy in one hundred million hearts. On and on they go, holding high the torch, and each one bearing a banner with the strange device—American! The world looks on in awe at the new race of men welded out of individuals of all nations. And when we see them marching home with serried ranks, our hearts are bleeding, for we know they are our brothers. Out of the welter of blood and horror has emerged one people. But wait! Where are these brothers now? Some are in their old haunts, but the others? Back in the slums? Tramping the pavements in quest of jobs? In homes not fit for habitation? Seeking amusement in illegitimate places? Sick and not being visited? Hungry and not being fed?

In a democracy, there should be no confusion of thought between the recognition of unity and the discharge of resulting obligations. Whether soldier or civilian, the people I have brought to you are an integral part of that unity we call America, and I ask you to remember them.

"The Poor whose broken lives
Lie underneath great empire's pageantry,
Like rubble underneath rich palace walls!"

Now let us take our stand again in a ghetto, a Little Italy, a Syrian colony, a Lithuanian settlement, or any of the foreign sections in our cities

where strange-appearing people with
ing clothes are passing to and fro, to
over whence came all these people, ar
they going. The answer is, they came
where the privileged few flourished
of the many, and are on their way
with us, where they will help to cause
in the world, and where every man wil
chance. That is the reason they are
promise. We feel the spark of neigl
and our hands go out in welcome. V
Michael Mahoney the ditch-digger i
mudstained garments, and we frown
who scorned him; we understand M
bourne, the laundress, garlic and all
the well-groomed man had not hurt I
moving away; we understand now,
many one strong nation has been m
bow our heads in humility in recog
truth that we are members one of a
one member suffers all the others suff

Not even in order to justify our
ever ask again, "And who is my neig

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